# Miss America

10¢

SEPT.

## "ROMANCE for ROSALIE!"

*by Maxine Shore*

These little
Penobscot
TRAMPEZE
REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
will go to school
Antique brown
or red leather
or black ruffit
Antique brown
red or black
leather or
black ruffit

. . . AND WILL BE THE SMARTEST SHOES A-FOOT!

These little Trampeze are styled so perfectly . . . crafted so carefully . . . and priced so modestly, you'll "live in 'em and love 'em" all the year round! 5.95 slightly higher west of Denver

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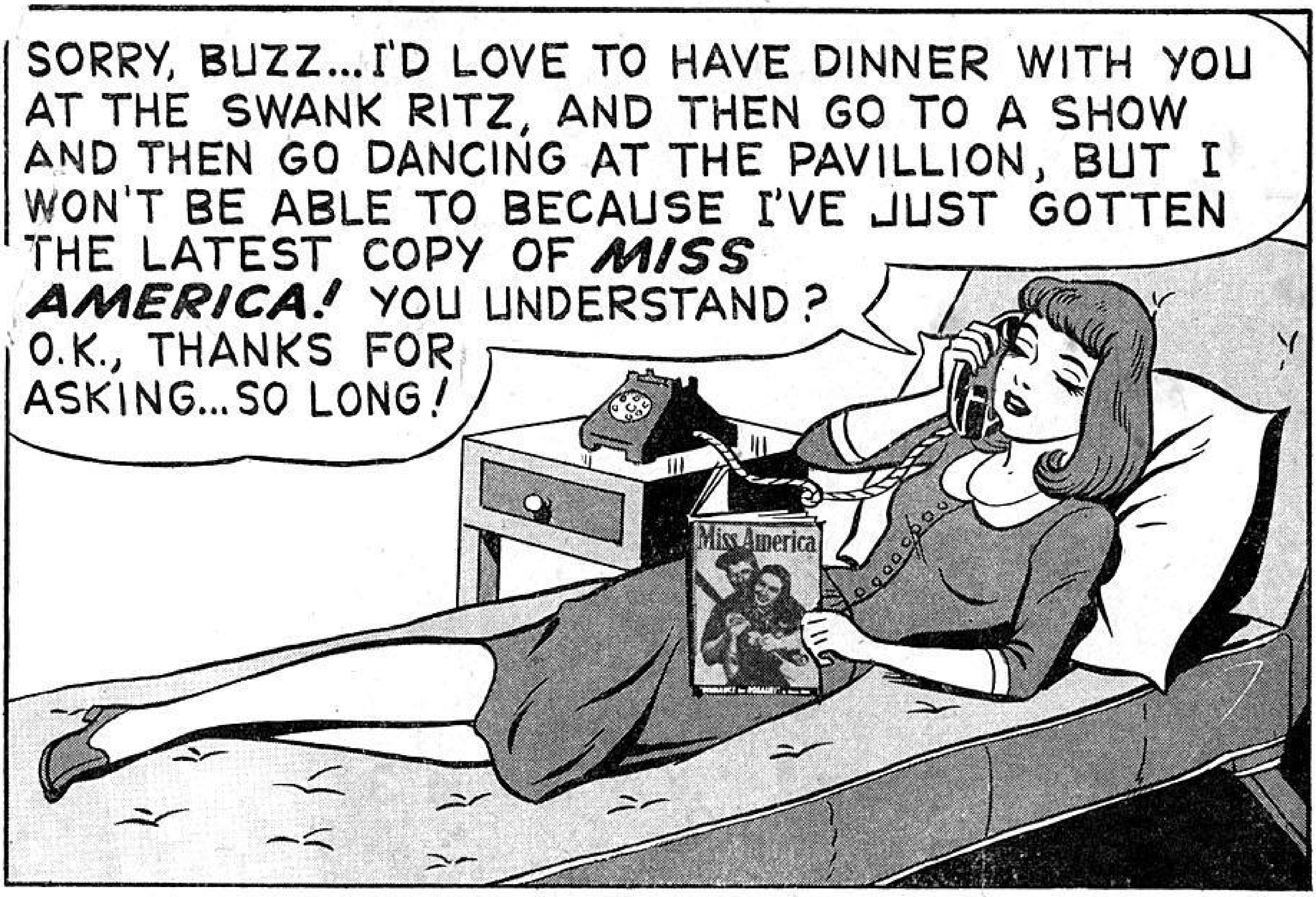
SORRY, BUZZ...I'D LOVE TO HAVE DINNER WITH YOU AT THE SWANK RITZ, AND THEN GO TO A SHOW AND THEN GO DANCING AT THE PAVILLION, BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO BECAUSE I'VE JUST GOTTEN THE LATEST COPY OF MISS AMERICA! YOU UNDERSTAND?
O.K., THANKS FOR ASKING...SO LONG!
Miss America

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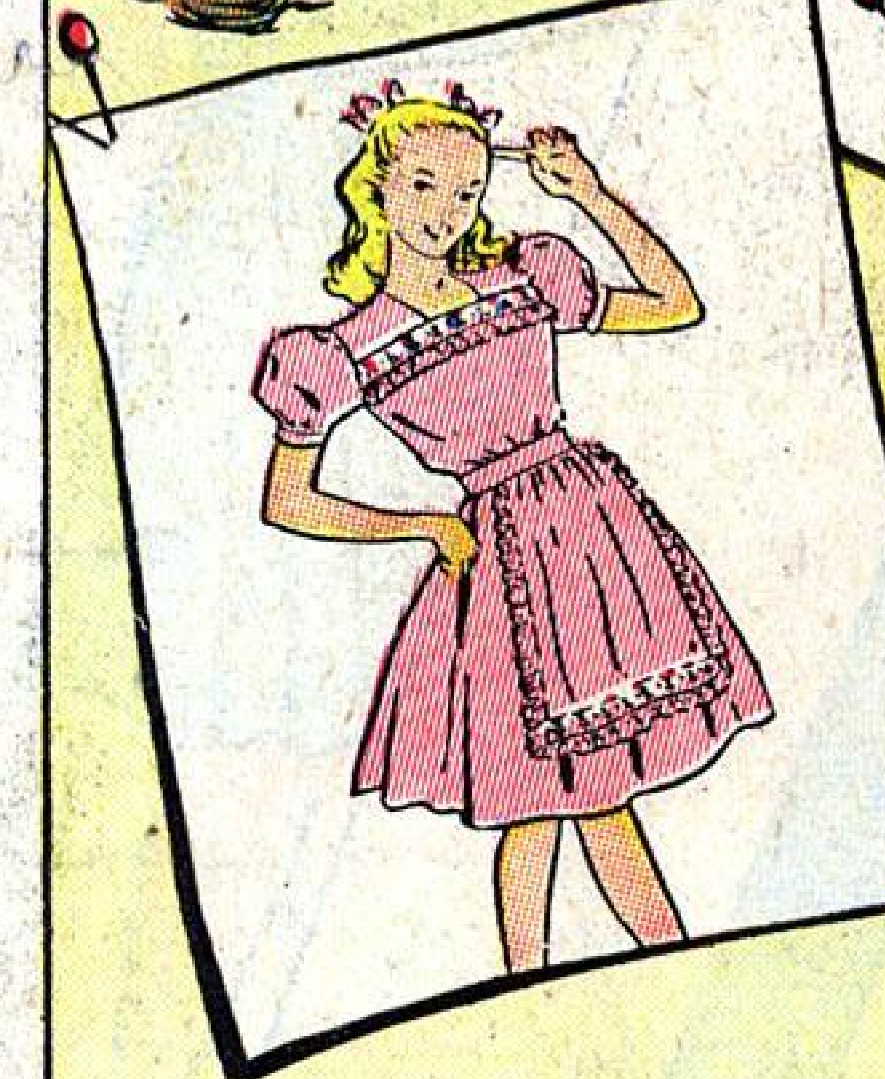
THE ADVENTURES OF

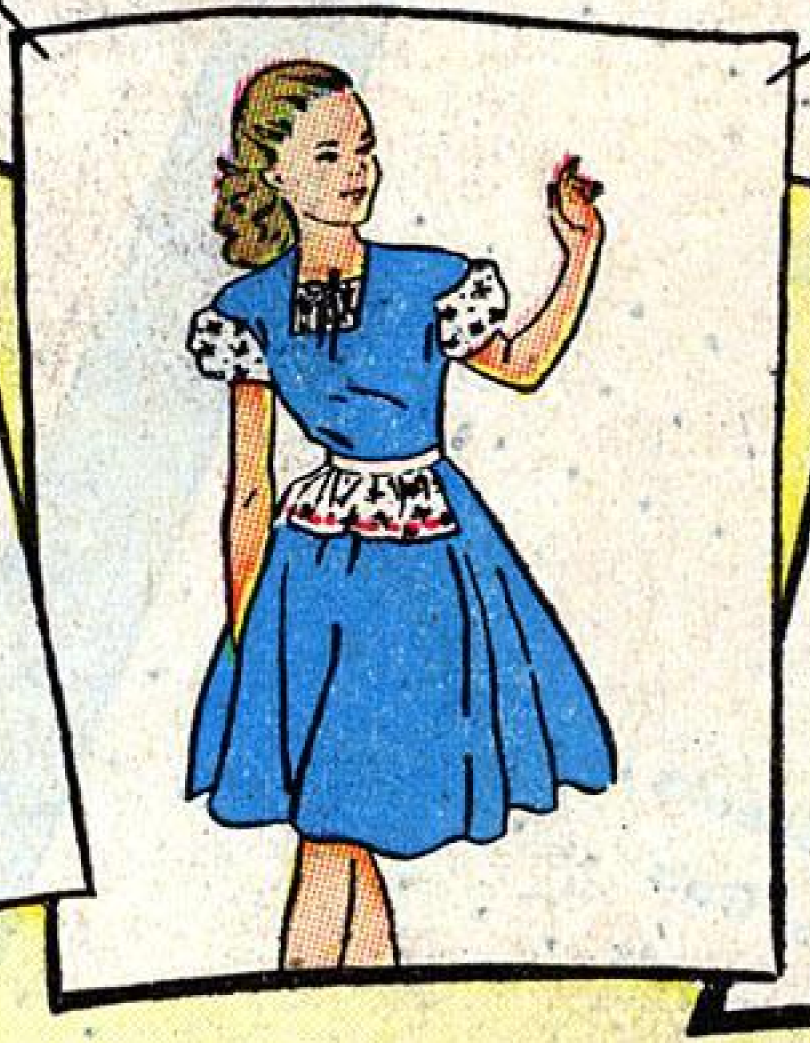
# ARLENE AIRESS

JACK L. HONIG, INC.

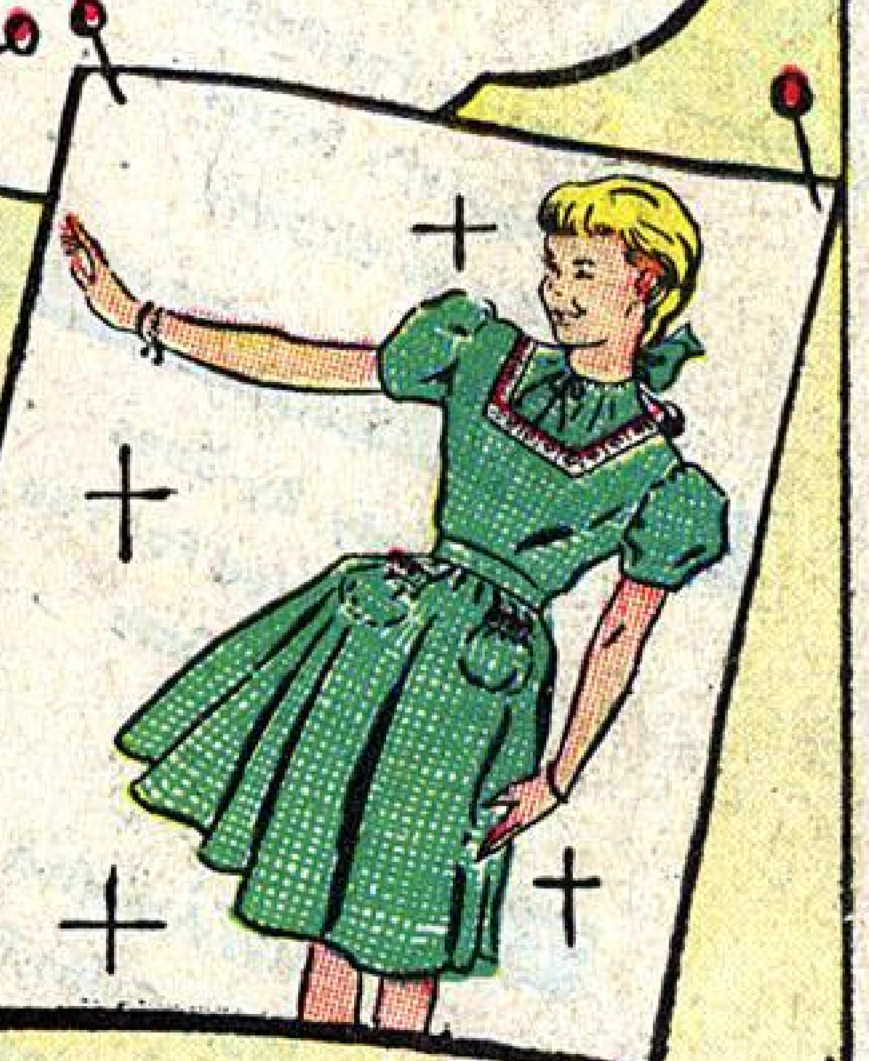
HI! GIRLS! "I'VE GOT FASHION!"... AND WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE THAN THESE WONDERFUL FALL DRESSES THAT WERE DESIGNED IN HONOR OF ALL *Arlene Airess* CLUB MEMBERS!



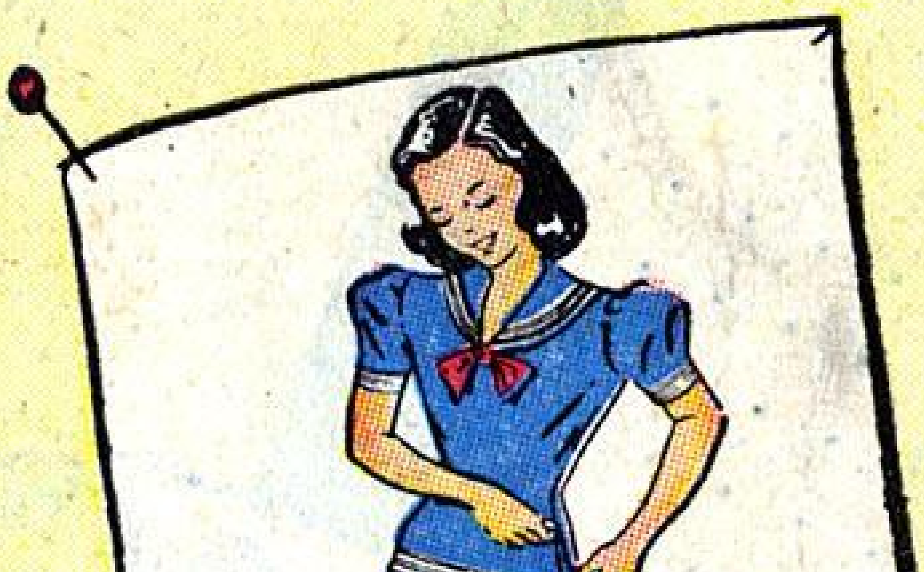
LET'S DANCE . . . like the colorful "Dancing Dolls" embroidered on the richly ruffled yoke and make-believe apron skirt of this yummy-yum chambray cutie. Wonderful high colors galore! Sizes 7 to 14, about $4.00.



LOOK 'A HERE . . . the prettiest cotton ever picked for Fall. Sanforized, mercerized broadcloth in a precious pebble weave. Pink or blue with contrasting eyelet inserts, ric-rac trim at neck, sleeves and apron yoke. Sizes 7-14, about $4.00.



"Million-dollar-CHECK!" . . . Wonderful woven gingham in STOP-RED, GO-GREEN and SKYWAYS BLUE. Picturesque insets of peasant embroidery . . . penny-pouch pockets and Oh! . . . that dreamy drawstring neckline. Sizes 7 to 14, about $3.00.



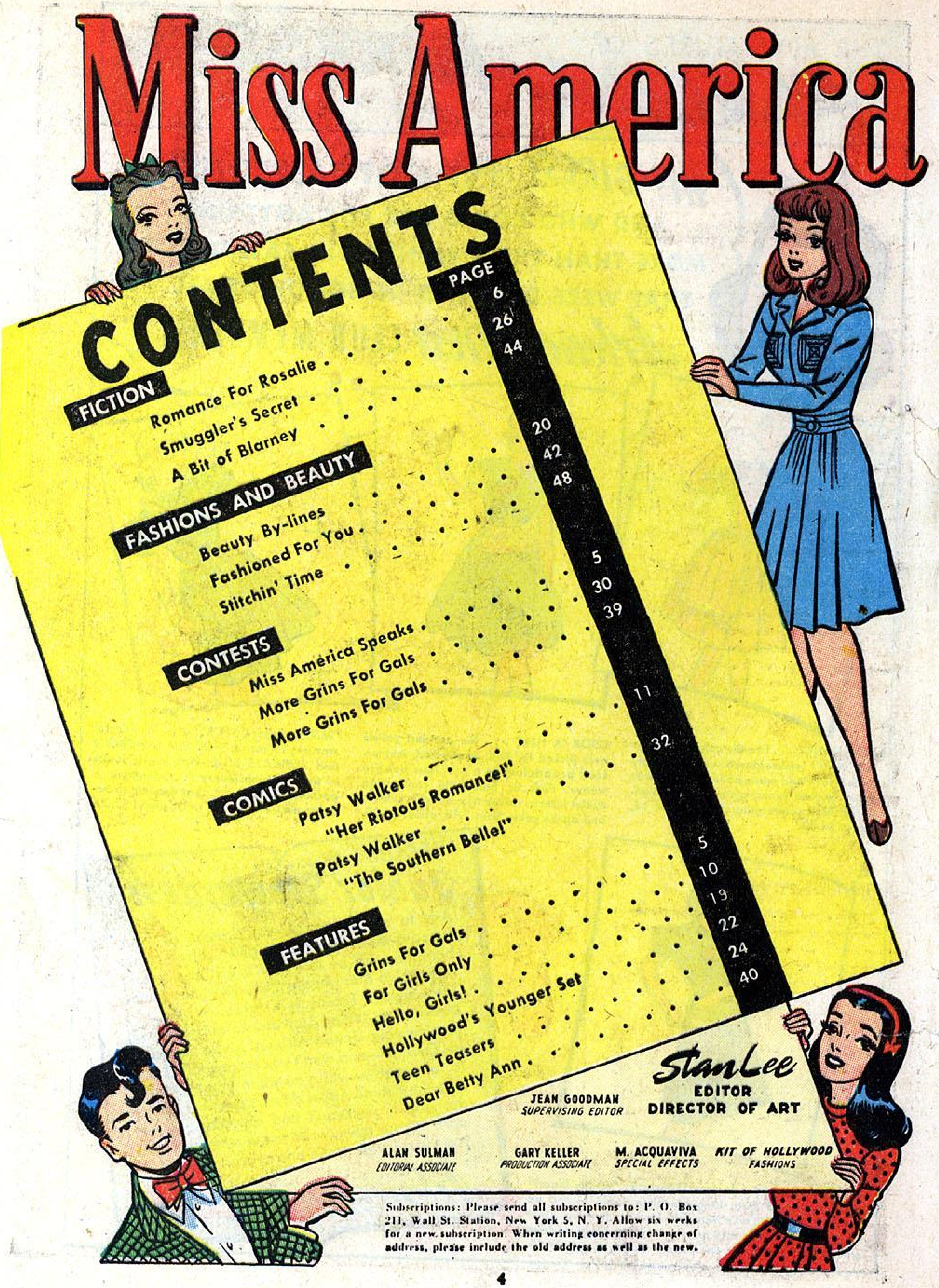
ZIP! ZIP! HURRAY...for our SEE-worthy "Middy Blues!" Pleated skirt, a long, long overblouse with turned up middy bottom and a La Mar slide fastener that zips clear up the side. All this and oceans of white braid on blue with a red, red sailor tie. Sizes 7 to 14, about $4.50.

## BECOME A *Junior Stewardess*

Ask to see Arlene Airess dresses at your favorite store. You will be given a free comic book and will be told how to join the Arlene Airess club and get the United Airlines Junior Stewardess Training Course. When you answer the Junior Stewardess quiz you will receive your United Airlines Junior Stewardess Emblem—and won't you be proud! Be sure to take mother with you when you go. She'll love the Arlene Airess dresses as much as you do. And if you can't find an Arlene Airess store in your town, write to me and I will give you the address of the one nearest you—

*Arlene Airess*
520 EIGHTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

# Miss America



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# MISS AMERICA SPEAKS!

### CHEERS FROM CHINA . . .

"I hope this letter gets printed so readers will know that an American Miss living in China thinks 'Miss America Magazine' is wonderful! I only came across it accidentally some months ago when I had measles and a friend lent me a few copies. Now, after the family and I have read them, I send them on to friends in England and Scotland. And as a coincidence, my name is

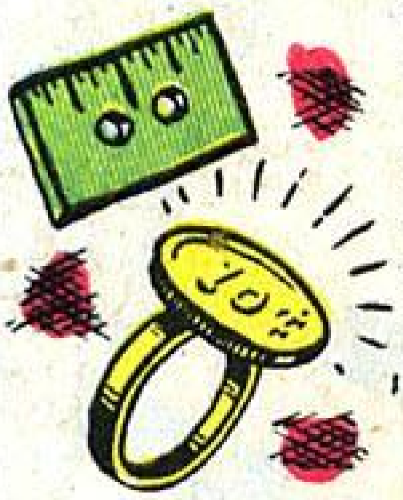
PATSY WALKER
Hong Kong, China"

### MADE TO MEASURE . . .

"Here's a back-to-school gadget—something different in the way of buttons. Just cut a wooden ruler into inch long sections or less, depending on the size button you want. Bore two holes in each piece and sew them on your favorite suit or sweater.

For a wacky prize you can glue a five-and-ten-cent store ring on a shiny new dime—and have a dime'nd ring!"

D. BRUNO
Winchester, Mass.



### PIN MONEY PLAN . . .

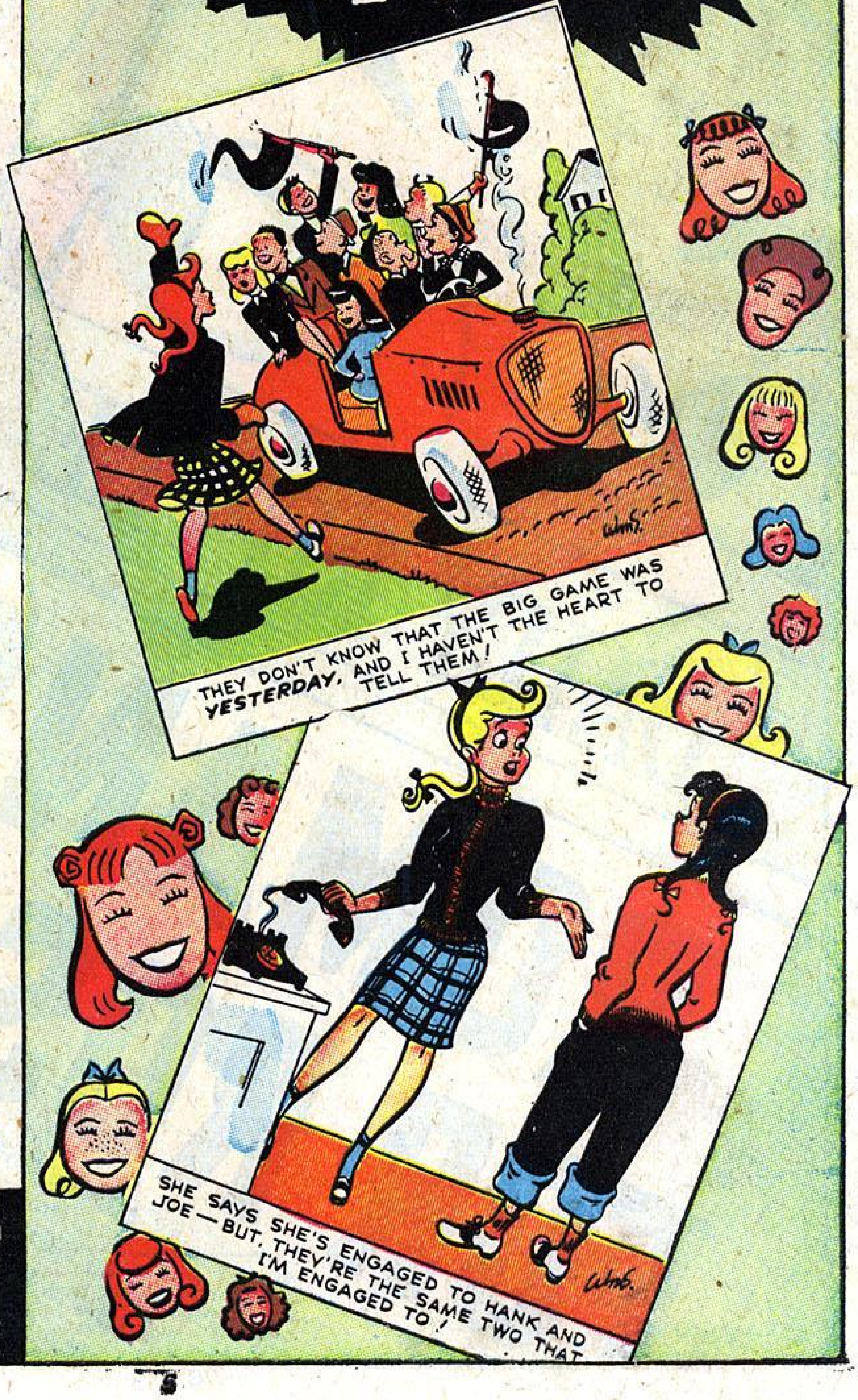
"Since the only way I get any money is from my allowance, I decided to ask my mother if she would give me the full price of my clothes if I would make them myself. I told my girl friend about it and she decided to do it too. This plan was helpful in many ways: We made some extra money, learned to sew, and had great fun!"

BETTY JEFFERS
Chicago, Ill.

**DON'T FORGET, FEMALE! *MISS AMERICA* PAYS $1 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED IN THIS SECTION!**

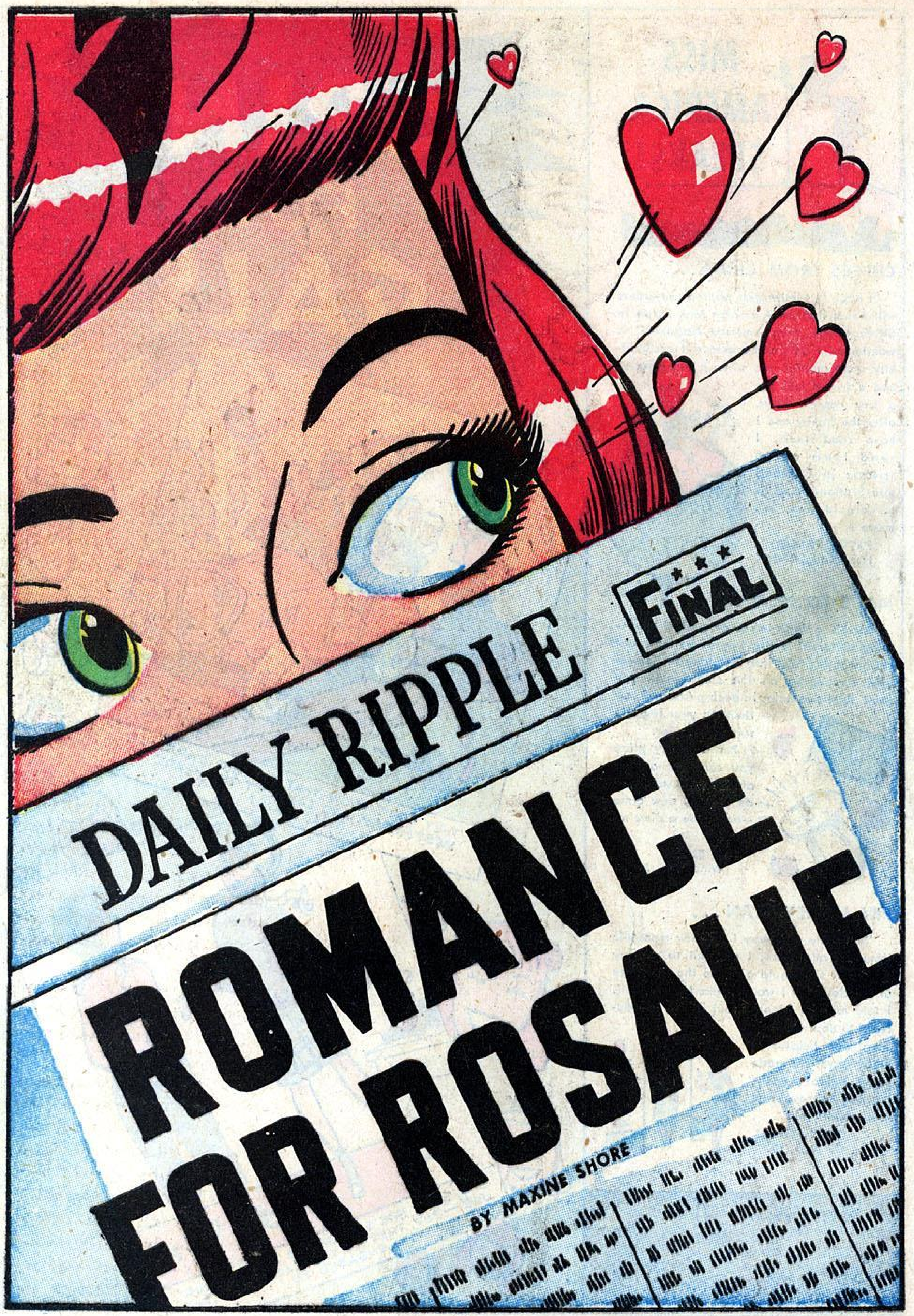
**SEND YOUR LETTER TO:**
**MISS AMERICA SPEAKS, SUITE 1407**
**350 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.**

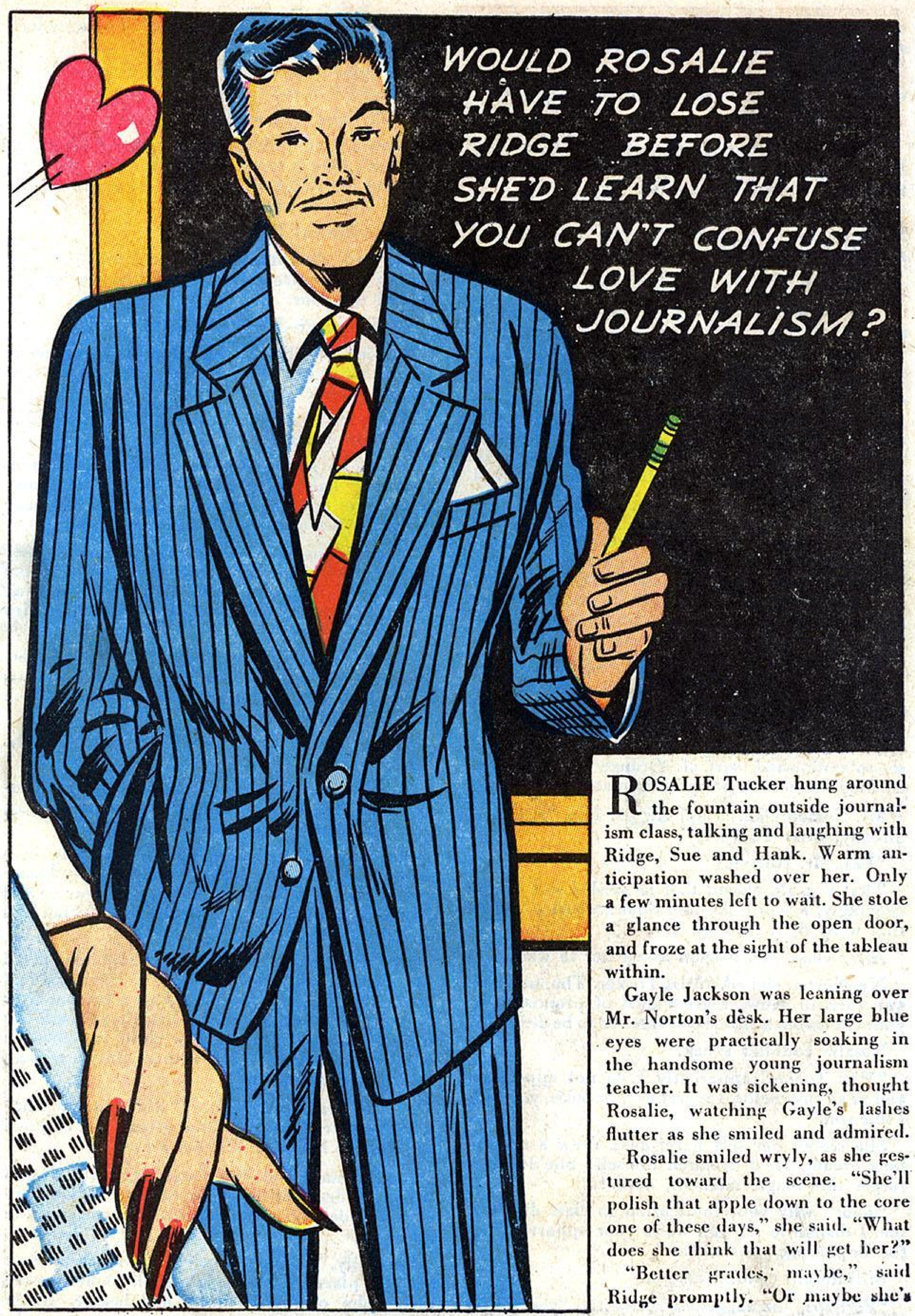
# GRINS FOR GALS



THEY DON'T KNOW THAT THE BIG GAME WAS *YESTERDAY*, AND I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO TELL THEM!

SHE SAYS SHE'S ENGAGED TO HANK AND JOE—BUT, THEY'RE THE SAME TWO THAT I'M ENGAGED TO!


FINAL
DAILY RIPPLE
ROMANCE FOR ROSALIE
BY MAXINE SHORE


WOULD ROSALIE HAVE TO LOSE RIDGE BEFORE SHE'D LEARN THAT YOU CAN'T CONFUSE LOVE WITH JOURNALISM?

ROSALIE Tucker hung around the fountain outside journalism class, talking and laughing with Ridge, Sue and Hank. Warm anticipation washed over her. Only a few minutes left to wait. She stole a glance through the open door, and froze at the sight of the tableau within.

Gayle Jackson was leaning over Mr. Norton's desk. Her large blue eyes were practically soaking in the handsome young journalism teacher. It was sickening, thought Rosalie, watching Gayle's lashes flutter as she smiled and admired.

Rosalie smiled wryly, as she gestured toward the scene. "She'll polish that apple down to the core one of these days," she said. "What does she think that will get her?"

"Better grades, maybe," said Ridge promptly. "Or maybe she's campaigning for a spot on next year's *Ripple* staff."

"But," said Rosalie, "I don't think Mr. Norton's at all susceptible to that sort of thing, do you?"

The bell clanged.

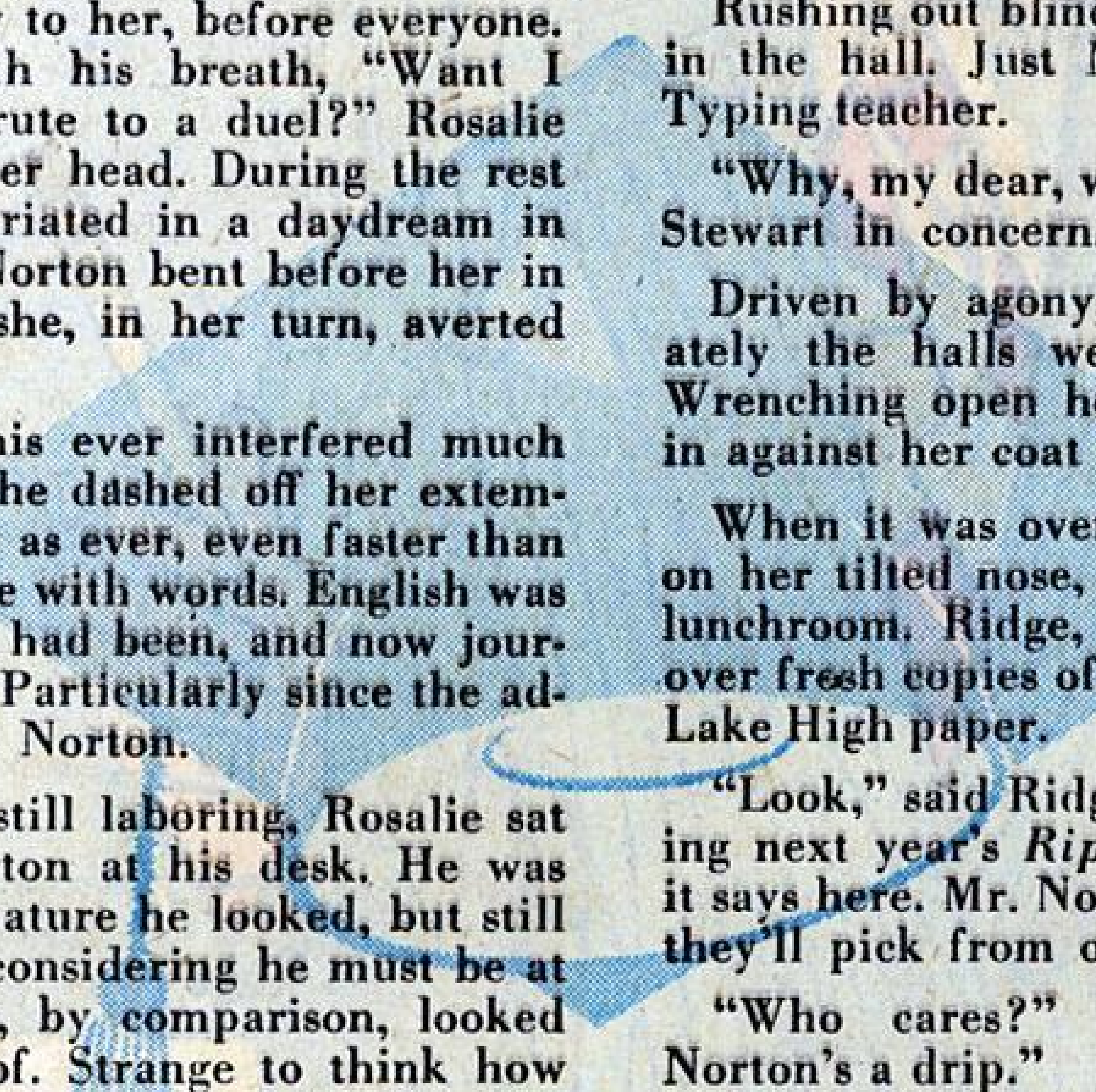
The others popped through the door, but Rosalie stooped and took a long drink at the fountain. She was the last one in.

She was acutely aware of Mr. Norton watching her, knew the expression of his dark blue eyes and slightly ironic mouth without even looking.

"The late Miss Tucker," he said.

The class tittered. With a lopsided smile, Rosalie slid into her seat, way down.

He had spoken rudely to her, before everyone. Ridge muttered beneath his breath, "Want I should challenge the brute to a duel?" Rosalie grinned wanly, shook her head. During the rest of the period, she luxuriated in a daydream in which Baird Ingersoll Norton bent before her in abject pleading, while she, in her turn, averted her lovely face.



Strangely, none of this ever interfered much with her work. Today she dashed off her extemporaneous feature easily as ever, even faster than Ridge, who was also agile with words. English was her best subject, always had been, and now journalism was her passion. Particularly since the advent of Baird Ingersoll Norton.

While the rest were still laboring, Rosalie sat and looked at Mr. Norton at his desk. He was marking papers. How mature he looked, but still terribly well-preserved considering he must be at least twenty-five. Ridge, by comparison, looked so—so unfinished, sort of. Strange to think how thrilled she used to be by his immature attentions.

Mr. Norton glanced up, saw her idle. "Finished already, Miss Tucker?"

"Yes, Mr. Norton."

That was all, except that he smiled sort of approvingly, a white flashing Spanish sort of smile that went right through her.

After class, Mr. Norton asked her to wait.

Mr. Norton sighed. "Miss Tucker. The material you turn in shows a great deal of promise, but your classroom attitude leaves much to be desired."

Rosalie couldn't speak.

"Miss Tucker, apparently I do not appeal to you as an instructor. I regret that because, you see, I like you."

She closed her soft hazel eyes, drew a tremulous breath. He'd declared himself! She'd never forget this magic moment, never!

"That's why your inattention in class disturbs me. I dislike to see you waste your opportunities for improving your talent."

Still Rosalie couldn't answer.

"Perhaps," he suggested hesitantly, "you think you're—in love." His voice was half humorous, half serious.

She gulped. He'd reached right into her heart, discovered her sacred secret.

"Well," she said weakly.

"Spring." He nodded. "I understand perfectly. But don't take it too seriously. At your age, what you feel for Ridge Brown can't be anything but puppy love, you know."

Ridge Brown! Puppy love!

She said, choking, "Ridge and I are just good friends." Chin trembling childishly, she turned toward the door.

"Miss Tucker—Rosalie—wait!"

Rushing out blindly, she collided with someone in the hall. Just Miss Stewart, the pretty new Typing teacher.

"Why, my dear, what's the matter?" asked Miss Stewart in concern.

Driven by agony, Rosalie didn't stop. Fortunately the halls were practically emptied now. Wrenching open her locker, she stuck her head in against her coat and let the tears come.

When it was over, she dabbed powder wearily on her tilted nose, and went slowly down to the lunchroom. Ridge, Sue and Hank were pouring over fresh copies of the *Weekly Ripple*, the Laird Lake High paper.

"Look," said Ridge excitedly, "they're announcing next year's *Ripple* staff in Assembly Friday, it says here. Mr. Norton's advising. Wonder whom they'll pick from our class?"

"Who cares?" said Rosalie bitterly. "Mr. Norton's a drip."

. . . But, walking home from school that afternoon, Rosalie kept turning the scene after class over and over in her mind.

Stopping, she surveyed herself critically in a store mirror. Bobby socks, loose sweater, blazer and beanie. Well, she *did* look sort of young—and like a carbon copy of practically every other girl at Laird Lake High.

She straightened her slender shoulders, lifted her chin. At least her pretended indifference had made Mr. Norton aware of her as a person. Now he must be made to realize that, though she was indeed scarcely more than a child in years, in heart and mind she was a woman. Only a woman could suffer as she had!

. . . "Sufferin' saxophones!" Ridge grabbed her arm the next morning. "What gives?" He clapped his hand to his head. "Is that a *hat?*"

Rosalie smiled at him forgivingly. He was so young. Ridge was — so — so callow. So unaware of life's deeper experiences, the struggle, the suffering!

Carefully, Rosalie removed her mother's best hat and placed it on the top shelf of her locker where she ordinarily flung her beanie. Ridge whistled at her skinned-up hair, peered wonderingly at the high heels. Rosalie preserved a superior silence.

Before journalism, she put on the finishing touches. Eye shadow, mascara, heavy foundation base, and vivid lipstick added ten desperately needed years to her life. Baird couldn't fail to see!

But, except for one brief startled look, Baird Norton paid her absolutely no attention today. He seemed to have other things on his mind, often left his sentences dangling strangely, stared out of the window. Rosalie sat there, looking sad and sophisticated, suffering intensely from his neglect. If only he'd just look up and smile even once!

The bell clanged. The room emptied, except for a tragic Rosalie and an impatient Ridge. She dawdled as long as she could, getting her things together, but Mr. Norton didn't look up from his desk.

"What gives?" demanded Ridge. "Got sleeping sickness?"

Ridge was so juvenile, so crude.

At the lockers, she turned back. "My goodness—I must have left my handkerchief in journalism! My mother's best chiffon one."

"I'll steam back," said Ridge obligingly.

She caught his sleeve. "You will not! I'll get it myself. You—you might get it dirty."

She left a bewildered Ridge staring questioningly at his hands.

The door of 202 was still open, thank goodness. Mr. Norton hadn't yet gone down to the Teachers' Lunchroom.

But—he wasn't alone. Rosalie was over the threshold before she saw that Miss Stewart, the Typing teacher, was in there talking to Mr. Norton. No, not exactly talking. Rosalie's mouth went dry. For Miss Stewart's hands were in Mr. Norton's. They were standing close together by the window, but not looking out. Gazing into each other's eyes.

"Excuse me," Rosalie heard her own voice say stiffly. "I—I guess I left my handkerchief in here."

Their hands fell apart. "Ah—Miss Tucker—" stammered Mr. Norton.

In the uncomfortable silence, Rosalie stumbled to her seat on her painful high heels, the earrings jabbing her ears, her eyes too bitter for tears. Retrieving her handkerchief, she started back.

"Oh, Miss Tucker," said Mr. Norton, with forced cordiality, "so glad you came back. I'm going to let you in on a little secret."

So she'd have to congratulate them, would she? Have to wish them happiness?

"This is strictly confidential, of course, for a few days."

"I won't tell anyone," said Rosalie coldly.

"Well, you'll be interested to know that your friend, Ridge Brown, has been selected to serve as Editor of the *Weekly Ripple*."

Rosalie stared. Then the frozen smile on her face thawed into a real one. She felt warm all over. Ridge – Editor! He'd be somebody – a school leader!

"That's not all—*you're* to be News Editor," went on Mr. Norton.

News Editor—next in importance to Ridge! Ridge and she, on the *Ripple* staff, together. All next year, the wonderful excitement of it! Rosalie stood there, teetering excitedly on her high heels. In spite of her high hair-do and sophisticated dress, she looked like a delighted child.

"Jeepers, thanks! Thanks for telling me, Mr. Norton!"

Their understanding laughter echoed after her as she hurried to find Ridge. Faithful Ridge, lounging by her locker, waiting.

She thumped him crazily on the shoulder, remembered not to tell him just in time, dove past him into her locker, slapped on the flower hat, all askew.

"Hey!" said Ridge. "Where are you going? Aren't you coming down to lunch?"

Rosalie put on her coat. "Can't. Got to get home. Just time to change these clothes and get back."

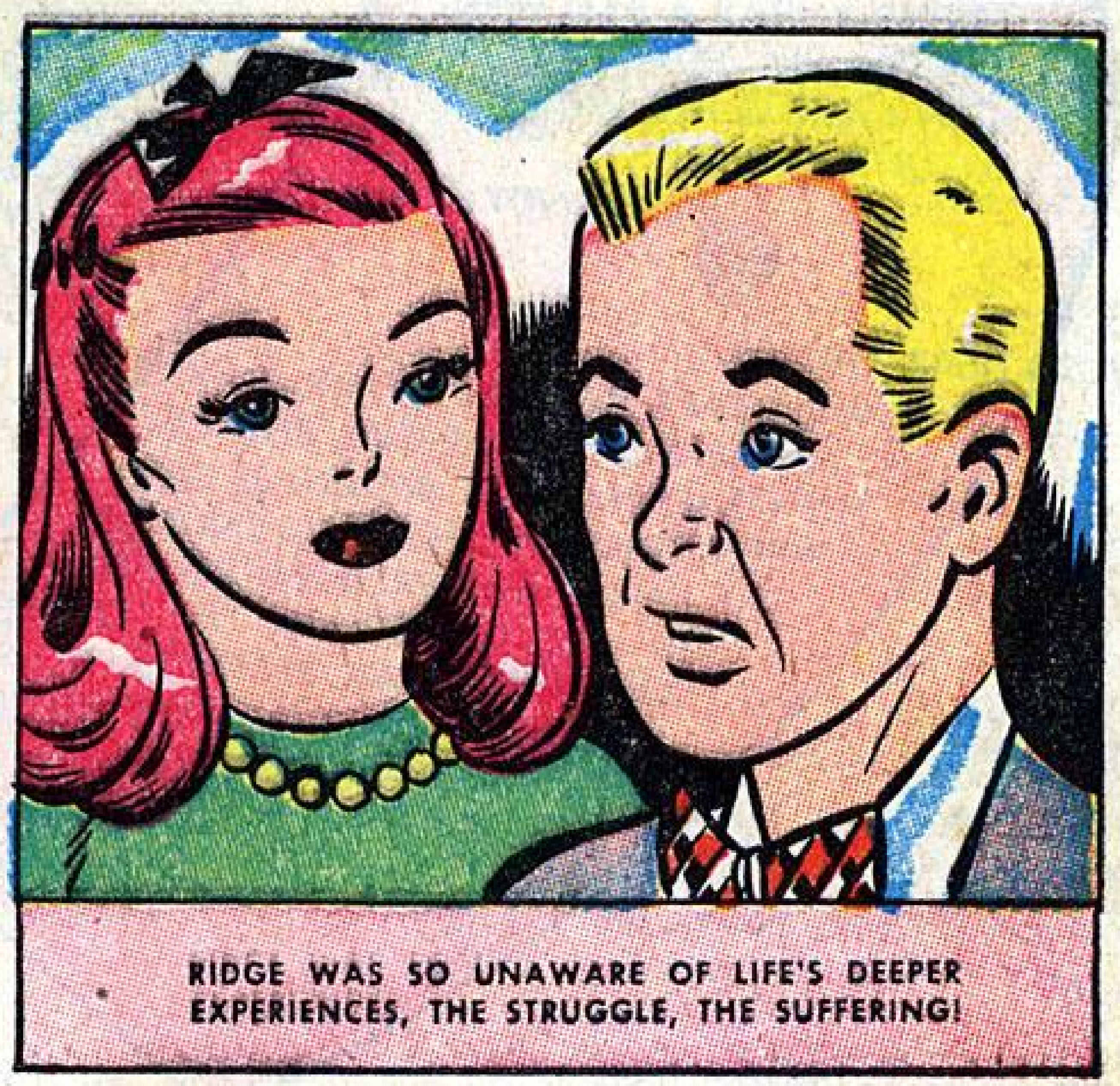
"You mean," said Ridge, relieved, "the masquerade is over? Whew! I don't get it, but I'm sure glad it's over."

"Me, too," said Rosalie quietly. Then, "See you in Latin, maestro!"

Running down the hall, she felt so free, so relieved. All the chaos was gone out of her. She didn't have to pretend any more. She could be herself, act her own dear funny age. Mr. Norton? Well, Mr. Norton was okay, a right guy but nothing more.

All her future seemed to stretch ahead like the streaming path of sunlight on the walk leading home.

**THE END**


RIDGE WAS SO UNAWARE OF LIFE'S DEEPER EXPERIENCES, THE STRUGGLE, THE SUFFERING!

# for GIRLS ONLY!

**NO PROBLEM IS TOO DIFFICULT FOR MISS AMERICA'S FAMOUS, LOVE-COUNSELOR TO SOLVE!**

DEAR JEAN:

I AM 16 YEARS OLD AND HAVE BEEN GOING STEADY WITH A BOY FOR THE PAST FOUR MONTHS. HIS BIRTHDAY IS NEARING AND I WONDER WHETHER IT WOULD BE PROPER TO GIVE HIM A GIFT? IF YOU THINK SO, WOULD YOU ALSO SUGGEST SOMETHING?

MARY ANN

♥

DEAR MARY ANN:

BY ALL MEANS. AFTER ALL, A GIFT IS JUST ANOTHER WAY OF SAYING "THANKS FOR BEING SUCH A SWELL FRIEND." IT DOESN'T BIND YOU TO HIM, OR "GIVE YOU AWAY" IN ANY SENSE OF THE WORDS. A WALLET, A PEN AND PENCIL SET, AN INTERESTING BELT —ALL THESE MAKE GREAT PRESENTS. SO GO RIGHT AHEAD, MARY ANN!

LOVE,
JEAN

DEAR JEAN:

WHEN I BABY-SIT ON SATURDAY NIGHTS I USUALLY INVITE IN MY GIRL FRIEND AND TWO BOYS. THE BOYS DON'T CARE FOR DANCING OR CARDS, AND WE CERTAINLY CAN'T NECK. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?

PHYLLIS

♥

DEAR PHYLLIS:

MAY I ASK A QUESTION? WHAT ARE THE BOYS' INTERESTS? THERE'S LOTS OF ROOM FOR GOOD CONVERSATION CENTERING AROUND AVIATION OR THE LATEST FOOTBALL SCORES OR CAREER PROBLEMS. THEN, CHARADES ARE ALWAYS FUN, AND IF YOU LIKE READING ALOUD, YOU MIGHT TRY ACTING OUT PLAYS TOGETHER. YOU'LL FIND THAT ACTIVITIES OF THIS SORT WILL NOT ONLY SOLVE THE "GOOD COMPANY" PROBLEM, BUT WILL ALSO DRAW YOU CLOSER TOGETHER.

LOVE,
JEAN

DEAR JEAN:

A NEIGHBOR OF MINE, WHO VISITS MY HOME QUITE FREQUENTLY AND IS VERY FRIENDLY, HAS A BAD REPUTATION IN TOWN. HOW CAN I AVOID HER WITHOUT INSULTING HER?

NANCY

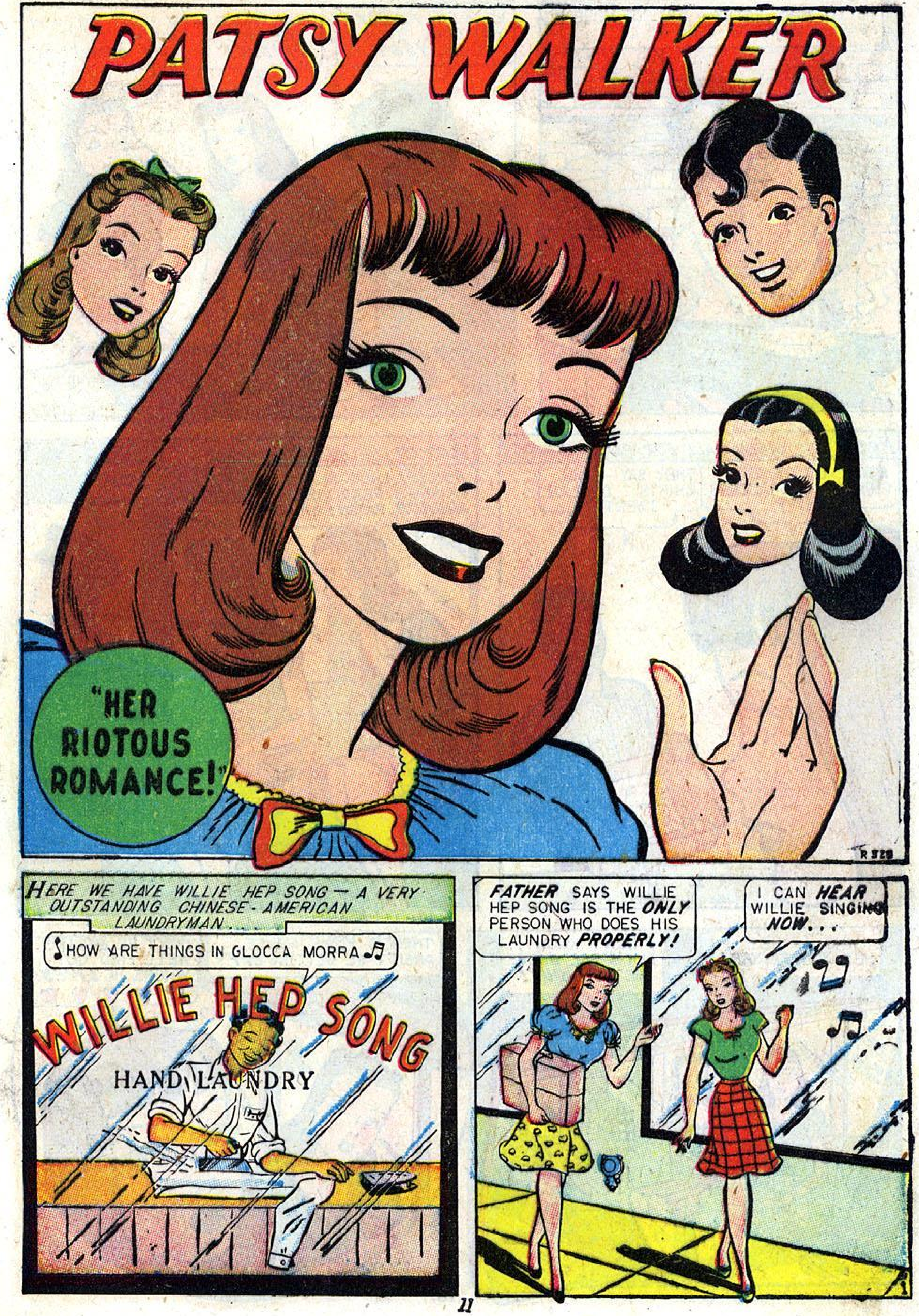
♥

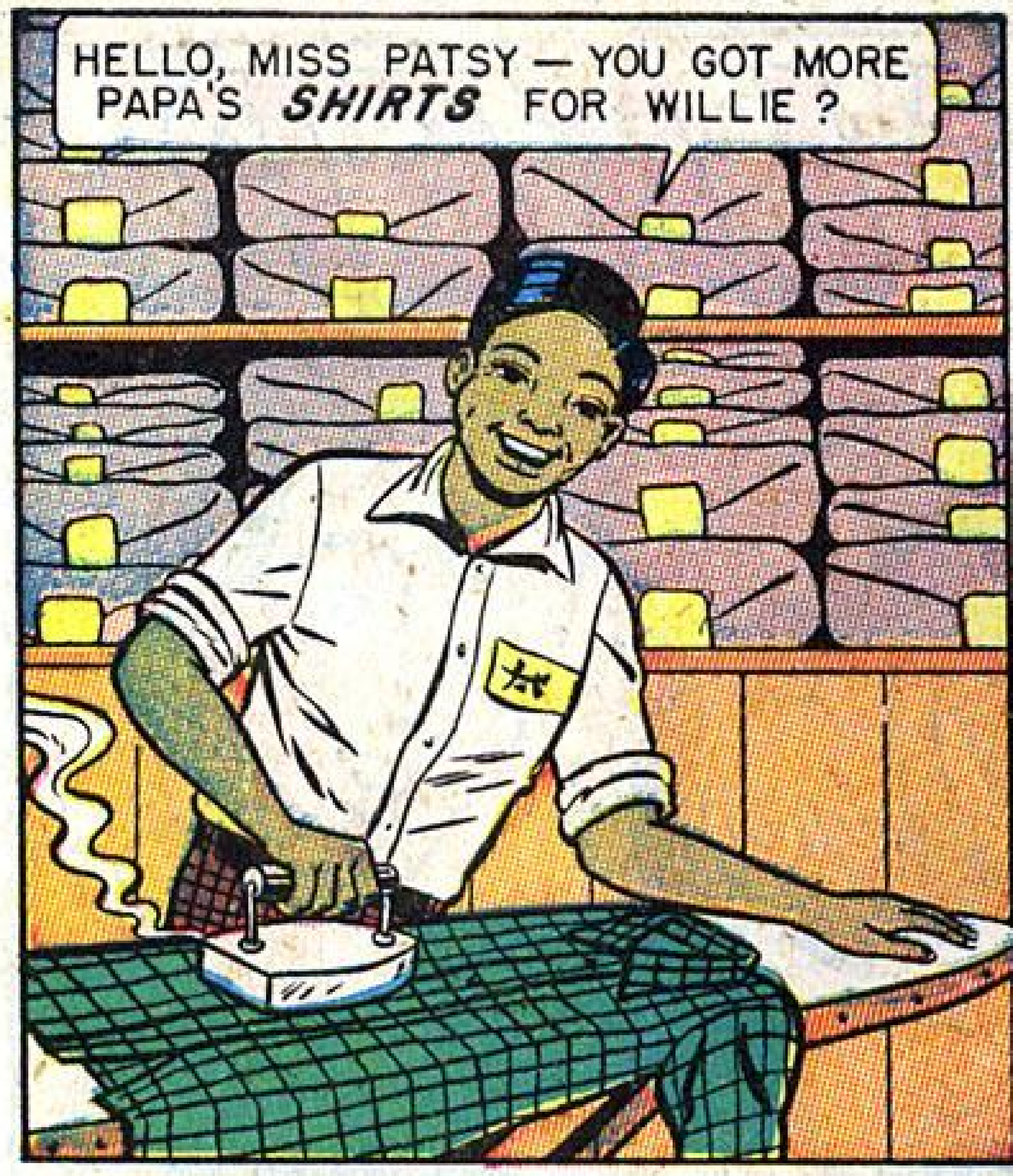
DEAR NANCY:

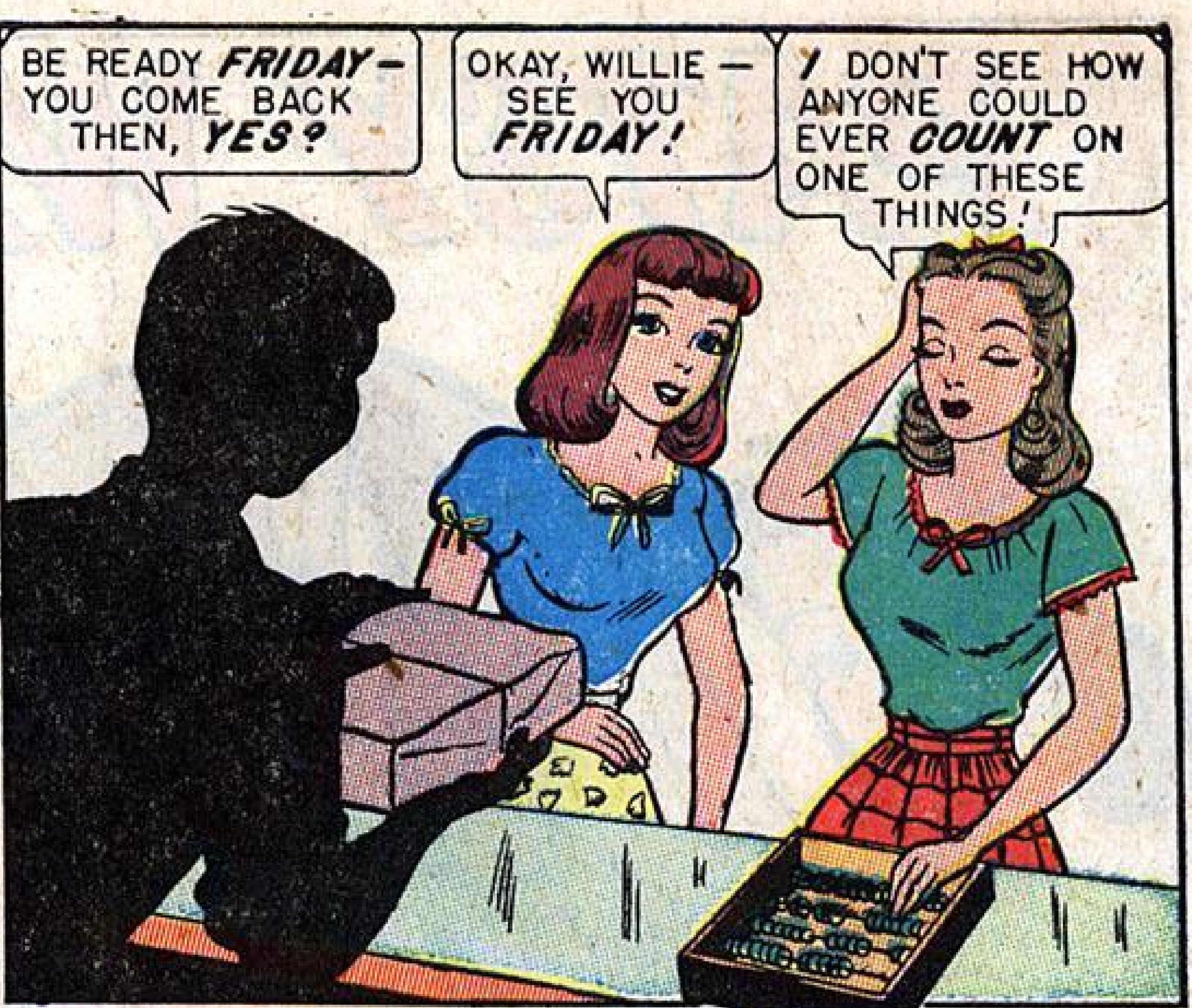
I WOULDN'T GO OUT OF MY WAY TO BE FRIENDLY TO THE GIRL. BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, IT WOULD BE COMPLETELY DISCOURTEOUS TO SNUB HER. THE IMPORTANT PROBLEM SO FAR AS YOU ARE CONCERNED IS TO KEEP YOURSELF, IN ALL RESPECTS, A LADY WHICH MEANS COURTESY, DECENCY, KINDNESS—TO EVERYONE

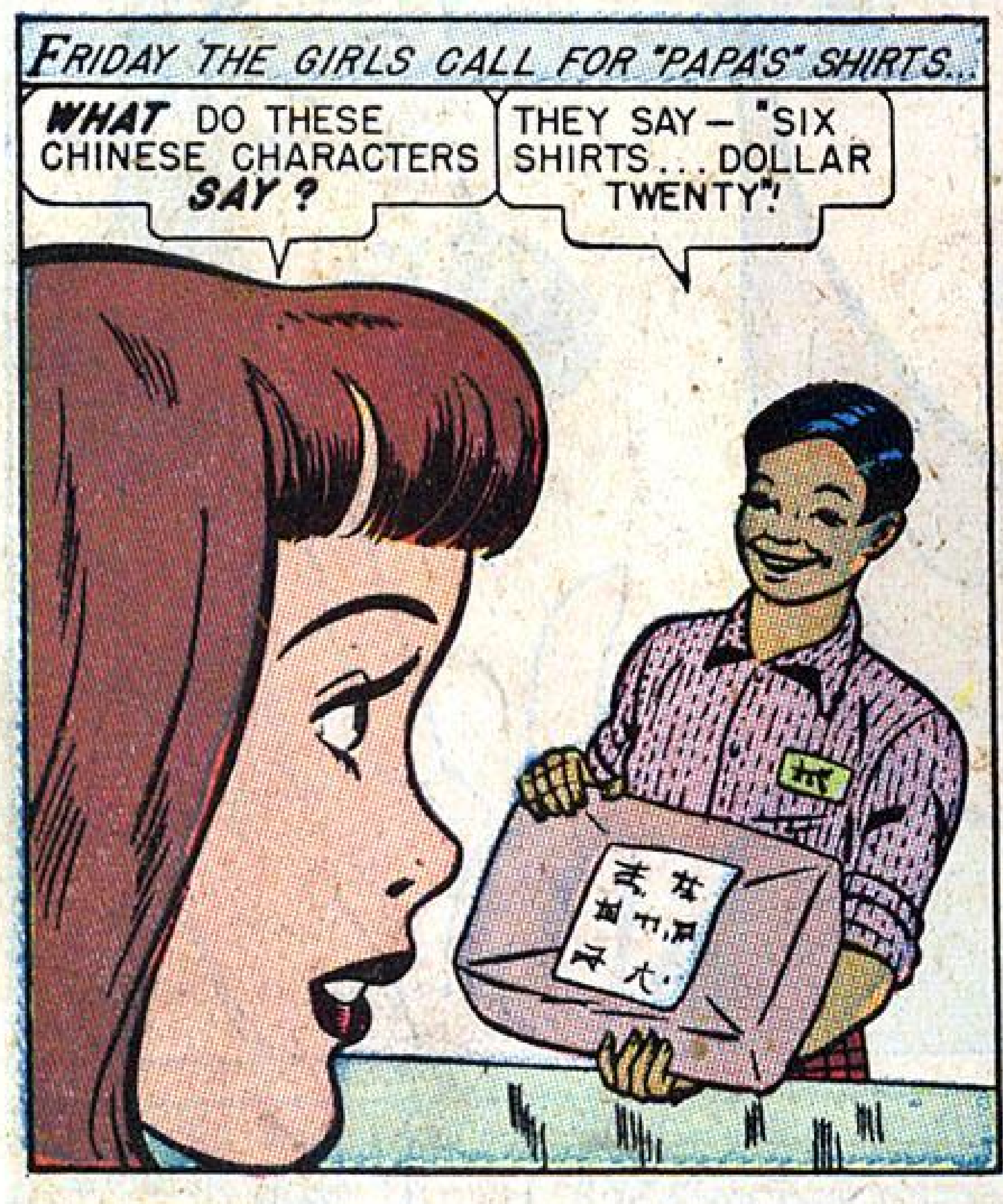
LOVE,
JEAN

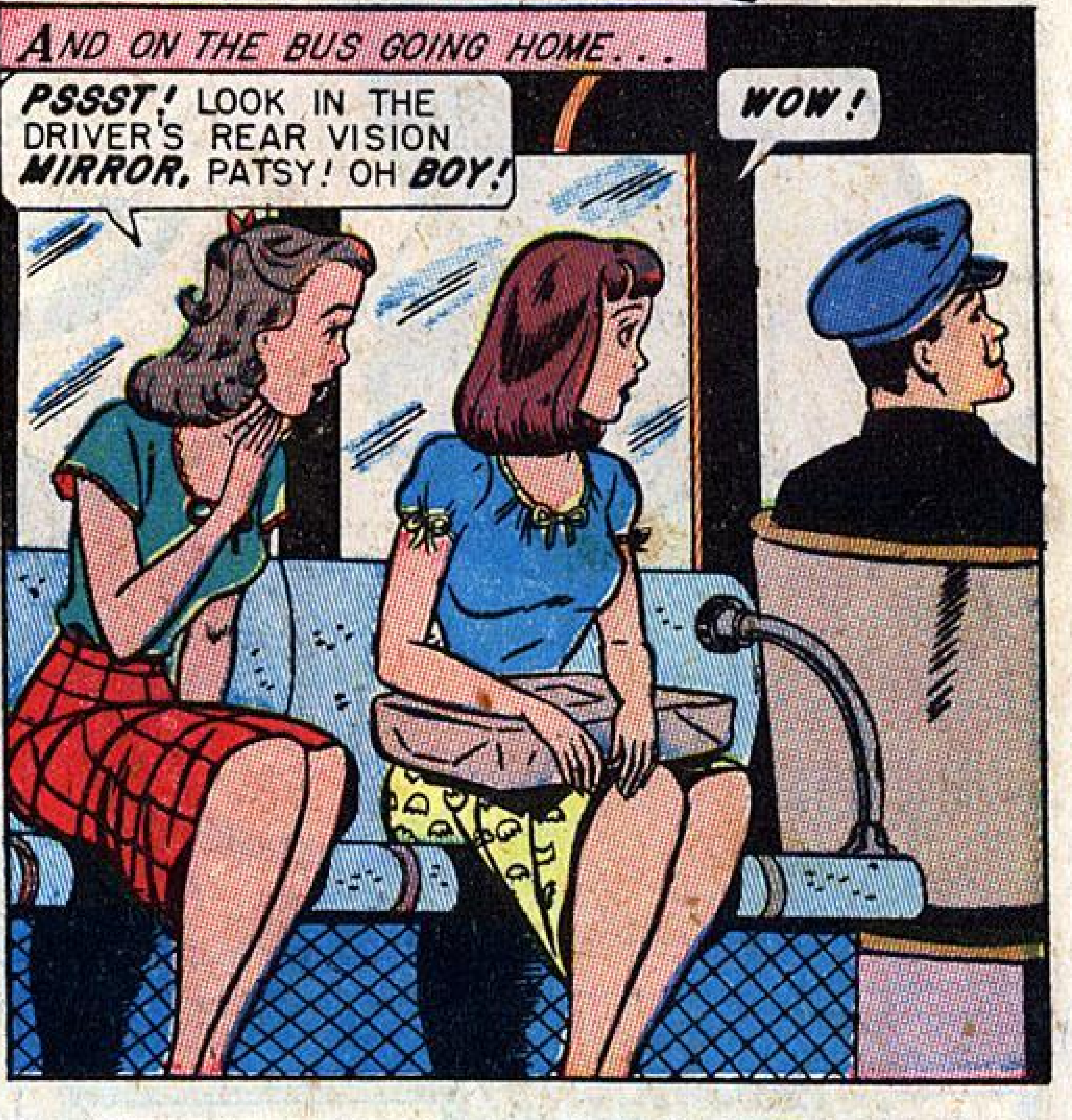
By
Jean Goodman

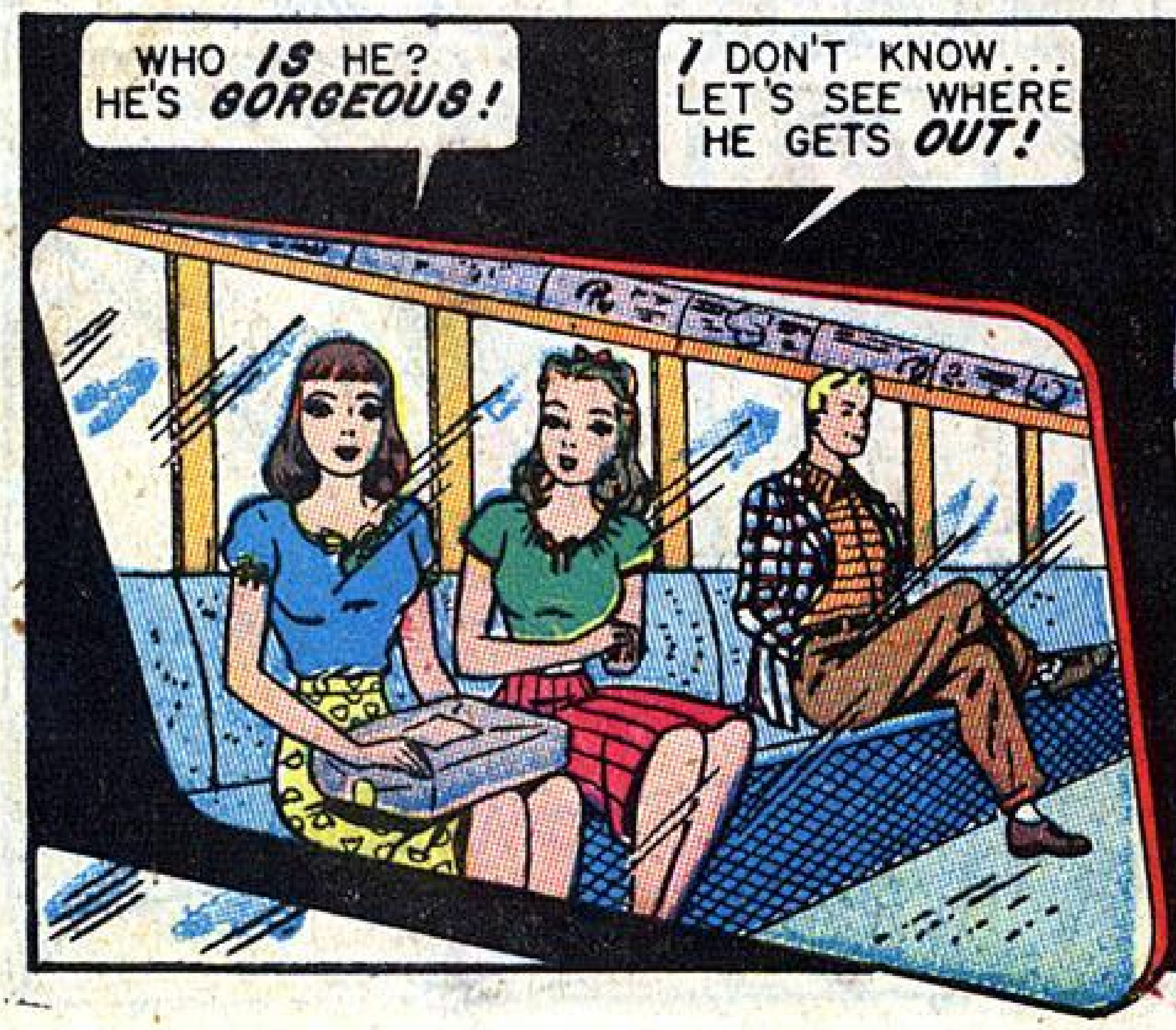

PATSY WALKER
"HER RIOTOUS ROMANCE!"
R 329
HERE WE HAVE WILLIE HEP SONG — A VERY OUTSTANDING CHINESE-AMERICAN LAUNDRYMAN...
♪ HOW ARE THINGS IN GLOCCA MORRA ♫
WILLIE HEP SONG
HAND LAUNDRY
FATHER SAYS WILLIE HEP SONG IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO DOES HIS LAUNDRY PROPERLY!
I CAN HEAR WILLIE SINGING NOW...

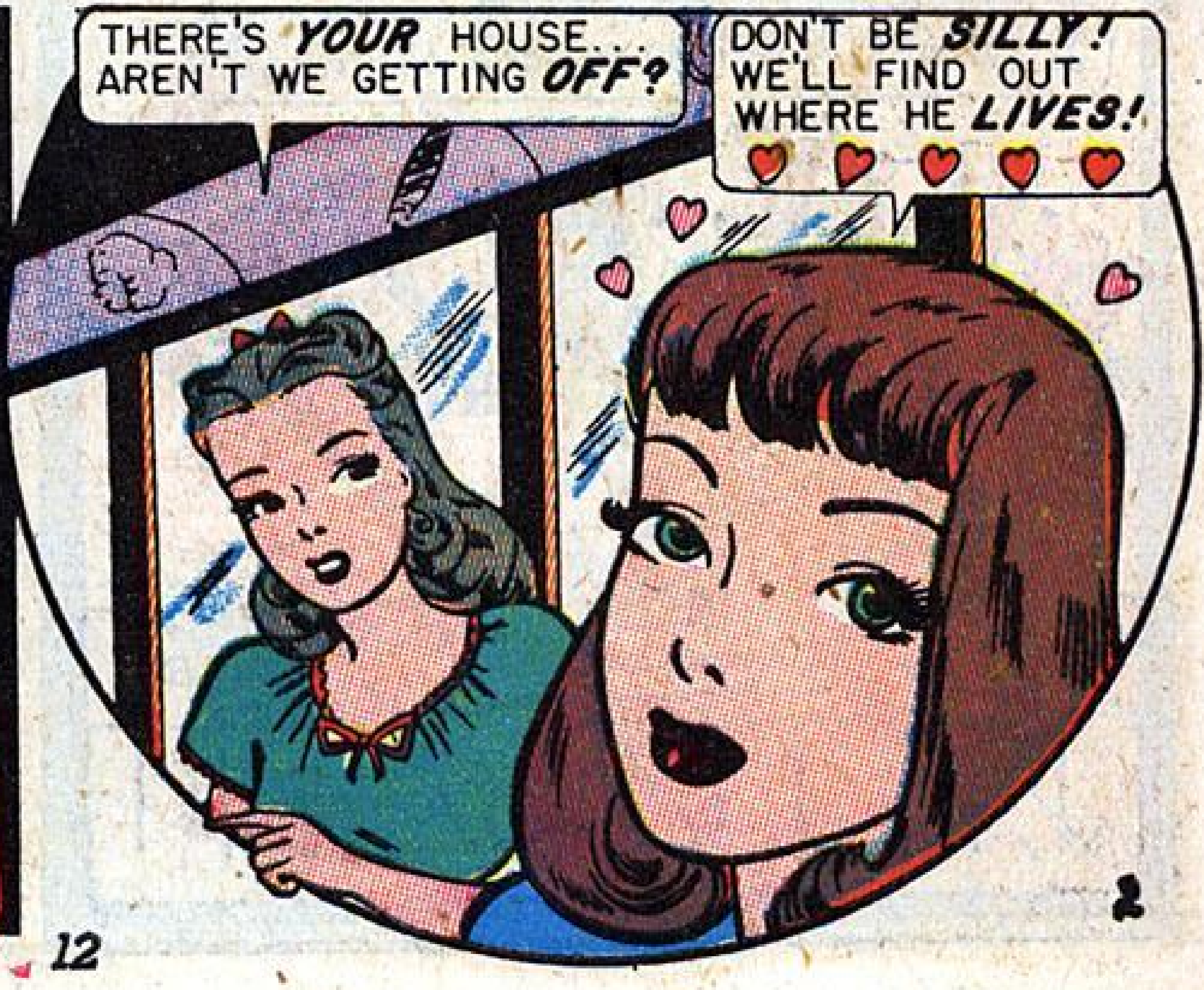

HELLO, MISS PATSY — YOU GOT MORE PAPA'S *SHIRTS* FOR WILLIE?


BE READY *FRIDAY*— YOU COME BACK THEN, *YES?*
OKAY, WILLIE — SEE YOU *FRIDAY!*
I DON'T SEE HOW ANYONE COULD EVER *COUNT* ON ONE OF THESE THINGS!


FRIDAY THE GIRLS CALL FOR "PAPA'S" SHIRTS..
*WHAT* DO THESE CHINESE CHARACTERS *SAY?*
THEY SAY— "SIX SHIRTS... DOLLAR TWENTY"!


AND ON THE BUS GOING HOME...
*PSSST!* LOOK IN THE DRIVER'S REAR VISION *MIRROR*, PATSY! OH *BOY!*
*WOW!*


WHO *IS* HE? HE'S *GORGEOUS!*
I DON'T KNOW... LET'S SEE WHERE HE GETS *OUT!*


THERE'S *YOUR* HOUSE... AREN'T WE GETTING *OFF?*
DON'T BE *SILLY!* WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE HE *LIVES!* ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

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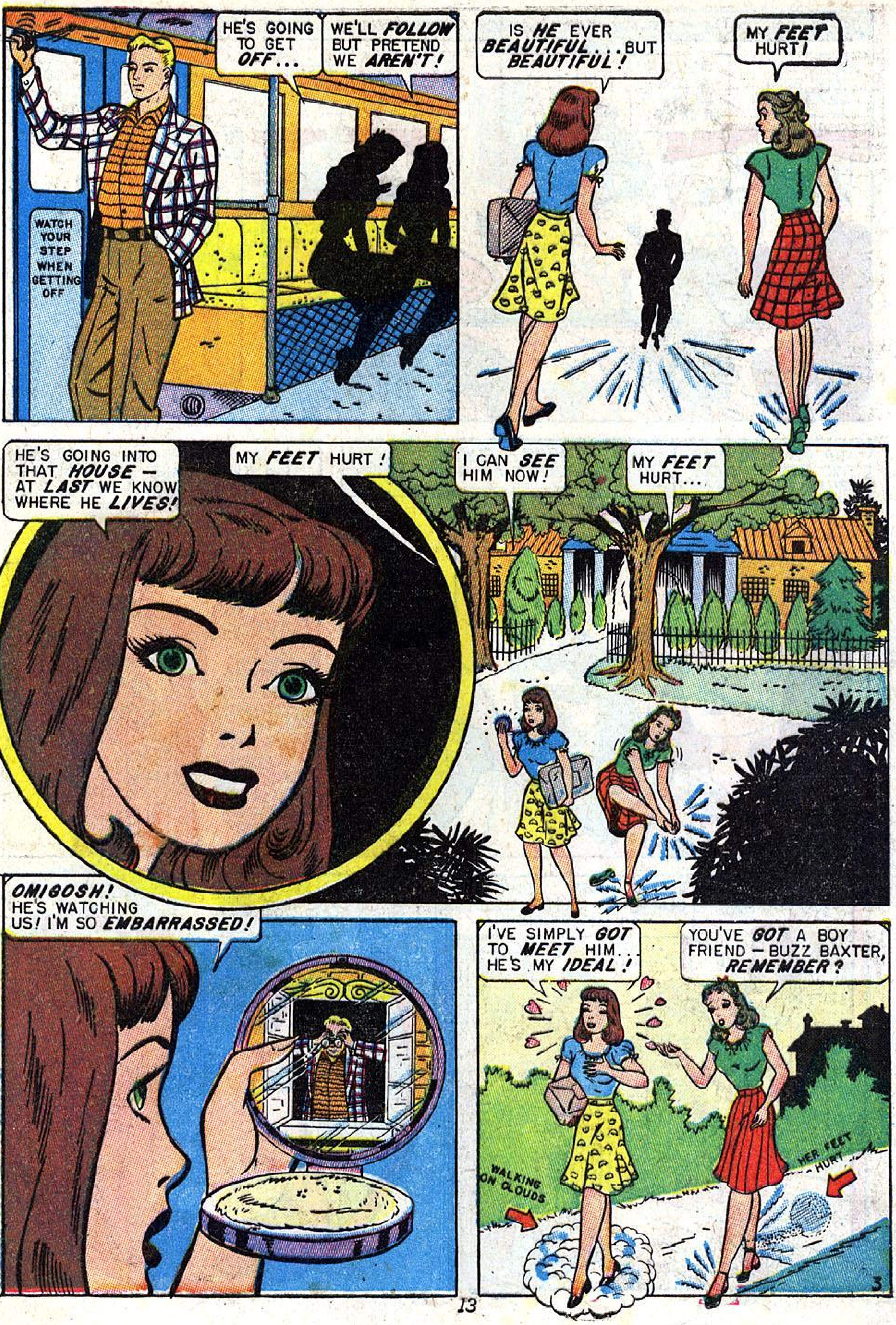
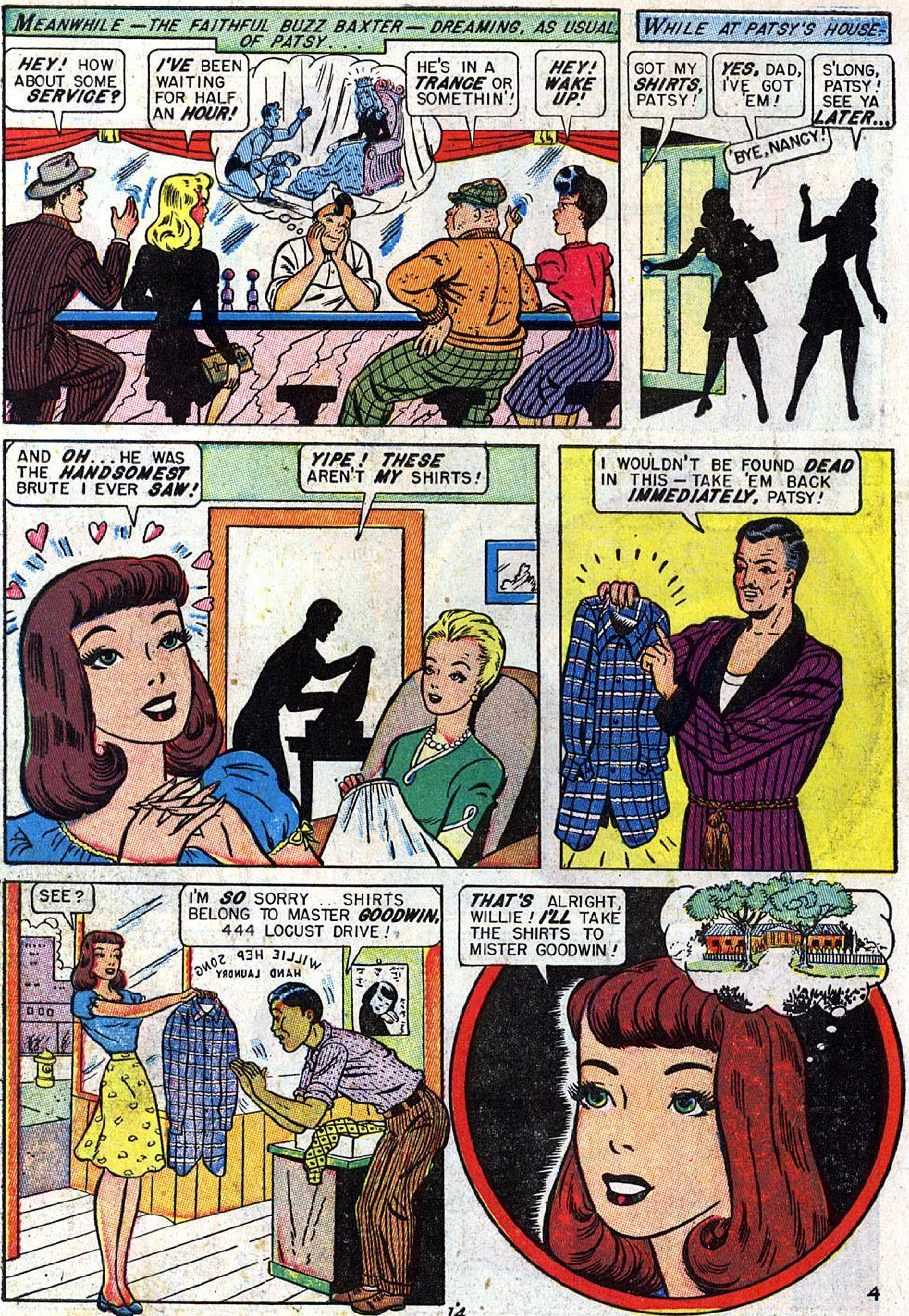
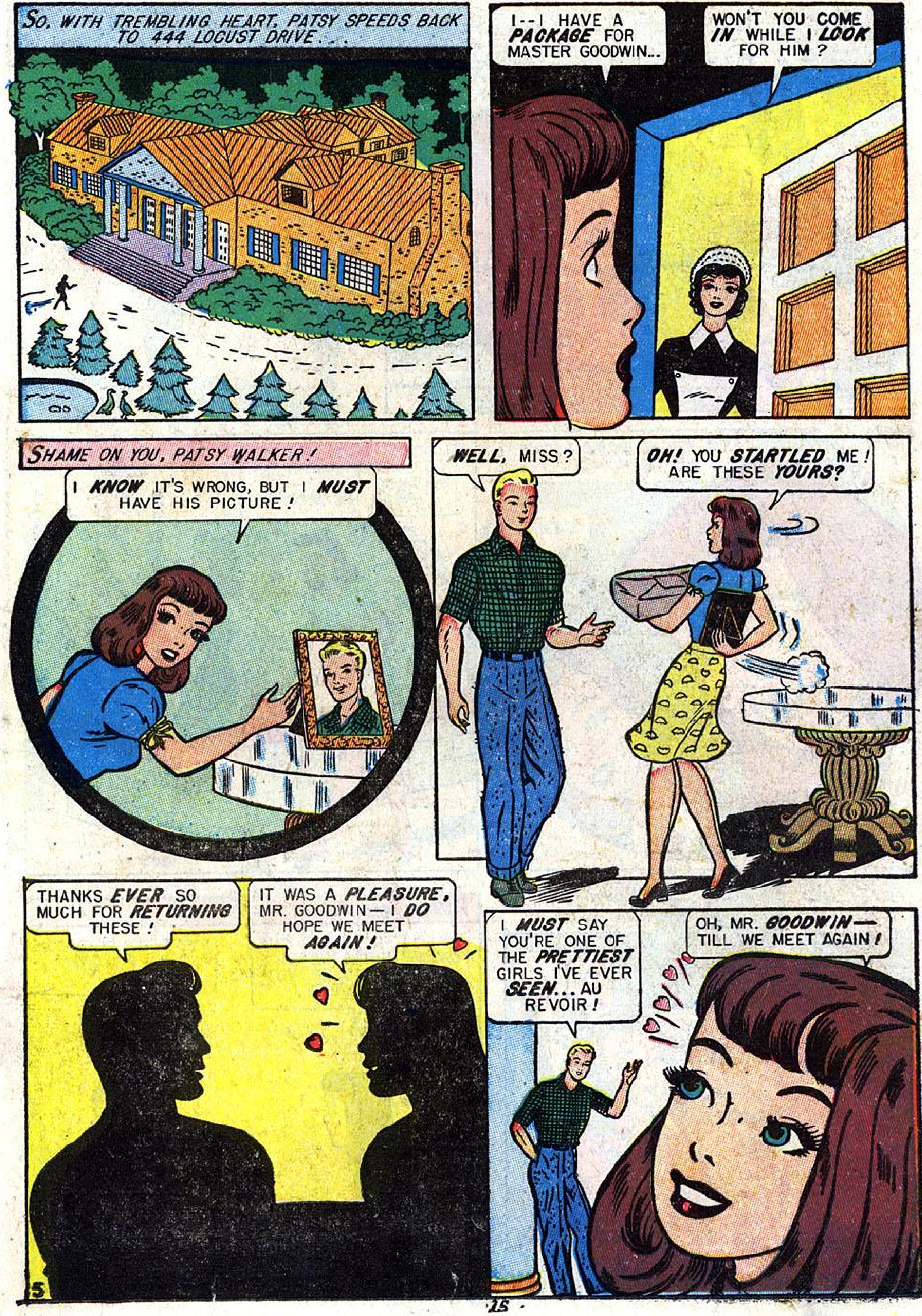
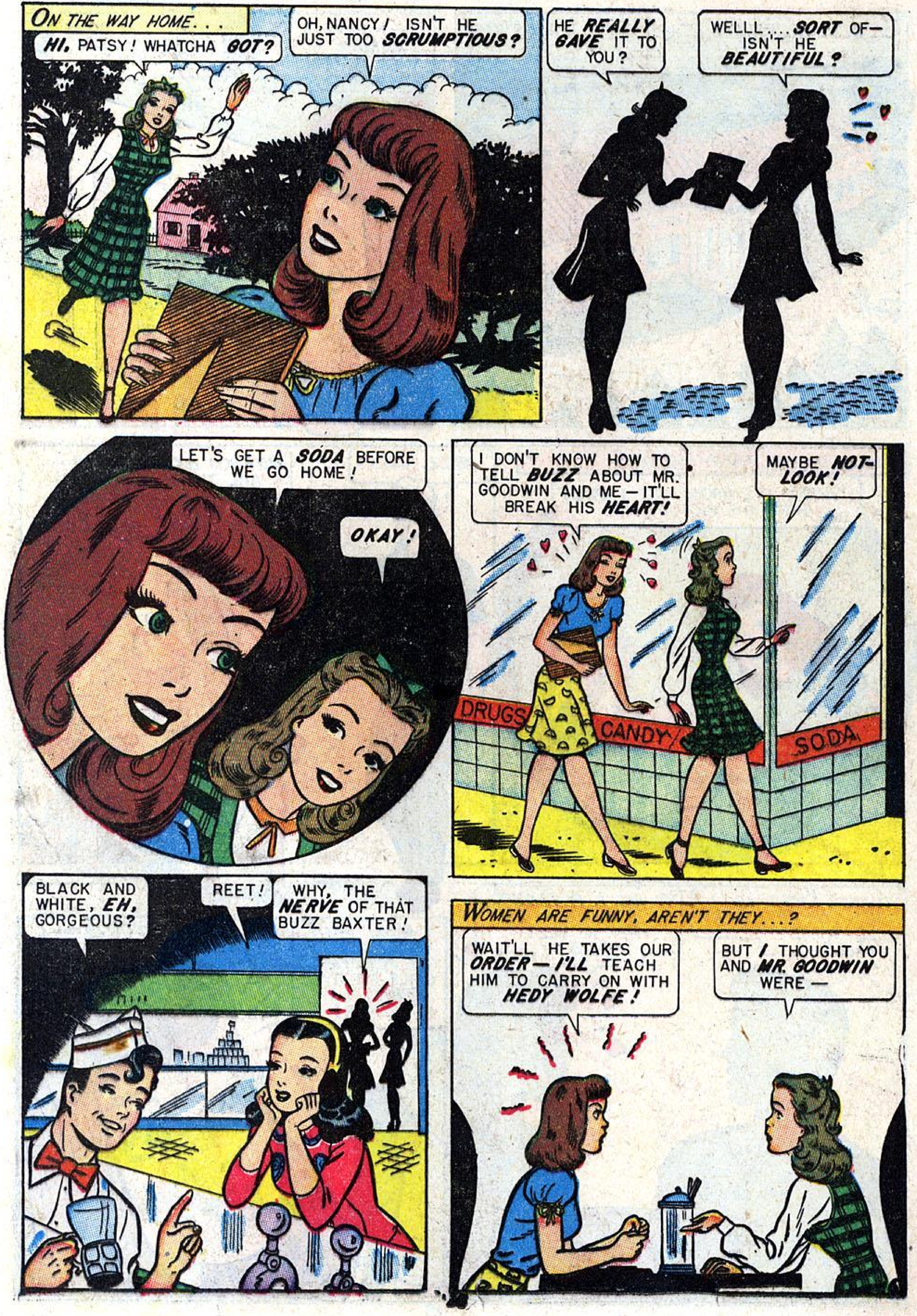
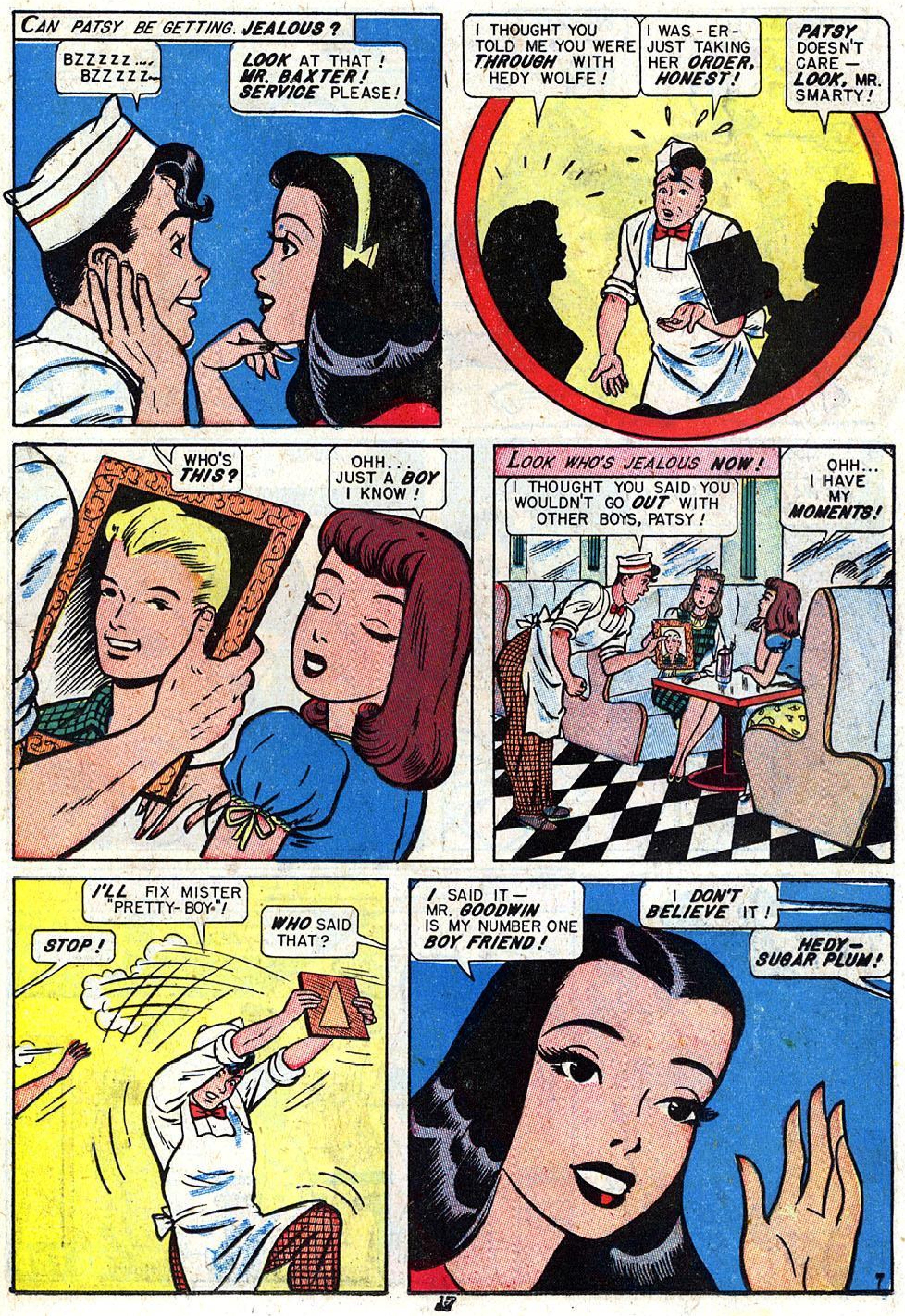
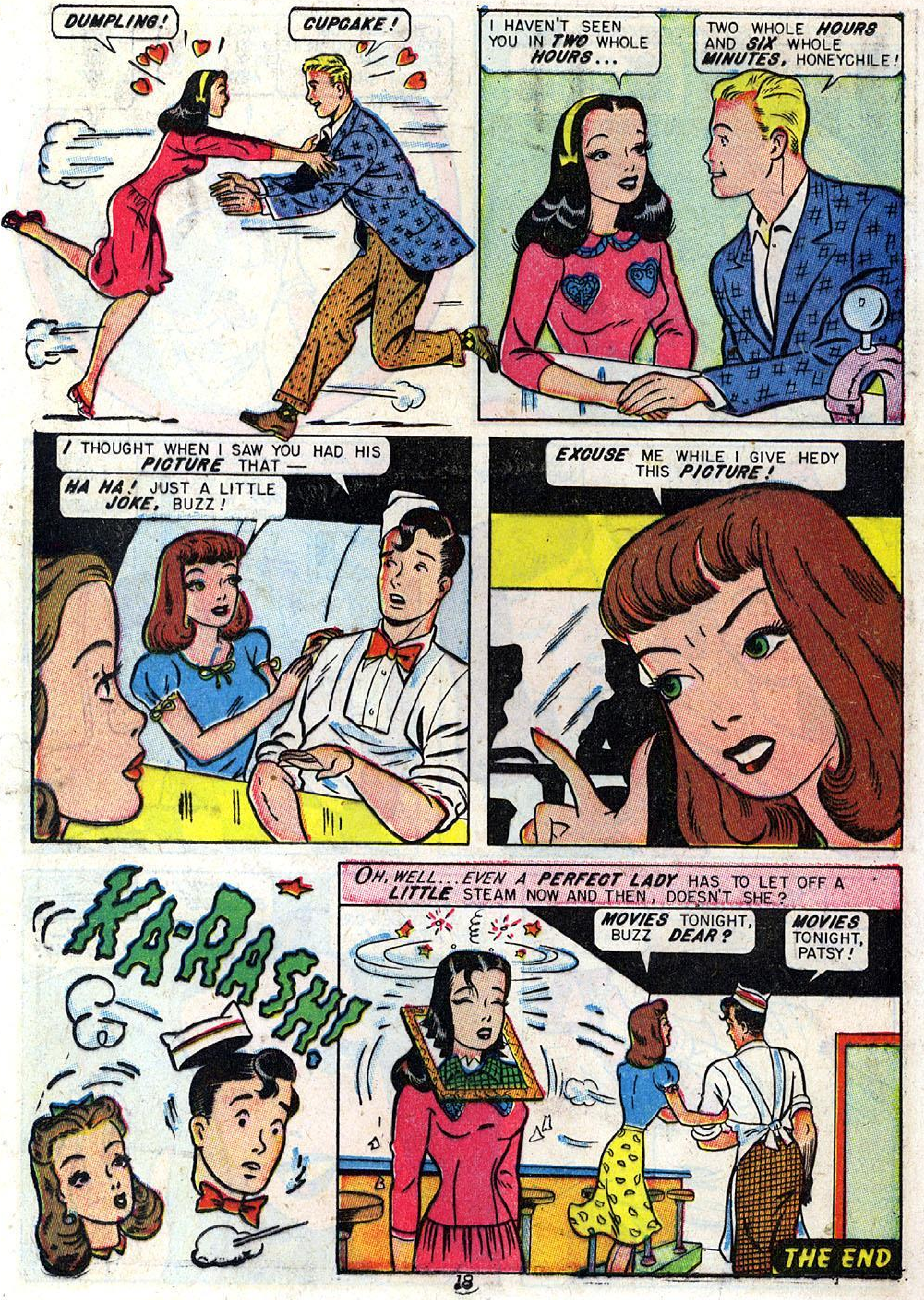

HE'S GOING TO GET *OFF*...
WE'LL *FOLLOW* BUT PRETEND WE *AREN'T!*
WATCH YOUR STEP WHEN GETTING OFF
IS *HE* EVER *BEAUTIFUL*... BUT *BEAUTIFUL!*
MY *FEET* HURT!
HE'S GOING INTO THAT *HOUSE* — AT *LAST* WE KNOW WHERE HE *LIVES!*
MY *FEET* HURT!
I CAN *SEE* HIM NOW!
MY *FEET* HURT...
*OMIGOSH!* HE'S WATCHING US! I'M SO *EMBARRASSED!*
I'VE SIMPLY *GOT* TO *MEET* HIM.. HE'S MY *IDEAL!*
YOU'VE *GOT* A BOY FRIEND — BUZZ BAXTER, *REMEMBER?*
WALKING ON CLOUDS
HER FEET HURT
3


MEANWHILE—THE FAITHFUL BUZZ BAXTER—DREAMING, AS USUAL OF PATSY...
HEY! HOW ABOUT SOME SERVICE?
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR HALF AN HOUR!
HE'S IN A TRANCE OR SOMETHIN'!
HEY! WAKE UP!
WHILE AT PATSY'S HOUSE-
GOT MY SHIRTS, PATSY!
YES, DAD, I'VE GOT 'EM!
S'LONG, PATSY! SEE YA LATER...
'BYE, NANCY!
AND OH... HE WAS THE HANDSOMEST BRUTE I EVER SAW!
YIPE! THESE AREN'T MY SHIRTS!
I WOULDN'T BE FOUND DEAD IN THIS—TAKE 'EM BACK IMMEDIATELY, PATSY!
SEE?
I'M SO SORRY.. SHIRTS BELONG TO MASTER GOODWIN, 444 LOCUST DRIVE!
WILLIE HEP SONG HAND LAUNDRY
THAT'S ALRIGHT, WILLIE! I'LL TAKE THE SHIRTS TO MISTER GOODWIN!


So, with trembling heart, Patsy speeds back to 444 Locust Drive . . .
I--I have a *package* for Master Goodwin...
Won't you come *in* while I *look* for him ?
Shame on you, Patsy Walker !
I *know* it's wrong, but I *must* have his picture !
*Well*, miss ?
*Oh!* You *startled* me ! Are these *yours?*
Thanks *ever* so much for *returning* these !
It was a *pleasure*, Mr. Goodwin—I *do* hope we meet *again* !
I *must* say you're one of the *prettiest* girls I've ever *seen*... au revoir !
Oh, Mr. *Goodwin*— till we meet again !


ON THE WAY HOME. . .
HI, PATSY! WHATCHA GOT?
OH, NANCY! ISN'T HE JUST TOO SCRUMPTIOUS?
HE REALLY GAVE IT TO YOU?
WELLL.... SORT OF— ISN'T HE BEAUTIFUL?
LET'S GET A SODA BEFORE WE GO HOME!
OKAY!
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL BUZZ ABOUT MR. GOODWIN AND ME — IT'LL BREAK HIS HEART!
MAYBE NOT— LOOK!
DRUGS
CANDY
SODA
BLACK AND WHITE, EH, GORGEOUS?
REET!
WHY, THE NERVE OF THAT BUZZ BAXTER!
WOMEN ARE FUNNY, AREN'T THEY...?
WAIT'LL HE TAKES OUR ORDER — I'LL TEACH HIM TO CARRY ON WITH HEDY WOLFE!
BUT I THOUGHT YOU AND MR. GOODWIN WERE —


CAN PATSY BE GETTING JEALOUS?
BZZZZZ... BZZZZZ...
LOOK AT THAT! MR. BAXTER! SERVICE PLEASE!
I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE THROUGH WITH HEDY WOLFE!
I WAS - ER - JUST TAKING HER ORDER, HONEST!
PATSY DOESN'T CARE — LOOK, MR. SMARTY!
WHO'S THIS?
OHH... JUST A BOY I KNOW!
LOOK WHO'S JEALOUS NOW!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T GO OUT WITH OTHER BOYS, PATSY!
OHH... I HAVE MY MOMENTS!
I'LL FIX MISTER "PRETTY-BOY"!
STOP!
WHO SAID THAT?
I SAID IT — MR. GOODWIN IS MY NUMBER ONE BOY FRIEND!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
HEDY — SUGAR PLUM!
7


DUMPLING!
CUPCAKE!
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN TWO WHOLE HOURS...
TWO WHOLE HOURS AND SIX WHOLE MINUTES, HONEYCHILE!
I THOUGHT WHEN I SAW YOU HAD HIS PICTURE THAT—
HA HA! JUST A LITTLE JOKE, BUZZ!
EXCUSE ME WHILE I GIVE HEDY THIS PICTURE!
KA-RASH!
OH, WELL.. EVEN A PERFECT LADY HAS TO LET OFF A LITTLE STEAM NOW AND THEN, DOESN'T SHE?
MOVIES TONIGHT, BUZZ DEAR?
MOVIES TONIGHT, PATSY!
THE END

# HELLO, GIRLS!

## MEMORANDUM

**FROM:** THE EDITOR
**TO:** ALL OUR READERS

HELLO, GIRLS!

Heavens! You'll have to give us until next issue to catch our breath! Never, positively NEVER, have we been deluged with as many letters as did pour into this office after last month's issue of Miss America hit the newsstands! You wonderful, wonderful girls all seemed so very happy to have your favorite magazine printed with EVERY page in full, glorious color that we wonder why we didn't think of it sooner!

MISS AMERICA STAFF

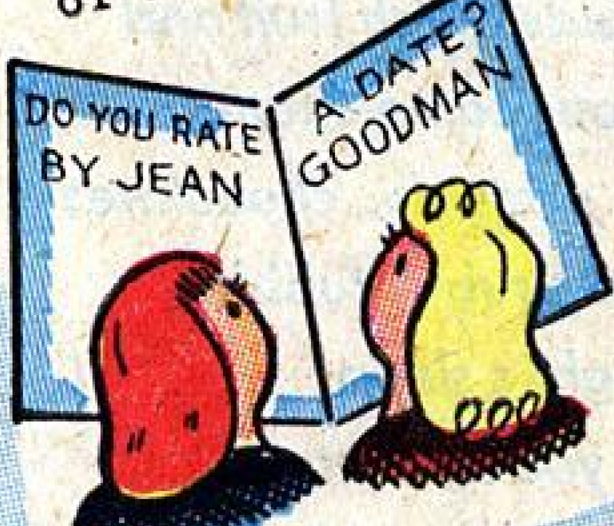
And we never dreamed that so many of you were Sewing Sallies! "Stitchin' Time" was so enthusiastically received by yo'all, that it will be a regular monthly feature in M.A. from now on!

STITCHIN' TIME

As for our keen new contest which was announced last month in M.A., it seems as though just about every teen queen in the country has entered it! By next month we'll tell you how the contest is progressing and what clever new ideas and comments you "reet readers" have been merrily making!

PREVIEW FOR NEXT MONTH:

Surprise! Surprise! In the very next issue of M.A., your own beloved Jean Goodman has a right-from-the-heart message for you Miss Americans...it's called "Do You Rate A Date?" and don't you DARE to miss it!

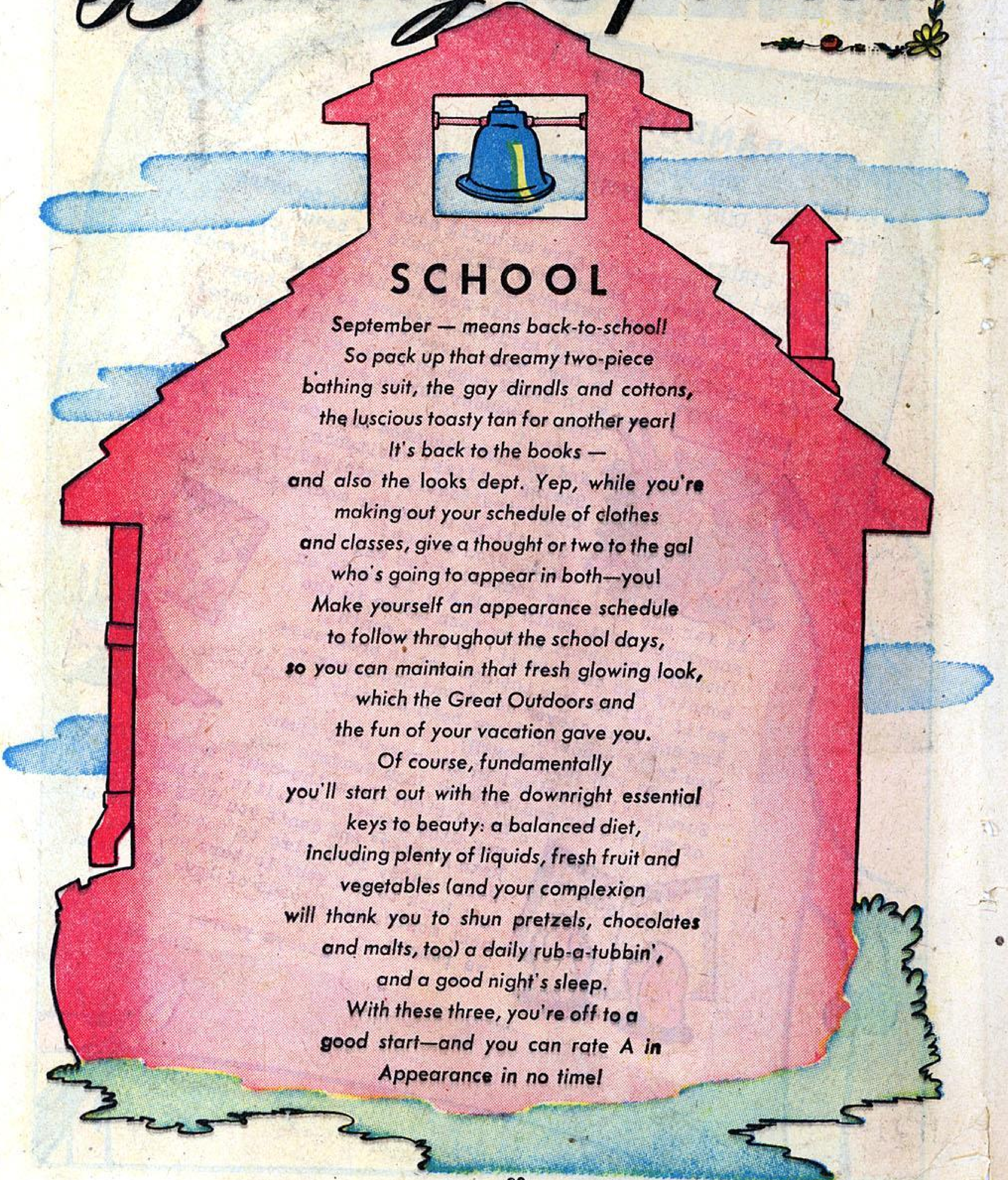

DO YOU RATE A DATE?
BY JEAN GOODMAN

Well, gals, it's time to scamper now and get back to all your letters so, until next month, with loads of love and luck, **we remain**

**Always yours,**

The Editor

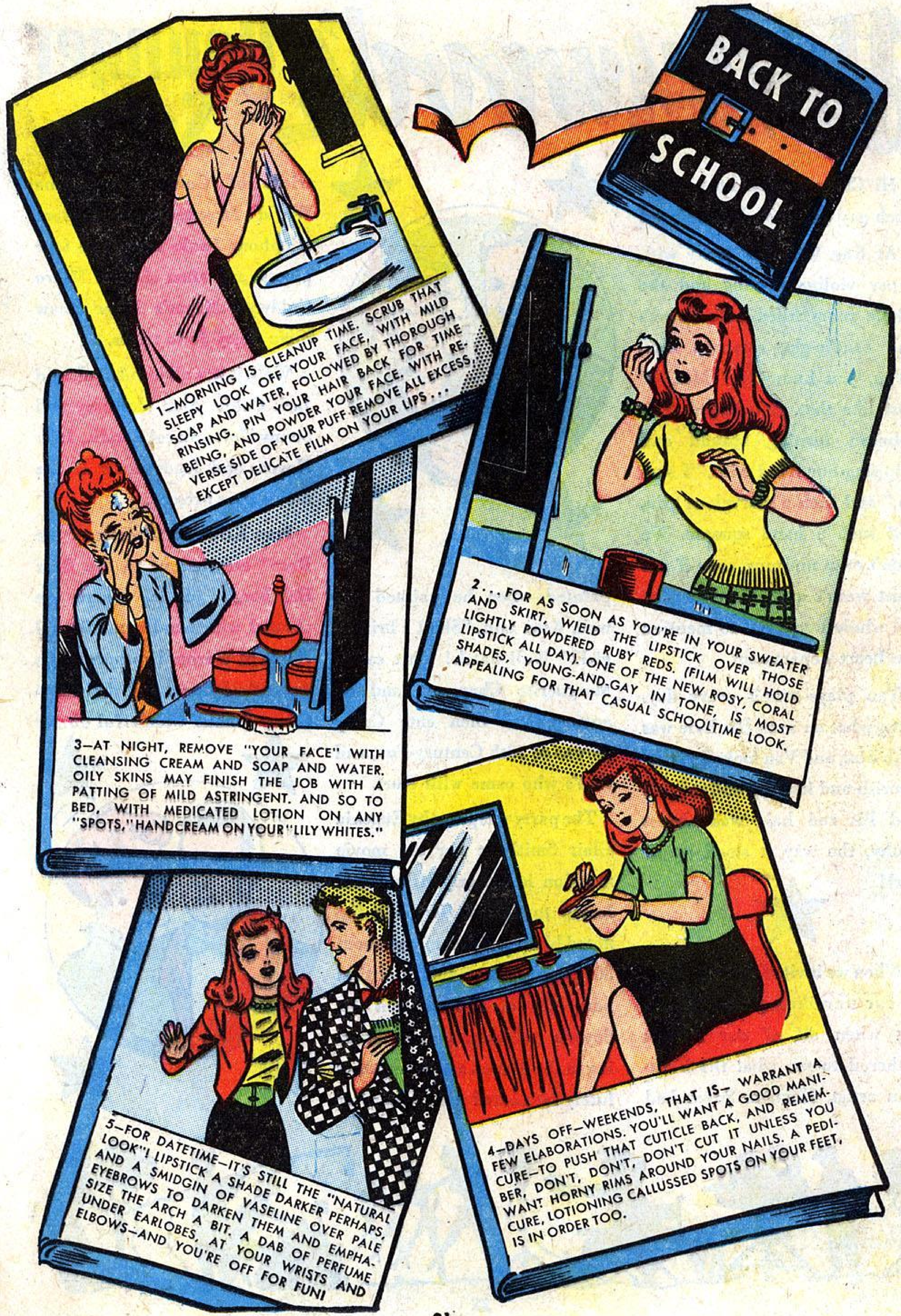
# Beauty by-lines...



## SCHOOL

September — means back-to-school! So pack up that dreamy two-piece bathing suit, the gay dirndls and cottons, the luscious toasty tan for another year! It's back to the books — and also the looks dept. Yep, while you're making out your schedule of clothes and classes, give a thought or two to the gal who's going to appear in both—you! Make yourself an appearance schedule to follow throughout the school days, so you can maintain that fresh glowing look, which the Great Outdoors and the fun of your vacation gave you. Of course, fundamentally you'll start out with the downright essential keys to beauty: a balanced diet, including plenty of liquids, fresh fruit and vegetables (and your complexion will thank you to shun pretzels, chocolates and malts, too) a daily rub-a-tubbin', and a good night's sleep. With these three, you're off to a good start—and you can rate A in Appearance in no time!

# BACK TO SCHOOL



1—MORNING IS CLEANUP TIME. SCRUB THAT SLEEPY LOOK OFF YOUR FACE, WITH MILD SOAP AND WATER, FOLLOWED BY THOROUGH RINSING. PIN YOUR HAIR BACK FOR TIME BEING, AND POWDER YOUR FACE, WITH REVERSE SIDE OF YOUR PUFF REMOVE ALL EXCESS EXCEPT DELICATE FILM ON YOUR LIPS . . .

2 . . . FOR AS SOON AS YOU'RE IN YOUR SWEATER AND SKIRT, WIELD THE LIPSTICK OVER THOSE LIGHTLY POWDERED RUBY REDS. (FILM WILL HOLD LIPSTICK ALL DAY). ONE OF THE NEW ROSY, CORAL SHADES, YOUNG-AND-GAY IN TONE, IS MOST APPEALING FOR THAT CASUAL SCHOOLTIME LOOK.

3—AT NIGHT, REMOVE "YOUR FACE" WITH CLEANSING CREAM AND SOAP AND WATER. OILY SKINS MAY FINISH THE JOB WITH A PATTING OF MILD ASTRINGENT. AND SO TO BED, WITH MEDICATED LOTION ON ANY "SPOTS," HANDCREAM ON YOUR "LILY WHITES."

4—DAYS OFF—WEEKENDS, THAT IS— WARRANT A FEW ELABORATIONS. YOU'LL WANT A GOOD MANICURE—TO PUSH THAT CUTICLE BACK, AND REMEMBER, DON'T, DON'T, DON'T CUT IT UNLESS YOU WANT HORNY RIMS AROUND YOUR NAILS. A PEDICURE, LOTIONING CALLUSSED SPOTS ON YOUR FEET, IS IN ORDER TOO.

5—FOR DATETIME—IT'S STILL THE "NATURAL LOOK"! LIPSTICK A SHADE DARKER PERHAPS, AND A SMIDGIN OF VASELINE OVER PALE EYEBROWS TO DARKEN THEM AND EMPHASIZE THE ARCH A BIT. A DAB OF PERFUME UNDER EARLOBES, AT YOUR WRISTS AND ELBOWS—AND YOU'RE OFF FOR FUN!

# Hollywood's Younger Set

Hi Chums: Such busy times. Such gay times. Such fun times!

At Kay Williams' party with gypsy violins playing and the whole room filled with flowers and candle-glo, someone says, "Van, you know May Mann?" Just like that. And there's Van Johnson turning around and gripping our hand with, "I sure do," and such a marvelous grin, and such a hand squeeze. We didn't even murmur, even if our wrist wasn't quite the same for the whole week, not to mention the heart department.

Van plays tennis every day, sooo, what an arm. His Evie was with him, and Van looked so outdoorish and healthy and rugged, and his red hair was almost bushy, the way it stood up in curl!

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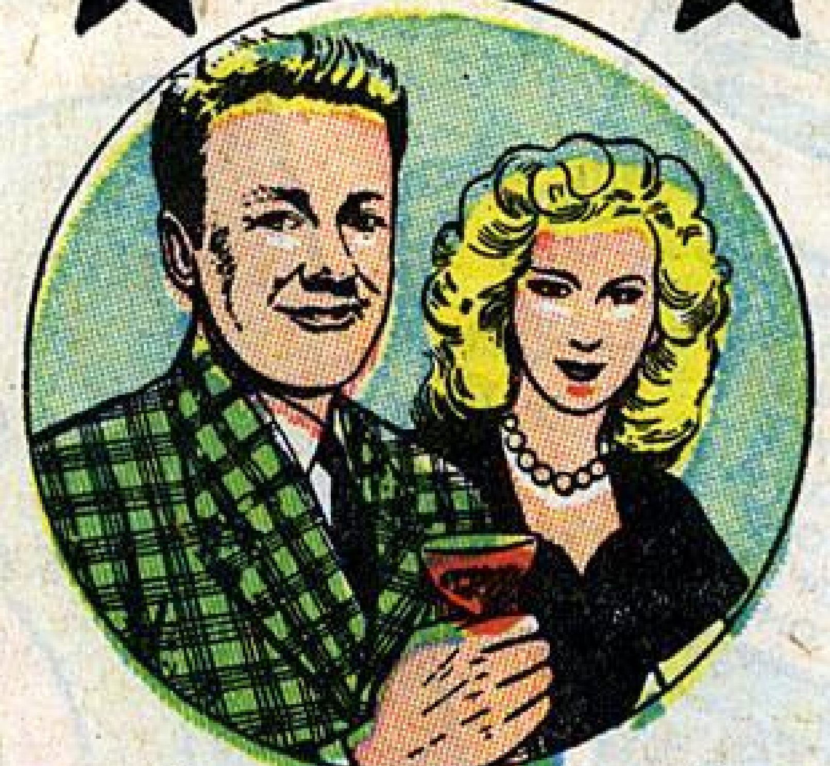
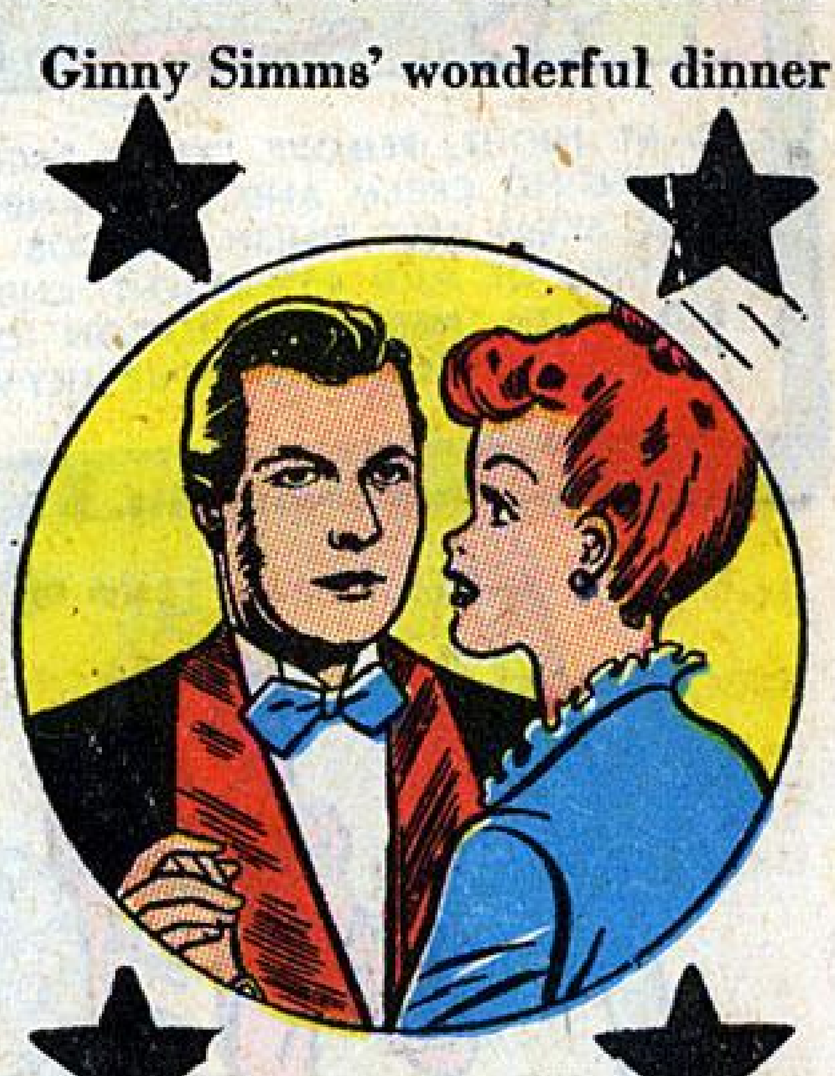


When we invited Kurt Kreuger to our unveiling party, (meaning when all of our friends gathered to see what the Peruvian artist, Mariano Soyer had painted—when he painted us) well, Kurt said, "Shall I bring a girl?" Well natch! Kurt called Marguerite Chapman, and no answer, and then cute Cathy Downs of 20th Century-Fox, and that's who came with Kurt.

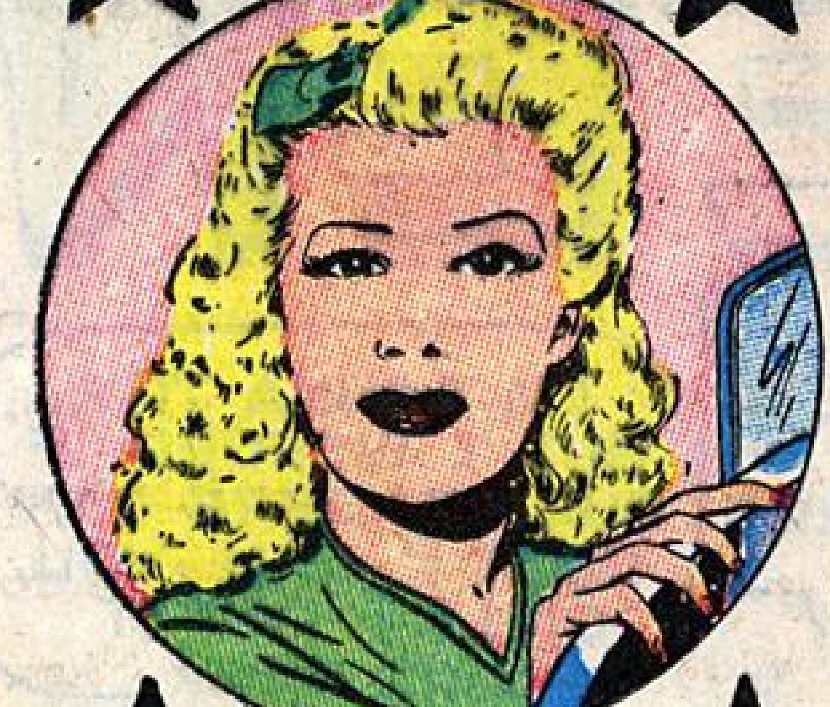
The party was given by Eugenia Clair Smith at her big movie mansion in Beverly Hills (once leased to George Gershwin the noted blues composer) and about 300 people put on their prettiest party dresses, and admired Mr. Soyer's painting, besides dancing in the garden and being absolutely fascinated with the parlor tricks of Galen Gough, the World's Strongest Man, who tore telephone books right into four pieces, and then showed Metro Goldwyn Mayer's Peter Shaw some fancy Judo tricks.

Well, it was all wonderful, said Jack Oakie, Alan Mowbray and Sonny Tufts, Carol Landis, June Havoc, and loads more of the movie stars present.



Ivan Kirov of "Spectre of the Rose" escorted us to the Bror Dahlberg's picnic, where we chatted with handsome Michael North of Warner Brothers. Then we rushed home and dashed to Ginny Simms' wonderful dinner party at her home atop a mountain, which looks down on the jeweled lights of Hollywood below.

* * *



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Betty Hutton has christened her new Cadillac convertible "Pauline." She says as long as she's driving it there'll be plenty of perils. Did you see Betty in "Perils of Pauline"?

* * *

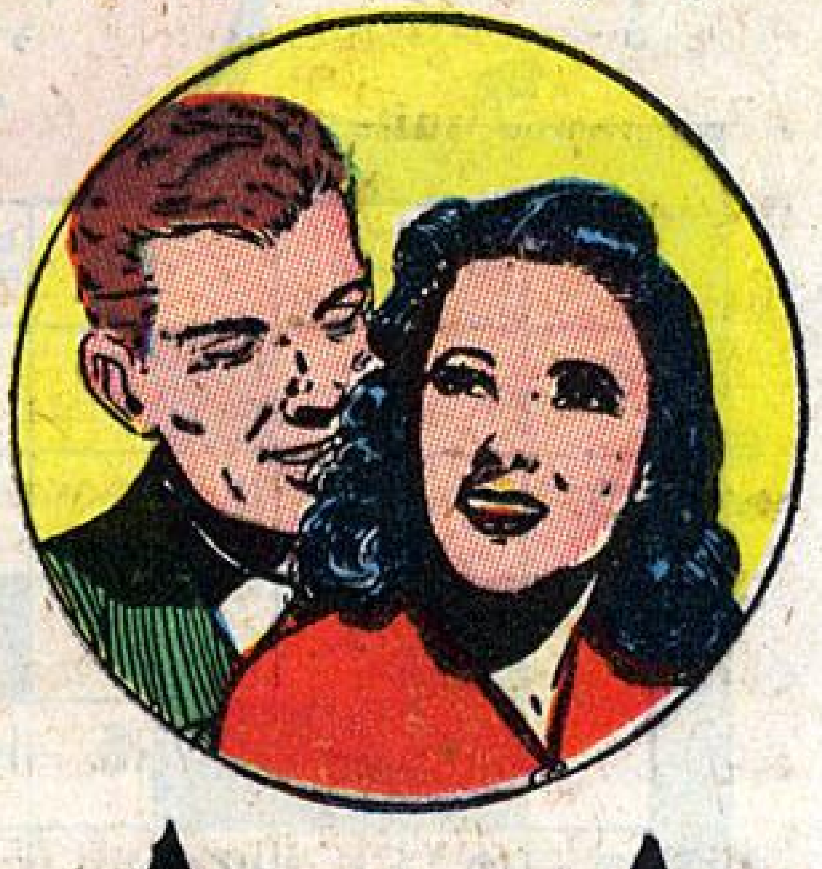
Luana Patten, who with Bobby Driscoll stars in Walt Disney's "Fun and Fancy Free" is taking driving lessons on her new junior size girl's bike.

* * *

Anita Gordon was driving her brand new convertible when she heard a loud metallic crash underneath. She looked back and saw a large funny piece of metal left behind in the road. Anita lugged it to the first garage, marveling that her car could still run without it. But the garage man said, "That isn't a missing piece from your car. That's a piece of a washing machine!"

Well, what do you know?

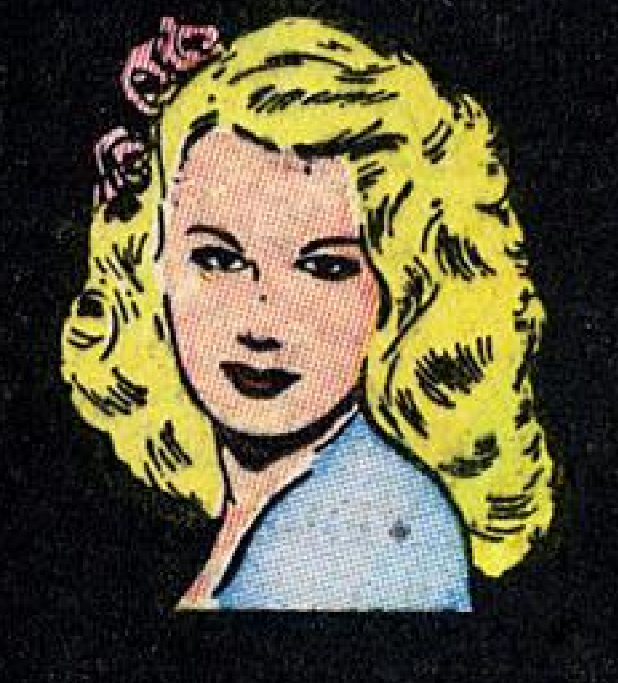
* * *



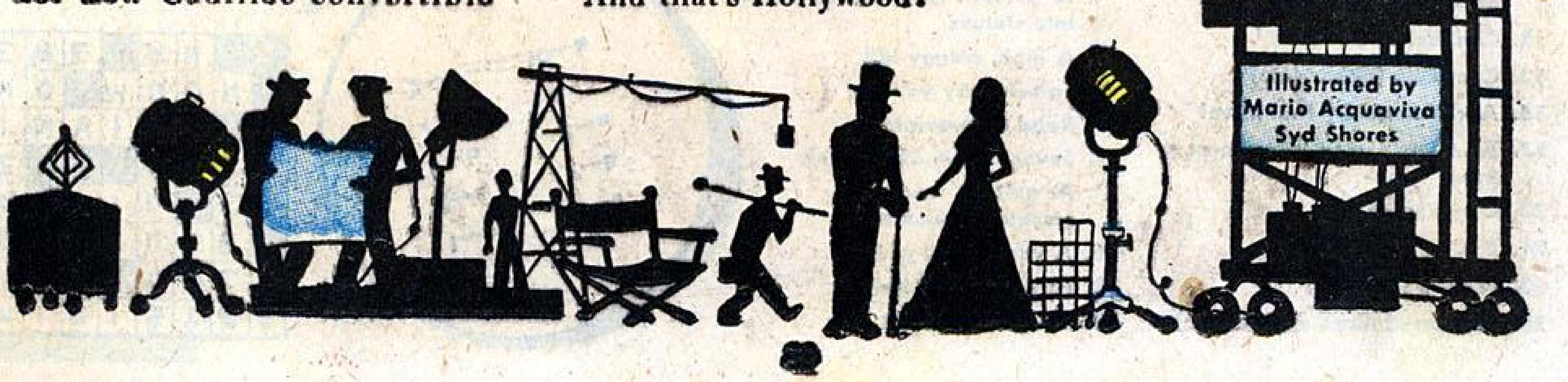
Heart Throbs: Gloria Jean is going to Paris to see Nicholas Fieullette, on her European tour. Elizabeth Taylor and Marshall Thompson are holding hands, but steadily.... The Taylor girl stars in Mickey Rooney's new movie.

And that's Hollywood!

WHAT'S NEW AMONG HOLLYWOOD'S WHO'S WHO



AS MAY MANN SEES IT!



Illustrated by
Mario Acquaviva
Syd Shores

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Illustrated by
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# TEEN TEASERS

How good are you at matching up your favorite star with your favorite movie? Try your hand at these:

1. Home in Indiana a. Tyrone Power
2. Best Years of Our Lives b. Joan Crawford
3. Spellbound c. Gregory Peck
4. Boys' Town d. Burgess Meredith
5. The Razor's Edge e. Jeanne Crain
6. Humoresque f. Fredric March
7. Duel in the Sun g. Ingrid Bergman
8. The Story of G. I. Joe h. Mickey Rooney
9. Blue Skies i. Cornel Wilde
10. A Song to Remember j. Fred Astaire

CAN YOU SOLVE THESE TEEN TEASERS IN ONE HOUR, PATSY?
I'M GONNA TRY... BUT I WONDER IF OUR READERS CAN DO IT? CAN YOU, GIRLS? TRY IT AND SEE!
? ? ? ?

1—e
2—f
3—g
4—h
5—a
6—b
7—c
8—d
9—j
10—i

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | 2. | 3. | | 4. | 5. | 6. | 7. |
| 8. | | | ■ | 9. | | | |
| 10. | | | 11. | | | | ■ |
| | ■ | 12. | | | ■ | 13. | 14. |
| | ■ | ■ | ■ | 15. | 16. | | |
| 17. | 18. | | 19. | | | ■ | |
| 20. | | ■ | 21. | | | | ■ |
| 22. | | | ■ | 23. | | ■ | ■ |

**ACROSS**

1. A clergyman; a pastor
8. A card marked with a single spot
9. Opposite of hot
10. A motion of one's limbs to express a feeling
12. Contraction of "until"
13. Company (abbreviate)
15. A trail made by foot travel
17. To ask a person to come as a guest
20. Opposite of yes
21. The earth's satellite
22. Female sheep
23. Registered nurse (abbreviate)

**DOWN**

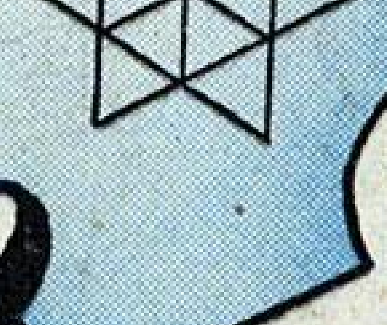
1. A periodical containing storres, articles, and poems
2. Fozen water
3. The shelter made by a bird for its young
4. A person who carves stone into statues
5. A high, craggy hill
6. To select by voting
7. Road (abbreviate)
11. Seventh note of the scale
14. A unit to measure electrical resistance
16. A vast period of time
18. At the present time
19. Contraction, I am

1—Willa Cather wrote:
a) My Friend Anton, b) My Antonia, c) My Aunt Maisie
2—Louisa May Alcott wrote:
a) The Story of Jo, b) Women We Love, c) Little Women
3—William Makepiece Thackeray wrote:
a) Vanity Farce, b) Vanity Fair, c) Vain Worlds
4—Owen Wister wrote:
a) The Virginian, b) Virginia City, c) The Cowboy from Virginie
5—Betty MacDonald wrote:
a) The Egg and I, b) Rooster Crows for Dawn, c) We Took to the Woods
6—Jacob Riis wrote:
a) The Rise of an American, b) An American Story, c) The Making of an American
7—Sir Walter Scott wrote:
a) Ivan the Terrible, b) Ivanhoe, c) Ivan Ivanovitch
8—James Fenimore Cooper wrote:
a) The Spy, b) The Mohican Chief, c) The Secret Service
9—Robert Louis Stevenson wrote:
a) Treasure Hunt, b) Treasure Island, c) Treasure Chest
10—Edna Ferber wrote:
a) So So, b) So Big, c) So What

1—b
2—c
3—b
4—a
5—a
6—c
7—b
8—a
9—b
10—b

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| M | I | N | I | S | T | E | R |
| A | C | E | ■ | C | O | L | D |
| G | E | S | T | U | R | E | ■ |
| A | ■ | T | I | L | ■ | C | O |
| Z | ■ | ■ | ■ | P | A | T | H |
| I | N | V | I | T | E | ■ | M |
| N | O | ■ | M | O | O | N | ■ |
| E | W | E | ■ | R | N | ■ | ■ |

Can you tell what the total number of triangles is—large and small—that can be seen in the star pictured here?



Solution:
20 triangles
(Two large triangles containing nine small ones; six triangles containing 4 small ones—each of the six points of the star forms the upper section of these. Finally, twelve small triangles.)

Try filling in this puzzle so you get the same five words across and down. We'll start you off:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| R | A | D | A | R |
| A | | | | |
| D | | | | |
| A | | | | |
| R | | | | |

1. RADAR
2. Texan fort
3. Sing. of data
4. Entertain
5. Shakespeare hero

1. RADAR
2. Alamo
3. Datum
4. Amuse
5. Romeo

Kick the stranger out! See if you can pick the word in each of the following which doesn't belong:

1. a. Europe b. France c. Asia
d. North America
2. a. Ford b. DeSoto c. Dodge
d. Mack
3. a. bold b. afraid c. frightened
d. alarmed
4. a. Beethoven b. Berlin c. Bach
d. Brahms
5. a. Florence Nightingale
b. Sister Kenny
c. Marie Curie
d. Rosalind Russell
6. a. Mississippi
b. Amazon
c. Rio Grande
d. Huron
7. a. Boston b. Harrisburg
c. St. Louis d. Tallahassee
8 a. Hemingway b. Dickens
c. Steinbeck d. Saroyan

1—b
2—d
3—a
4—b
5—d
6—d
7—c
8—b

Join us for an indoor round-the-world trip. See how many famous spots you can match correctly:

1. The Cathedral of Notre Dame a. Boston
2. Niagara Falls b. Paris
3. Grand Canyon c. New Yon
4. Faneuil Hall d. Colorado
5. Liberty Bell e. New York Harbor
6. The White House f. New Mexico
7. Mt. Everest g. French Guiana
8. Devil's Island h. Tibet
9. Carlsbad Caverns i. Washington, D. C.
10. Statue of Liberty j. Philadelphia

1—b
2—c
3—d
4—a
5—j
6—i
7—h
8—g
9—f
10—e

# TEEN

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e. Jeanne Crain
f. Fredric March
g. Ingrid Bergman
h. Mickey Rooney
i. Cornel Wilde
j. Fred Astaire

1—e
2—f
3—g
4—h
5—a
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8—d
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1—b
2—c
3—b
4—a
5—a
6—c
7—b
8—a
9—b
10—b

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | 2. | 3. | | 4. | 5. | 6. | 7. |
| 8. | | | ■ | 9. | | | |
| 10. | | | 11. | | | | ■ |
| | ■ | 12. | | | ■ | 13. | 14. |
| | ■ | ■ | ■ | 15. | 16. | | |
| 17. | 18. | | 19. | | | ■ | |
| 20. | | ■ | 21. | | | | ■ |
| 22. | | | ■ | 23. | | ■ | ■ |

**ACROSS**

1. A clergyman; a pastor
8. A card marked with a single spot
9. Opposite of hot
0. A motion of one's limbs to express a feeling
12. Contraction of "until"
13. Company (abbreviate)
15. A trail made by foot travel
17. To ask a person to come as a guest
20. Opposite of yes
21. The earth's satellite
22. Female sheep
23. Registered nurse (abbreviate)

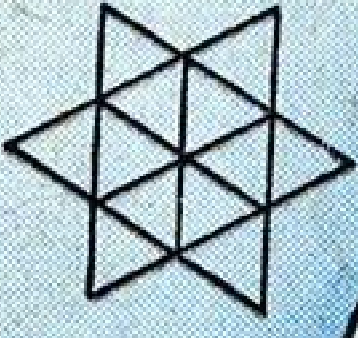
**DOWN**

1. A periodical containing stories, articles, and poems
2. Fozen water
3. The shelter made by a bird for its young
4. A person who carves stone into statues
5. A high, craggy hill
6. To select by voting
7. Road (abbreviate)
11. Seventh note of the scale
14. A unit to measure electrical resistance
16. A vast period of time
18. At the present time
19. Contraction, I am

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| M | I | N | I | S | T | E | R |
| A | C | E | ■ | C | O | L | D |
| G | E | S | T | U | R | E | ■ |
| A | ■ | T | I | L | ■ | C | O |
| Z | ■ | ■ | ■ | P | A | T | H |
| I | N | V | I | T | E | ■ | M |
| N | O | ■ | M | O | O | N | ■ |
| E | W | E | ■ | R | N | ■ | ■ |

# TEASERS

Can you tell what the total number of triangles is—large and small—that can be seen in the star pictured here?



Solution: 20 triangles (Two large triangles containing nine small ones; six triangles containing 4 small ones—each of the six points of the star forms the upper section of these. Finally, twelve small triangles.)

Try filling in this puzzle so you get the same five words across and down. We'll start you off:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| R | A | D | A | R |
| A | | | | |
| D | | | | |
| A | | | | |
| R | | | | |

1. RADAR
2. Texan fort
3. Sing. of data
4. Entertain
5. Shakespeare hero

1. RADAR
2. Alamo
3. Datum
4. Amuse
5. Romeo

Kick the stranger out! See if you can pick the word in each of the following which doesn't belong:

1. a. Europe b. France c. Asia d. North America
2. a. Ford b. DeSoto c. Dodge d. Mack
3. a. bold b. afraid c. frightened d. alarmed
4. a. Beethoven b. Berlin c. Bach d. Brahms
5. a. Florence Nightingale b. Sister Kenny c. Marie Curie d. Rosalind Russell
6. a. Mississippi b. Amazon c. Rio Grande d. Huron
7. a. Boston b. Harrisburg c. St. Louis d. Tallahassee
8. a. Hemingway b. Dickens c. Steinbeck d. Saroyan

1—b
2—d
3—a
4—b
5—d
6—d
7—c
8—b

Join us for an Indoor round-the-world trip. See how many famous spots you can match correctly:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. The Cathedral of Notre Dame | a. Boston |
| 2. Niagara Falls | b. Paris |
| 3. Grand Canyon | c. New York |
| 4. Faneuil Hall | d. Colorado |
| 5. Liberty Bell | e. New York Harbor |
| 6. The White House | f. New Mexico |
| 7. Mt. Everest | g. French Guiana |
| 8. Devil's Island | h. Tibet |
| 9. Carlsbad Caverns | i. Washington, D. C. |
| 10. Statue of Liberty | j. Philadelphia |

1—b
2—c
3—d
4—a
5—j
6—i
7—h
8—g
9—f
10—e

# SMUGGLER'S SECRET

IT WAS HER DUTY TO HELP DICK CATCH THE SMUGGLER ... BUT THEN SHE FOUND OUT HE WAS DICK'S OWN BROTHER!

A HAND REACHED OUT AND GRASPED HER ARM. THEN BEFORE SHE COULD SCREAM ...

BY PEGGY BOYLE

DICK had lived next door to Barbara practically all his life, and their families always spent the summer at Sandy Point. Barbara was sixteen, a year younger than Dick, but she felt she knew him pretty well. Which is why she wondered when she sensed the worried, distracted mood that hung over Dick these days. It wasn't that he said anything, but a faraway, brooding look came into his eyes whenever his brother was in sight. There was a mystery here that annoyed Barbara—particularly because there didn't seem to be any key to solving it.

One day when they were stretched out in the beach sand, sopping up sun, Barbara decided she'd get to the bottom of this strange situation.

"There's something bothering you, isn't there?" she demanded.

Dick hesitated. He was too honest to deny the fact, but it was obvious he didn't want to discuss it. "Well, yes," he said slowly, "but it's something I can't talk about."

. . . About ten that night, Barbara went for a stroll along the embankment where the pleasure boats were anchored. Suddenly she saw a dark figure duck behind one of the crates piled on the dock. There was something familiar about that figure and Barbara played a hunch. Stopping before a dark opening between the crates, she called softly, "Dick!"

A hand reached out and grasped her arm. Then, before she could scream, she heard Dick's voice. "Ssh! Be quiet and get out of the light!" Dick pulled her back into the shadows where he was lurking.

"What is it?" Barbara whispered frantically.

"Just keep still and watch!" Dick's voice was stern.

A rumble of feet along the planking struck their ears and they grew tense. Three men were walking slowly up the dock.

"You mean we'll have to wait till tomorrow night?" a disappointed voice asked. Barbara recognized it as belonging to Dick's older brother, Don.

"That's right. Be ready tomorrow at the same time and we'll make a good haul!" This voice was gruff and heavy. "The Princess Marie will be standing off the coast during the night, waiting to dock, and we'll meet it."

Dick whispered, "That's Slow Joe Turner talking."

Barbara had seen Slow Joe around the waterfront. He was an unsavory character who owned a launch and used it for fishing trips during the day. As the three men walked past, Barbara recognized the third as Blueface Nolan, a cadaverous and mean-looking creature who was always seen in Slow Joe's company. When their steps had receded into the distance, Barbara stepped out into the light and turned to Dick excitedly.

"Now you'll *have* to tell me about it!" she insisted. "What goes on here?"

"Well," Dick said, "it sounds like smuggling to me. The way I figure it, Slow Joe and his pal, Blueface, meet ocean liners the night before they dock and pick up something from the passengers—jewels, probably!"

Barbara gasped. "Hadn't we better tell the police?"

Dick shook his head doggedly. "How can we?

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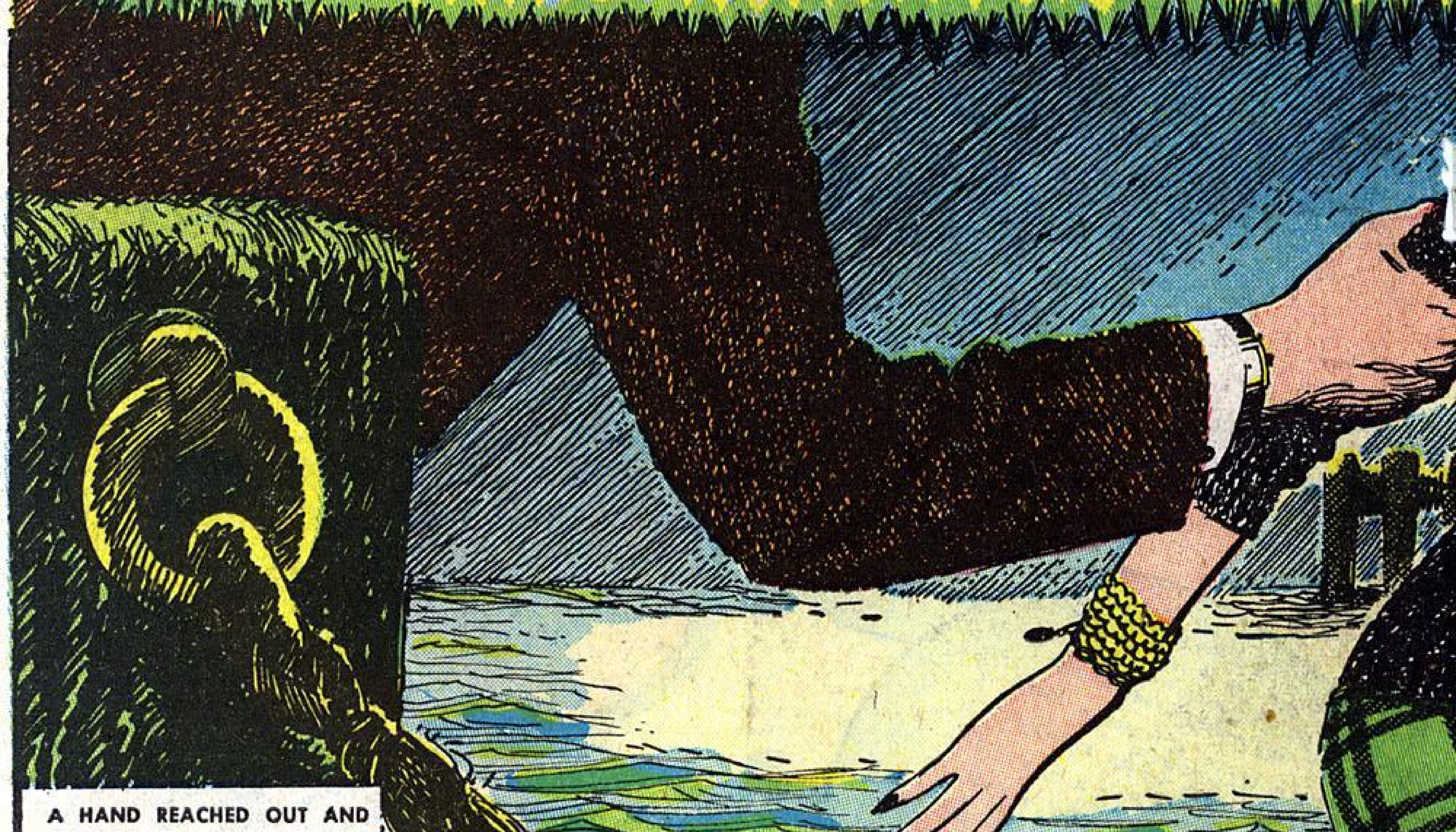

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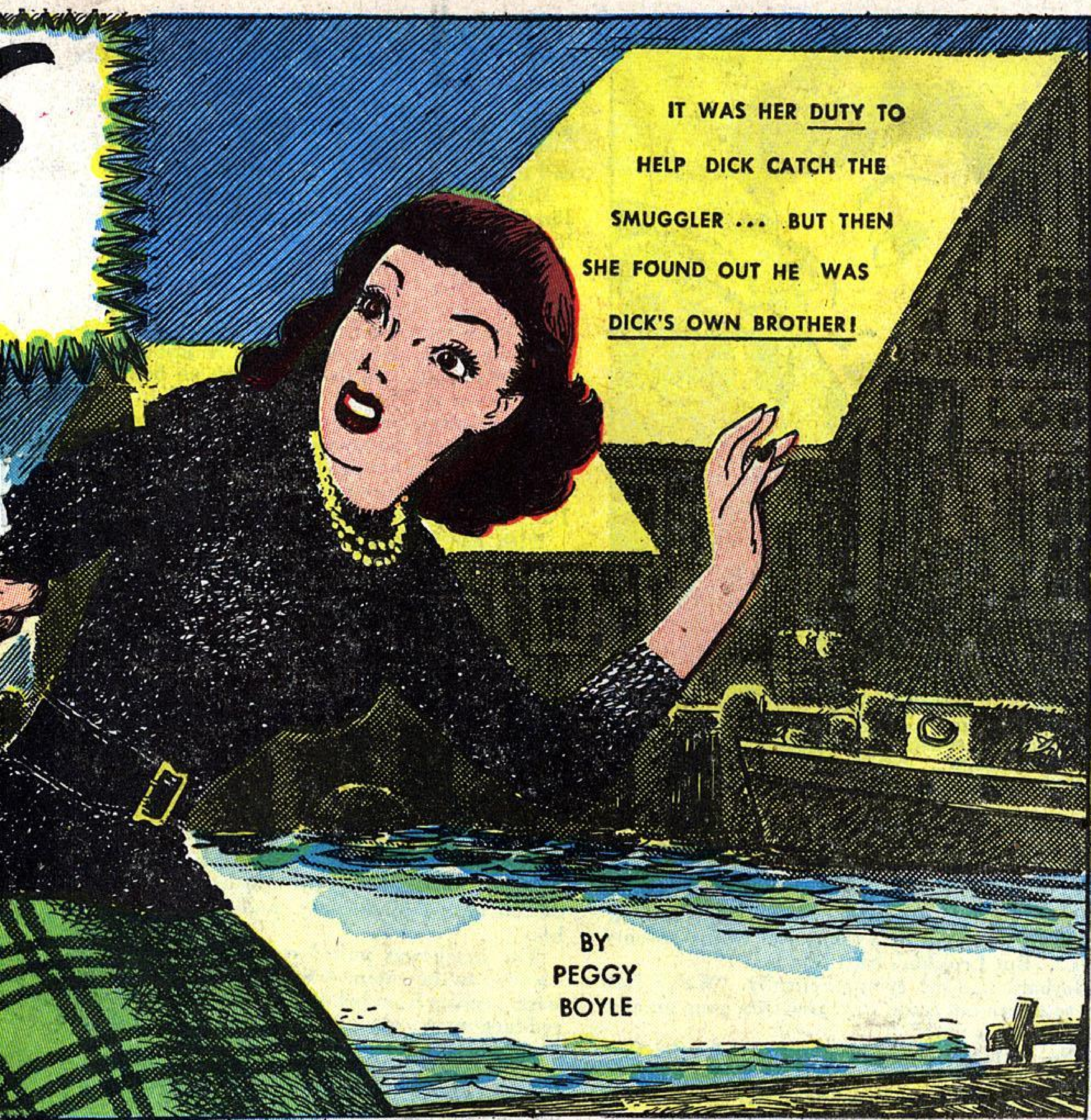

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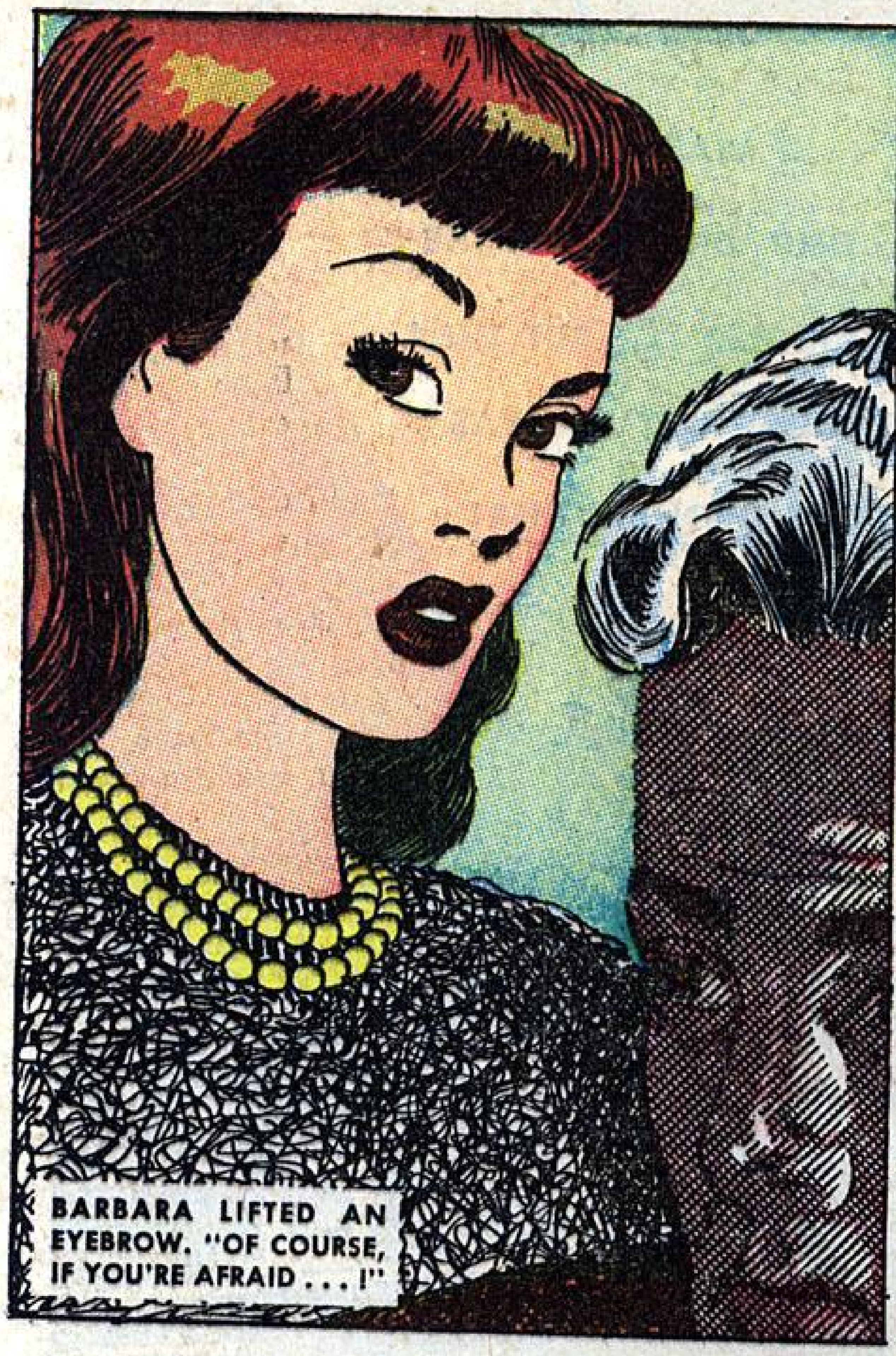

BARBARA LIFTED AN EYEBROW. "OF COURSE, IF YOU'RE AFRAID . . . !"

My brother Don is mixed up in it. That's what's been worrying me. As soon as we arrived here, he began to get chummy with Slow Joe. And now it looks like he's in cahoots with them." Dick paused to think. "If there were some way we could get Don out of it, we could turn them over to the authorities . . . But I *couldn't* turn Don in!"

Barbara nodded sympathetically. "We've just got to figure out some way. Has Don gone on any of these trips yet?"

"No, I think tomorrow night will be the first time."

"I've got it!" Barbara snapped her fingers. "Tomorrow we've got to find some evidence on Slow Joe and have him arrested *before* sailing time."

For the best part of an hour, Barbara and Dick discussed various plans; then Barbara suddenly recalled that her mother was waiting up for her. "I'll see you first thing in the morning," she promised, "and we'll think of something!"

. . . Dick was lolling impatiently on the beach the next morning, waiting for Barbara. Now that she had discovered his problem, he was eager to discuss it with her. When Barbara finally trotted up, he noticed that her eyes were shining.

"Dick," she exclaimed, "I have it all thought out! The only way we can get evidence on Slow Joe is to search his boat. Maybe we can find a cache of jewels or contraband of some kind. Then," she gestured emphatically, "he's out of business!"

"But it's dangerous," Dick objected. "If Slow Joe were to catch us . . ."

Barbara lifted an eyebrow. "Of course, if you're afraid," she shrugged. "I merely thought you wanted to help your brother."

"I was thinking of *you*." Dick flushed. "It's no place for a girl. I'll have to try it alone."

"If you do," Barbara declared indignantly, "I'll call in the police at once!"

Dick argued, but Barbara couldn't be convinced. Finally he had to give in. "But if I take you along," he said resignedly, "you'll have to do just as I say."

"Oh, sure," Barbara agreed gaily. This was adventure! "What time would be best?"

After some debate, they decided that since the launch was rented to fishermen during the day, the best time to search the boat would be just at nightfall. Presumably, no one would be on board till ten-thirty or so.

At half-past nine that evening, the two adventurers met in a shadowy spot near the dock. Dick was brandishing a flashlight, and a gun!

"I found it in Don's bureau," he explained. "Now I'm *sure* Don's mixed up with that gang!"

With her heart beating hard, Barbara trailed after Dick, along the dock, and up the short gangplank to the boat. Dick listened for a moment on deck, then opened a hatch and flashed his light into the room. "This is the place to search," he said. Barbara followed him through the hatch and down the short stairs.

They hunted feverishly, rummaging through boxes, drawers, and every possible hiding place. Precious minutes passed, and not the slightest bit of evidence had been turned up.

"I'm afraid it's no go," Dick sighed. Abruptly he froze into a listening attitude. There was a sound of footsteps on the deck!

Dick snapped off his flashlight. "Hide!" he whispered hoarsely. He dived behind a row of oil-barrels near the hatchway, pulling Barbara after him.

The hatch was pulled open and two men descended to the cabin. A light flicked on, and Barbara, peering from behind her barrel, saw a heavy, red-face man, obviously Slow Joe, and Dick's brother, Don.

"It'll take only a few minutes to get out to the Princess Marie," Slow Joe was saying. "Then you'll see how smoothly we operate. You won't be sorry you joined up with us, Don!"

"I don't expect to be," Don answered briefly.

The engine commenced a muffled chugging, and the launch began to move. Barbara and Dick crouched behind their concealing barrels, scarcely daring to breathe.

Minutes went by, slow, agonizing minutes. Barbara was trying desperately to figure out some plan of action, when Blueface stuck his head into the hatchway. "We're nearly there," he warned.

"Come up on deck, Don, and watch us pick up the loot from the liner," Slow Joe invited.

The two men shuffled up the steps and out onto the deck. Barbara turned to Dick and whispered, "What'll we do?"

"We'll just have to keep quiet and wait," he advised. "Maybe we'll get a chance later to do something."

In a few minutes, Slow Joe and Don returned to the cabin. "See, there was nothing to it," Slow Joe exulted. He held up a small sack. "There's probably fifty grand worth of hot rocks here—and the port authorities won't get a sniff at it."

"Pretty clever," Don admitted.

"Yessir," Slow Joe continued, "in five minutes, we'll be back at Sandy Point, safe and sound . . . and nobody the wiser!"

"Oh, no?" someone said from one corner of the cabin.

Slow Joe whipped around and found Dick pointing an automatic straight at him. He gulped.

"Say, what is this?" the startled smuggler managed to say.

But Dick did not answer, for he and Barbara were staring at his brother Don, who stood silently beside Slow Joe Turner. Don's face was flushed . . . was he embarrassed in the presence of his younger brother who had caught him in the criminal act of smuggling?

Then Dick turned his eyes toward the open hatchway. "Up on deck, both of you!"

Dick and Barbara followed the two men up the steps. A bewildered Blueface met them. Dick turned the gun threateningly toward the frozen figure.

"You . . . steer this launch back to the landing. And no funny stuff from the three of you! Just stay in front of me where I can see you." The trio obeyed, as Barbara held the flashlight on them.

. . . Minutes later, Blueface eased the launch alongside the dock at Sandy Point. With ropes looped around poles and the vessel held fast, Dick ordered his prisoners to step off onto the pier.

"What will we do now?" Barbara asked, her voice quivering.

"You run over to the harbor police headquarters," Dick replied," and bring some officers. I—I'd rather *they* took over from here, so *I* won't have to turn them in myself to the authorities."

Barbara glanced from Dick to Don. She understood, and ran off.

With the flashlight in his left hand playing on Don's face, and the automatic held steady in his right, Dick spoke:

"I'm sorry I have to do this, Don. But . . ."

"Listen, Dick," the elder of the two brothers said, "if you'll only let me explain . . ."

"Don't bother!" Dick interrupted abruptly. "I found your gun, and nothing you can say . . ."

Then, before Dick was aware of it, Blueface made a lunge toward him and knocked him off his feet. The youth didn't even have a chance to use the gun. The suddenness of the attack caused him to drop his weapon.

Then Slow Joe held the gun, as he snarled: "Okay, kid, you asked for it! You, Don . . . tie the snooper up while Blueface gets some extra weights from the launch!"

What would Don do now? Dick stared at his brother, trying to express all the way he felt toward him, without actually saying it.

Then, Dick cocked his head sideways. Someone was running toward them along the pier! In the moonlight, Dick recognized the slender form of Barbara! Why did *she* have to come back at a time like this? Now *both* of them would be killed!

But, wait! What was that coming up several steps behind her? Burly figures in blue . . . POLICE! Good girl, Barbara! Before Slow Joe could use his gun, his arm was twisted behind him by Don, who had been standing beside him all this time. Dick noticed this . . . so Don was trying to lessen his role as partner to the smugglers!

"It won't do you any good now, Don," Dick said softly. "You're just as guilty as the other two. And to think, my own brother . . . !"

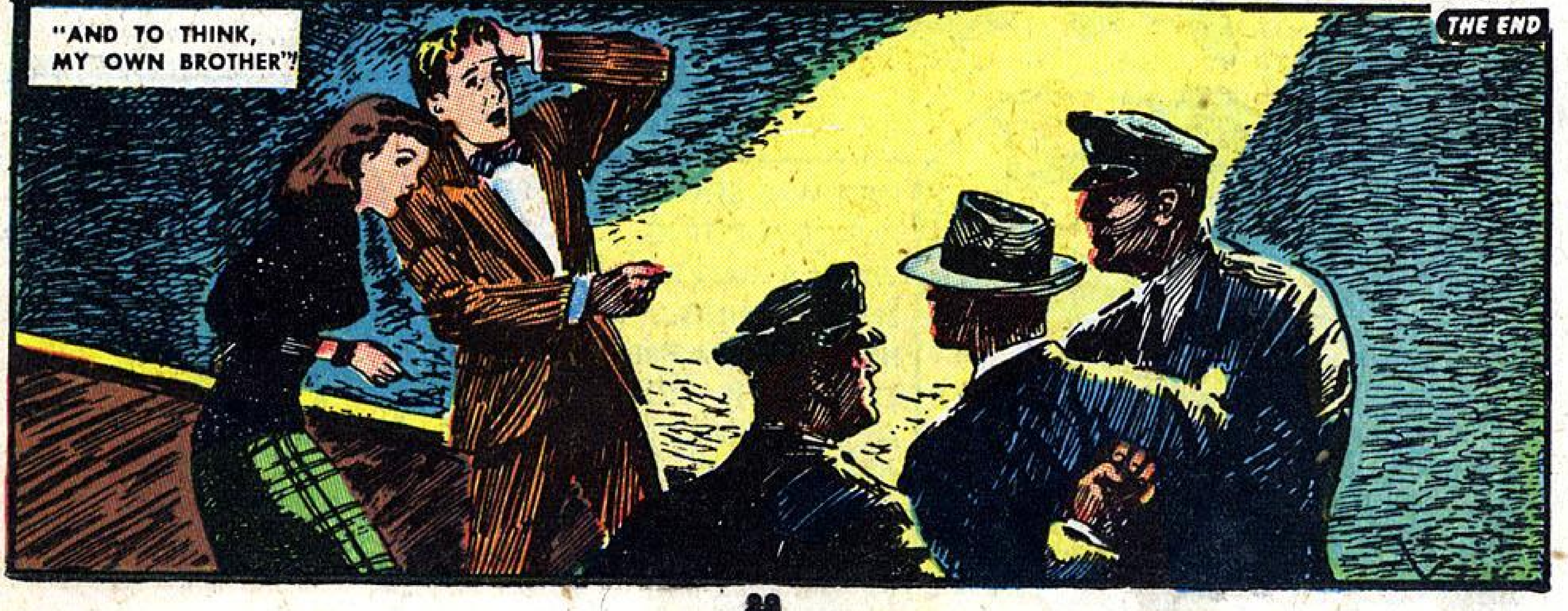
But at this point, one of the policemen spoke up. "Are you kidding, sonny? D'ya know who this guy is?" He pointed to Don, who was smiling now. "Don here is a special investigator for the Internal Revenue Department! For months he's been working on this missing jewel racket . . . now he's got it cracked! With *your* help, of course, and the aid of this young lass!"

Barbara was smiling now. Don said to her, "You and Dick did a fine job. You weren't scared, were you?"

"Uh, n-no," Barbara said weakly. "I—I guess it *was* fun. Don't *you* think so, Dick?"

But poor Dick wasn't talking. The revelation about his brother Don's connection with the Internal Revenue Department had been too much for him.

"My gosh!" Barbara exclaimed. "Dick fainted!"


"AND TO THINK, MY OWN BROTHER"!
THE END

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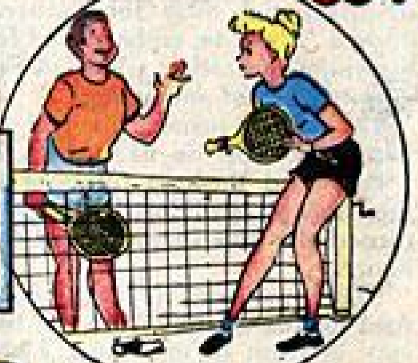

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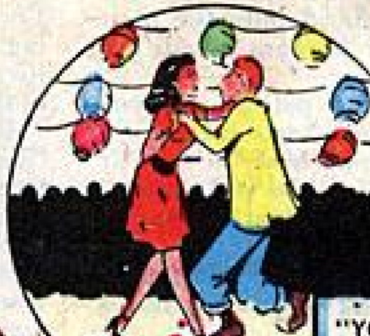
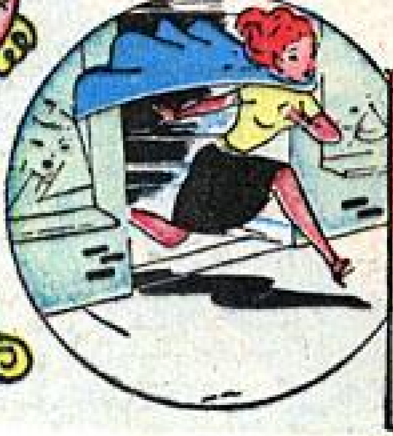


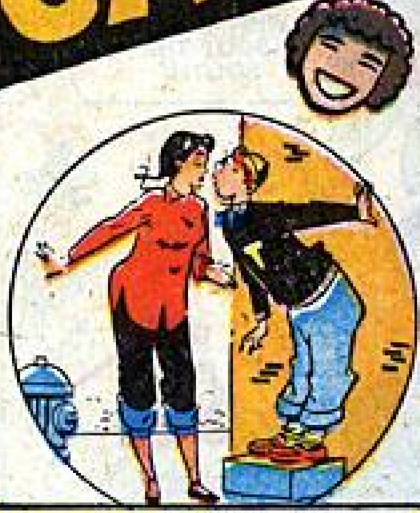
"YOU'D BE A GOOD DANCER EXCEPT FOR TWO THINGS."

"WHAT'RE THEY?"

"YOUR FEET!"



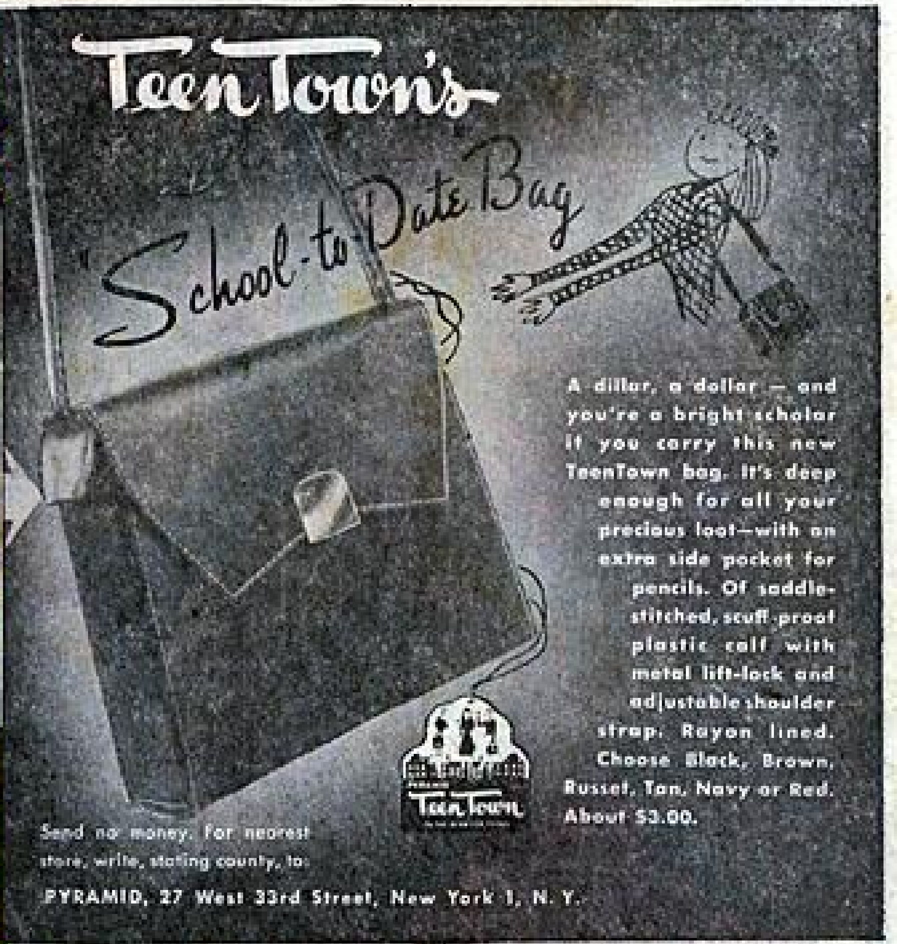
LUCY WAS SEATED IN THE BEAUTY PARLOR GETTING A MANICURE WHEN A MAN DASHED INTO THE SHOP YELLING: "HEY! SMITH'S HOUSE IS ON FIRE!" LUCY SHOT OUT OF THE SHOP AND DASHED MADLY DOWN THE STREET. SUDDENLY SHE STOPPED. "WHY AM I RUNNING? MY NAME ISN'T SMITH!"



"WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF A GIRL KISSED YOU?"

"I'D KISS HER BACK."

"BUT SUPPOSE HER BACK WASN'T TURNED?"



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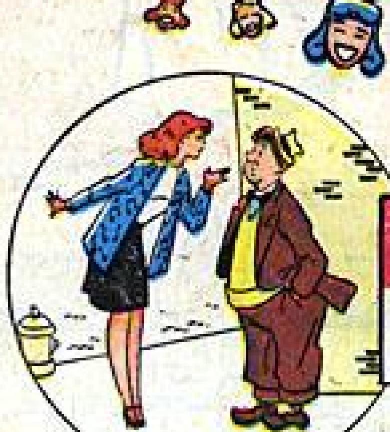
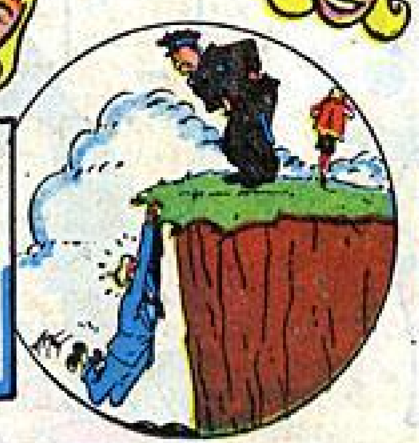


"I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK FOR DAYS."

"INSOMNIA?"

"NO, I SLEEP NIGHTS."



"OFFICER, I WANT YOU TO ARREST MY GIRL — — SHE THREW ME OVER — —"

"BUT, I CAN'T ARREST HER FOR THAT."

"YOU DIDN'T LET ME FINISH — — SHE THREW ME OVER A CLIFF!"

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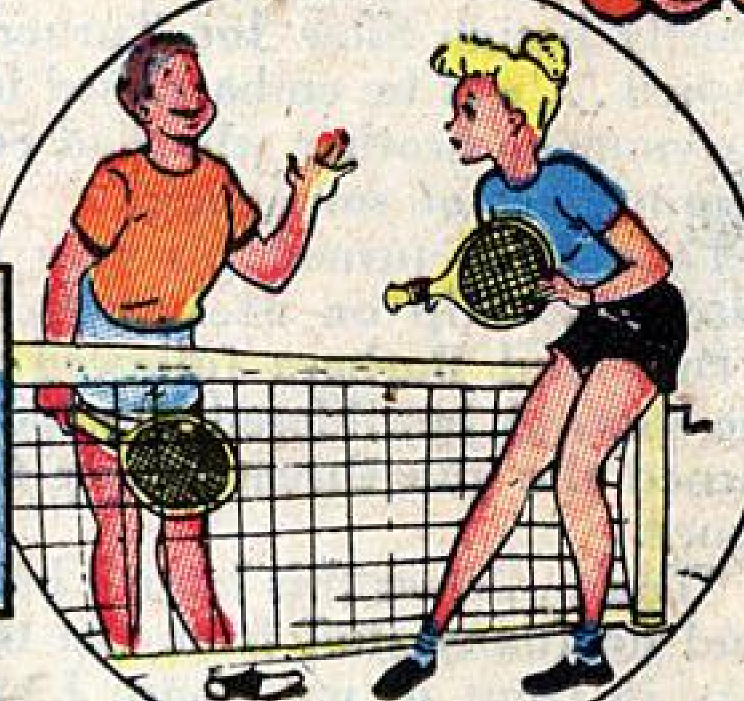

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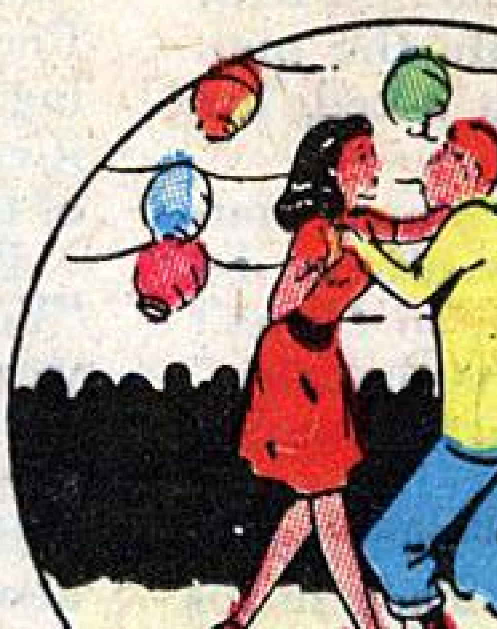

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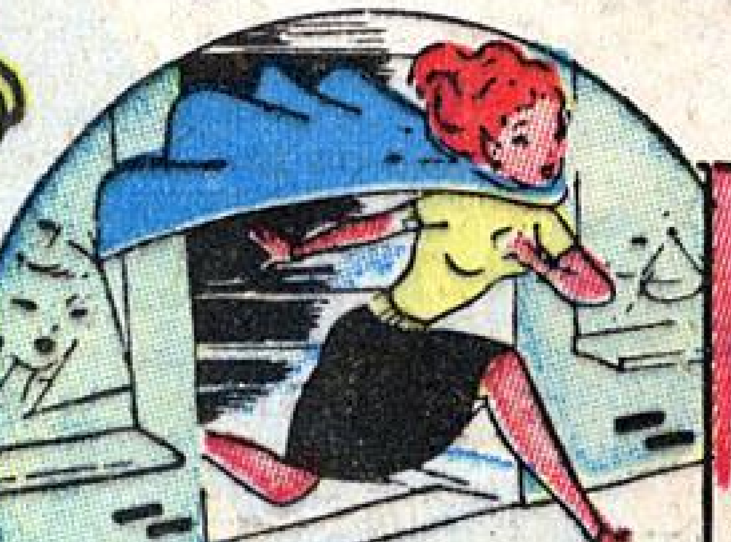
"WHAT'RE THEY?"

"YOUR FEET!"

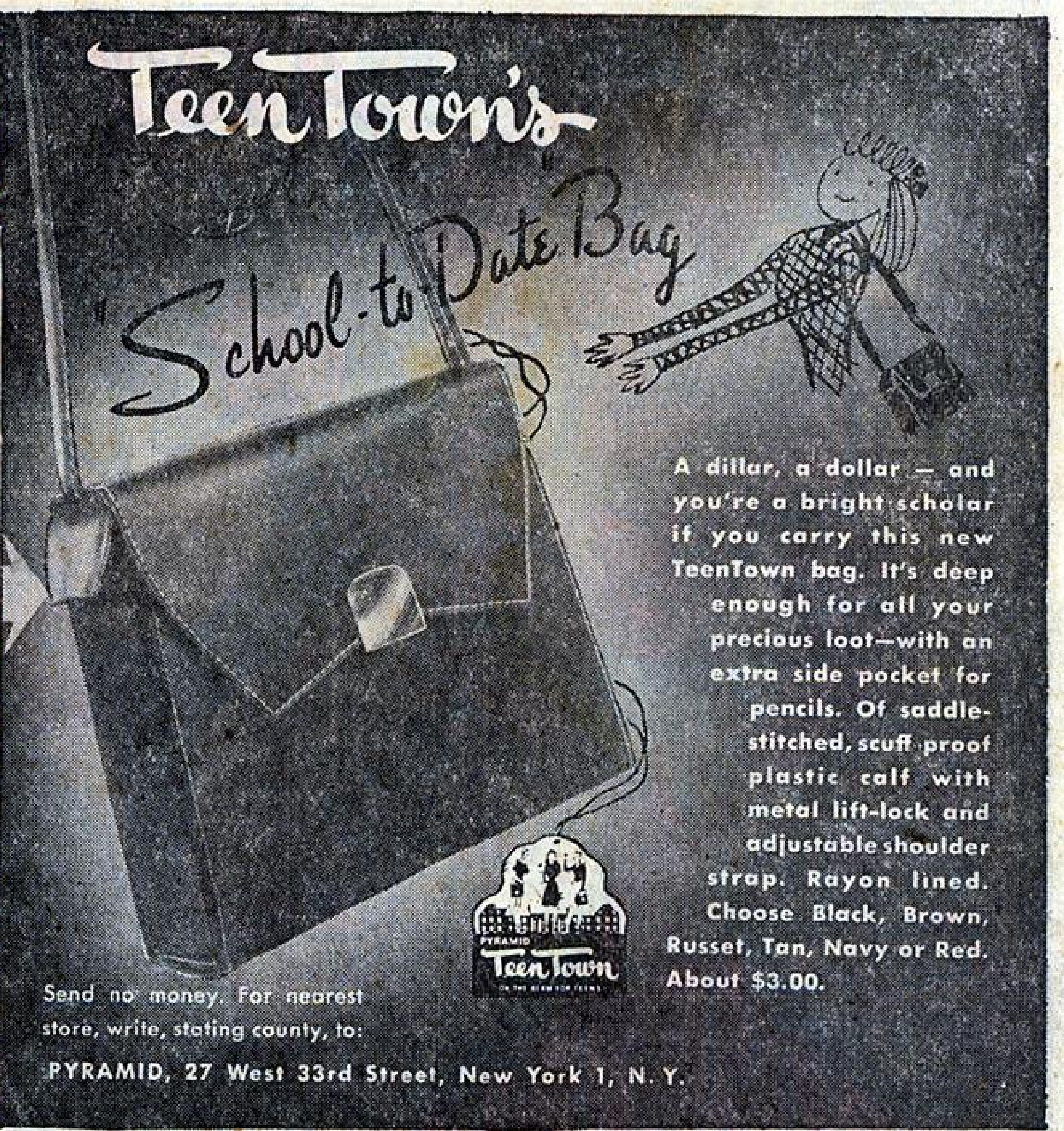


LUCY WAS SEATED IN THE BEAUTY PARLOR GETTING A MANICURE WHEN A MAN DASHED INTO THE SHOP YELLING: "HEY! SMITH'S HOUSE IS ON FIRE!" LUCY SHOT OUT OF THE SHOP AND DASHED MADLY DOWN THE STREET. SUDDENLY SHE STOPPED. "WHY AM I RUNNING? MY NAME ISN'T SMITH!"

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF A GIRL KISSED YOU?"

"I'D KISS HER BACK."

"BUT SUPPOSE HER BACK WASN'T TURNED?"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"School-to-Date Bag"

A dillar, a dollar — and you're a bright scholar if you carry this new TeenTown bag. It's deep enough for all your precious loot—with an extra side pocket for pencils. Of saddle-stitched, scuff-proof plastic calf with metal lift-lock and adjustable shoulder strap. Rayon lined. Choose Black, Brown, Russet, Tan, Navy or Red. About $3.00.

PYRAMID Teen Town

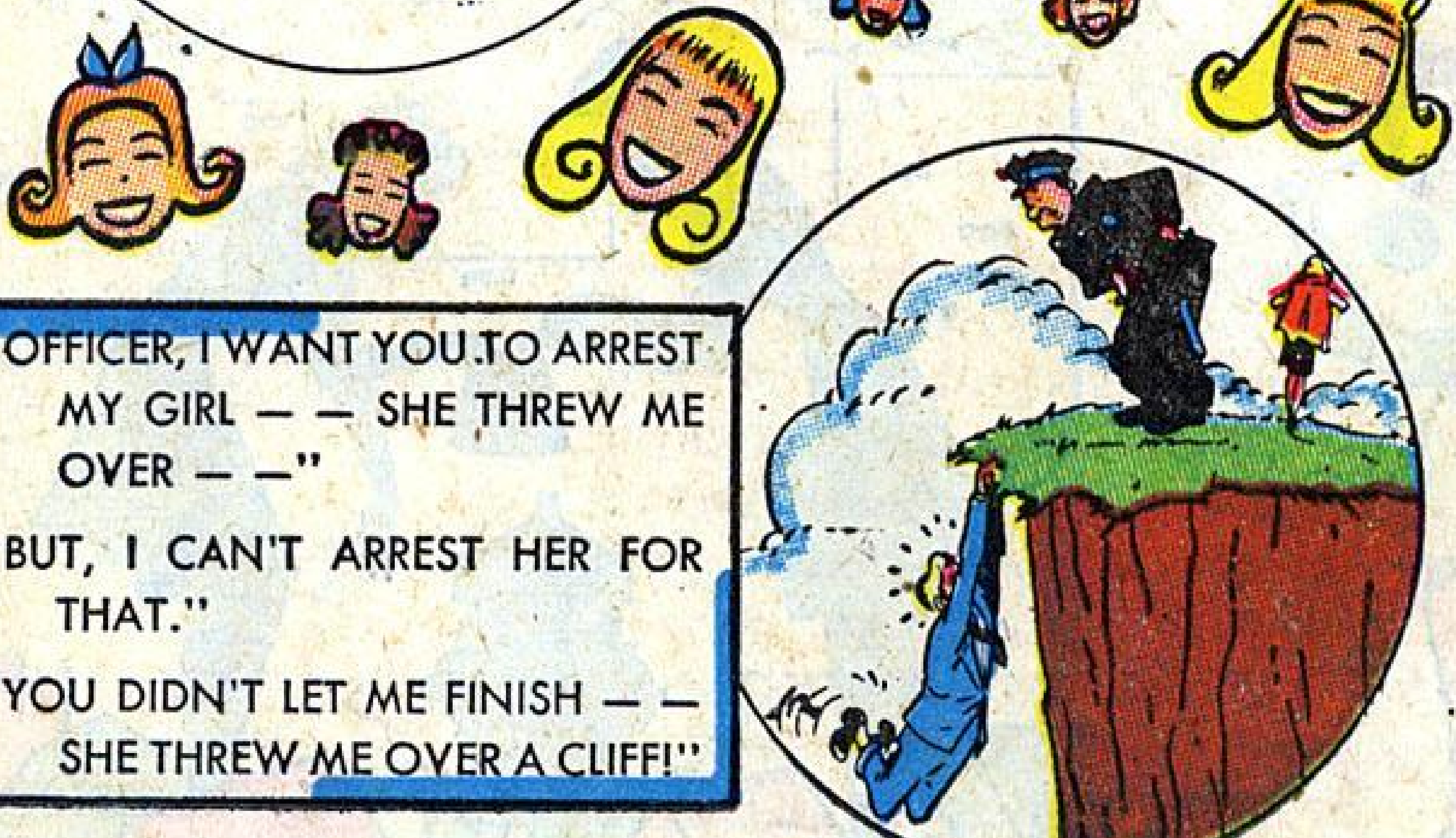
Send no money. For nearest store, write, stating county, to:

PYRAMID, 27 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

"I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK FOR DAYS."

"INSOMNIA?"

"NO, I SLEEP NIGHTS."

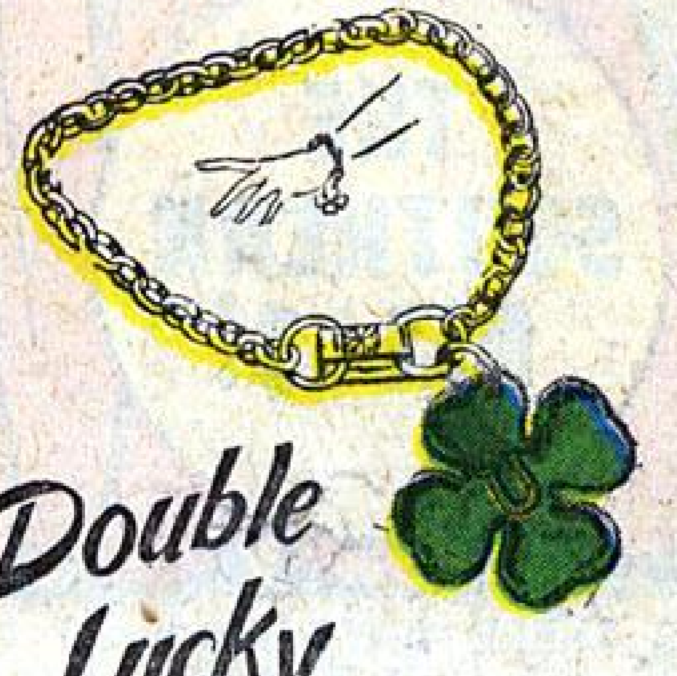


"OFFICER, I WANT YOU TO ARREST MY GIRL — — SHE THREW ME OVER — —"

"BUT, I CAN'T ARREST HER FOR THAT."

"YOU DIDN'T LET ME FINISH — — SHE THREW ME OVER A CLIFF!"

A JORMAN CREATION



"Double Lucky CHARM BRACELET

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JORMAN CREATIONS
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Enclosed find $2.00. Please send DOUBLE LUCKY CHARM BRACELET to

Name________________

Address________________

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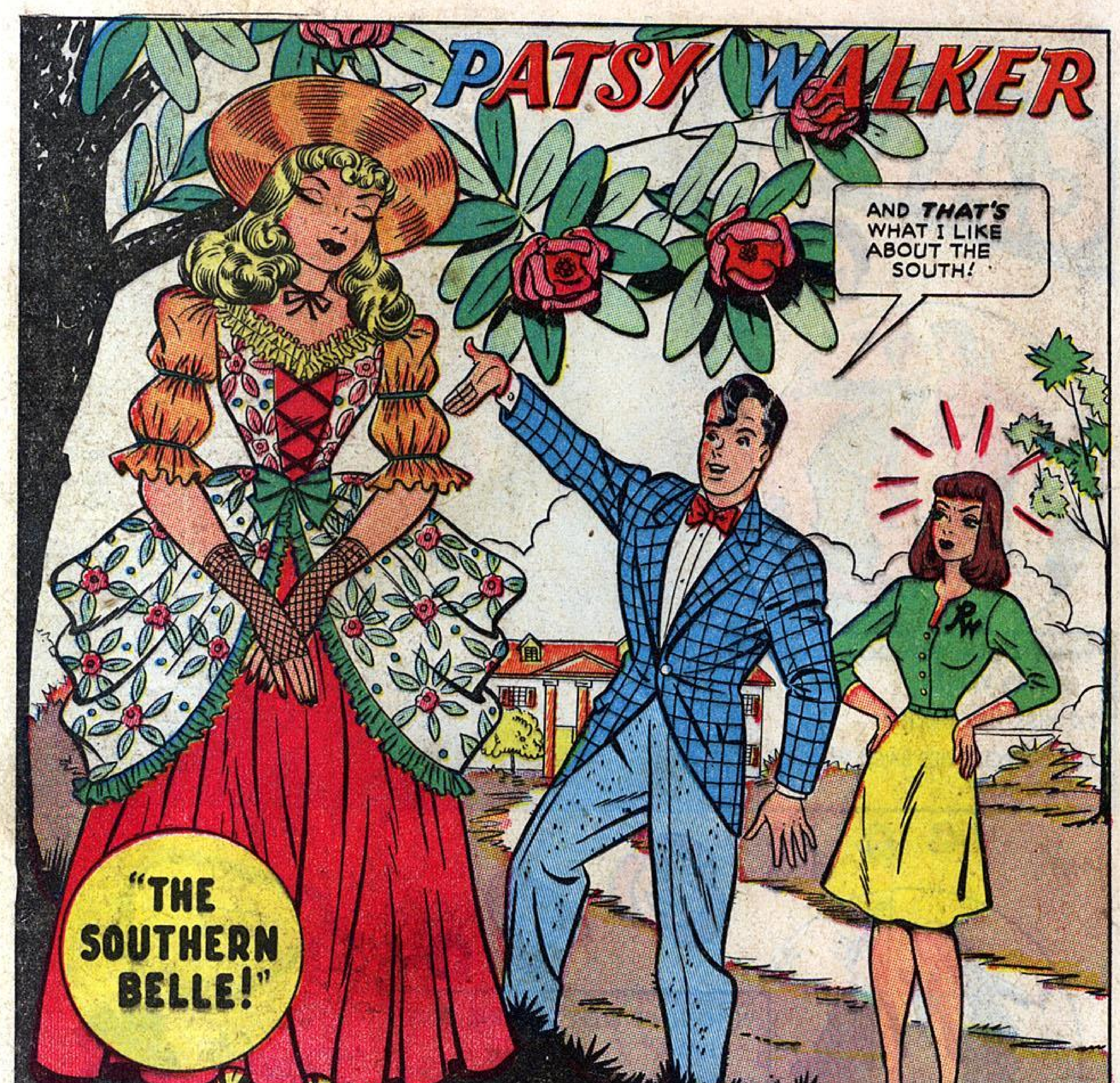
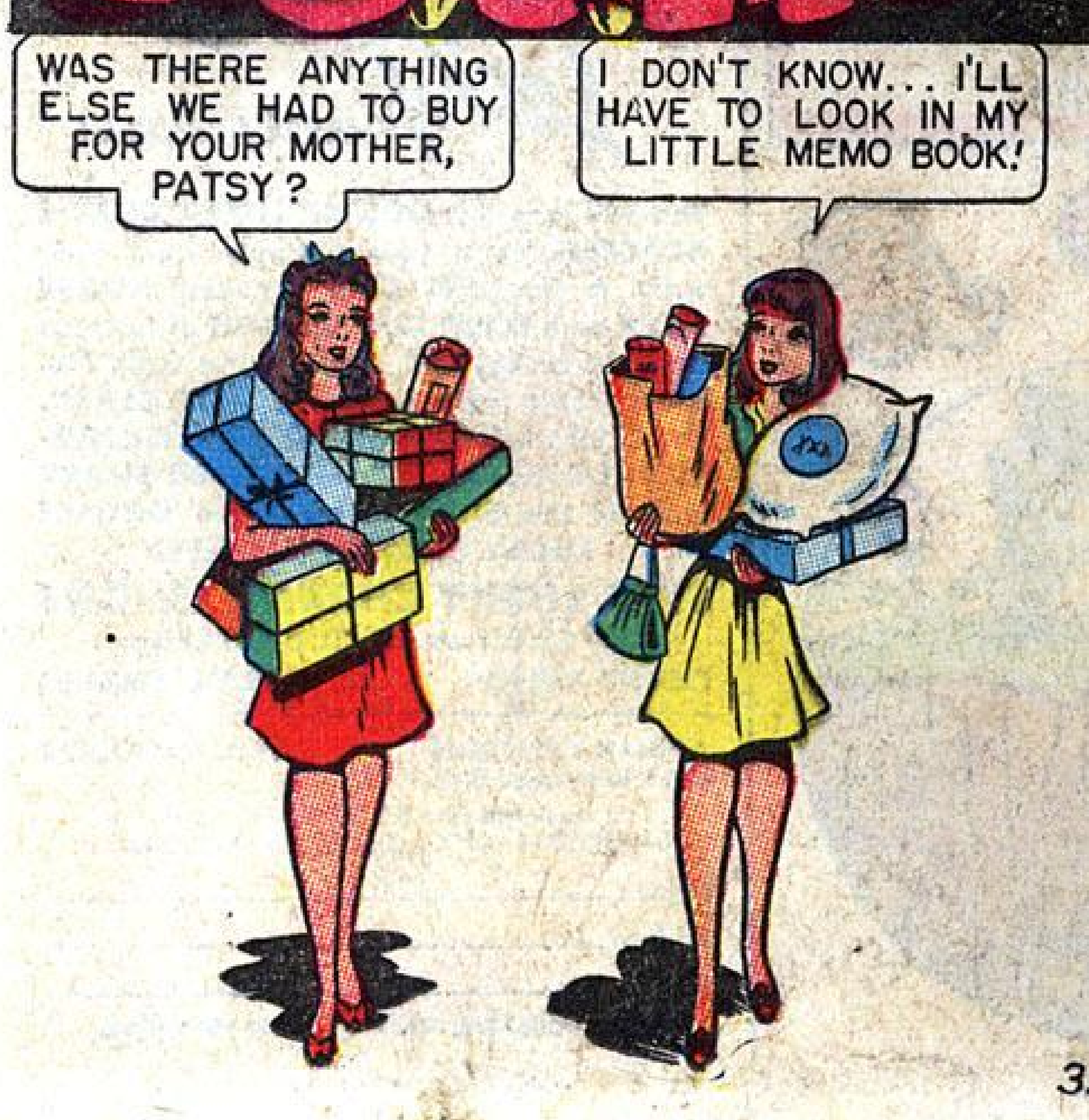
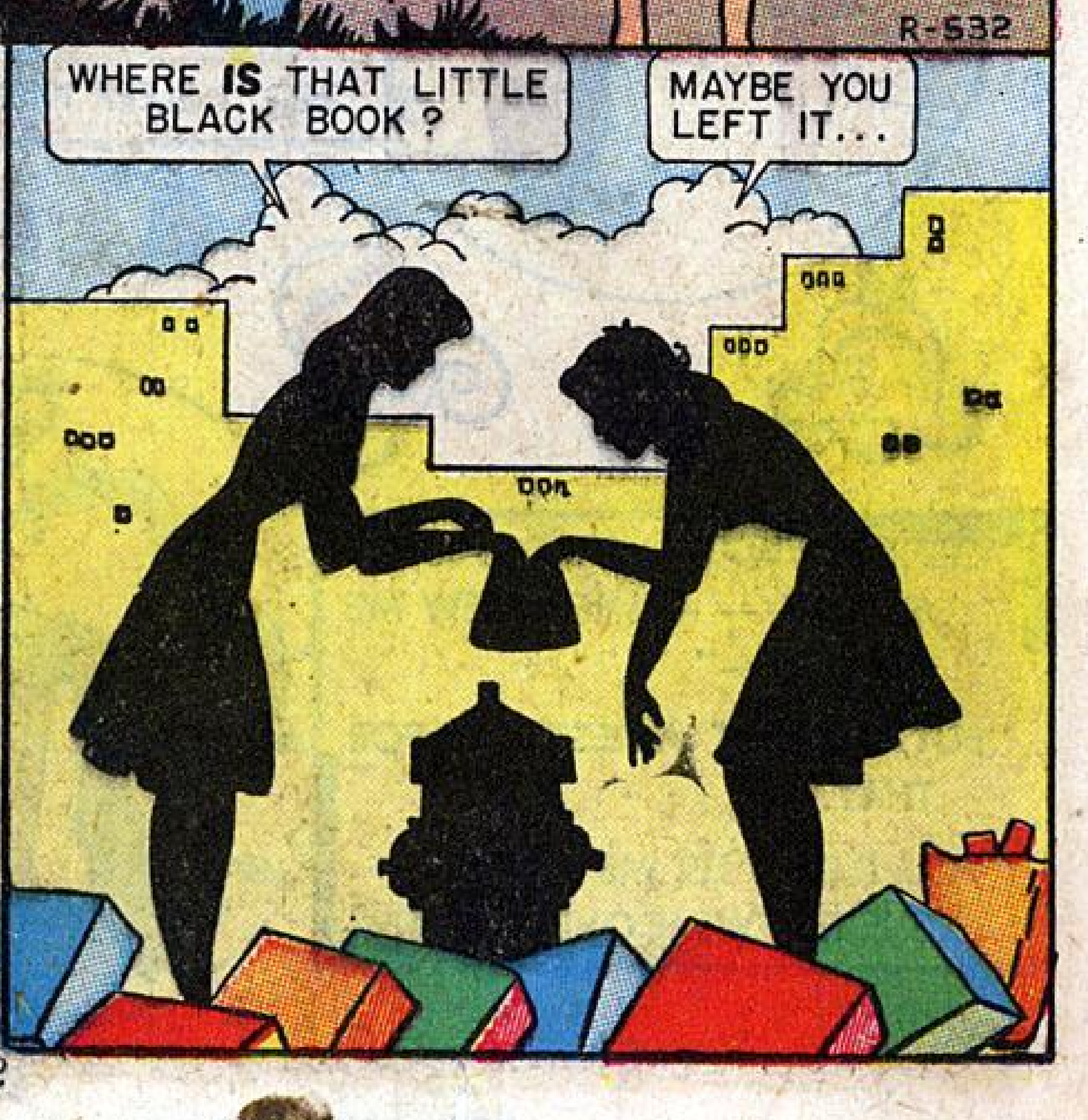
If not delighted, return in 5 days for refund.

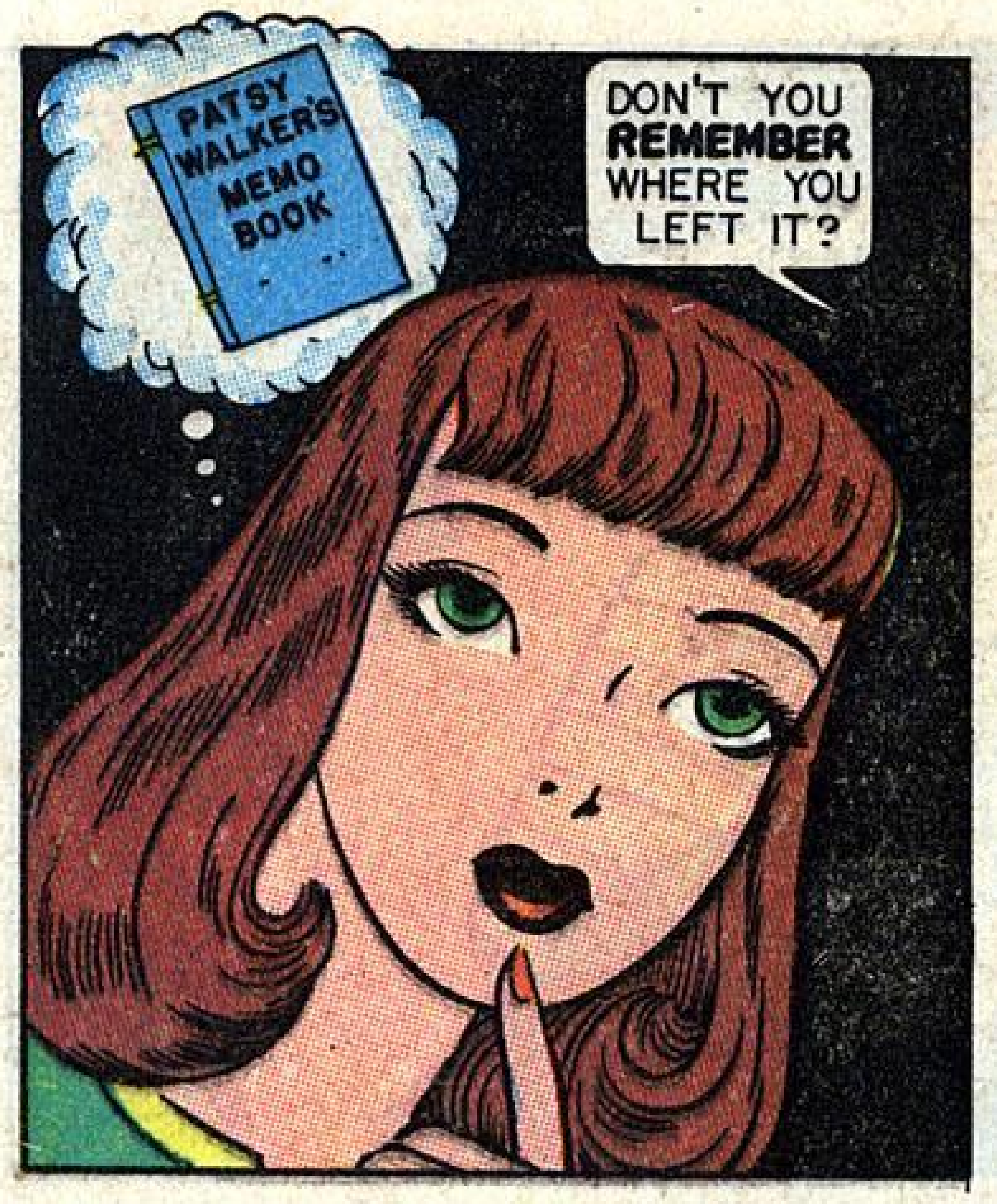
# PATSY WALKER

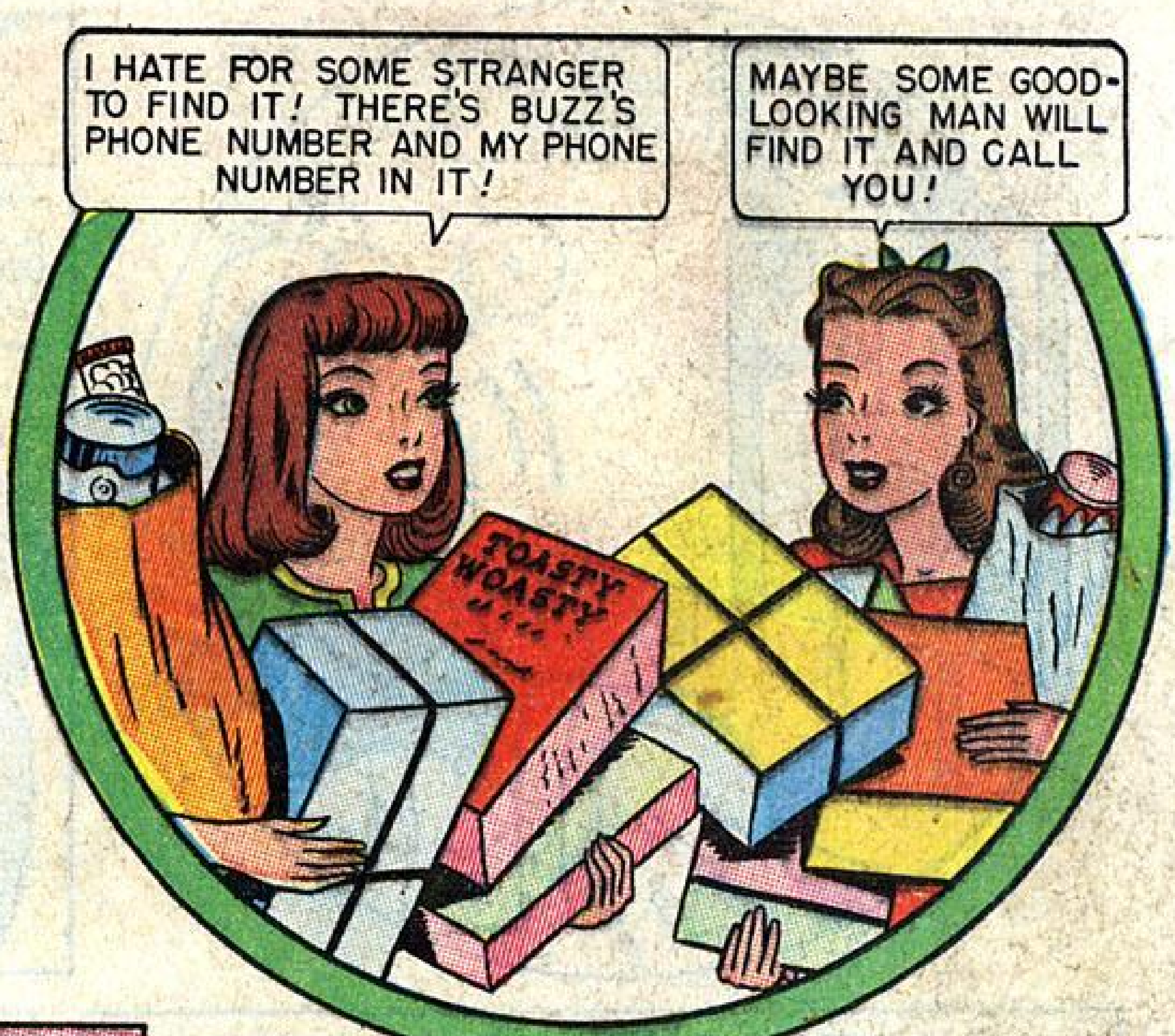
## "THE SOUTHERN BELLE!"

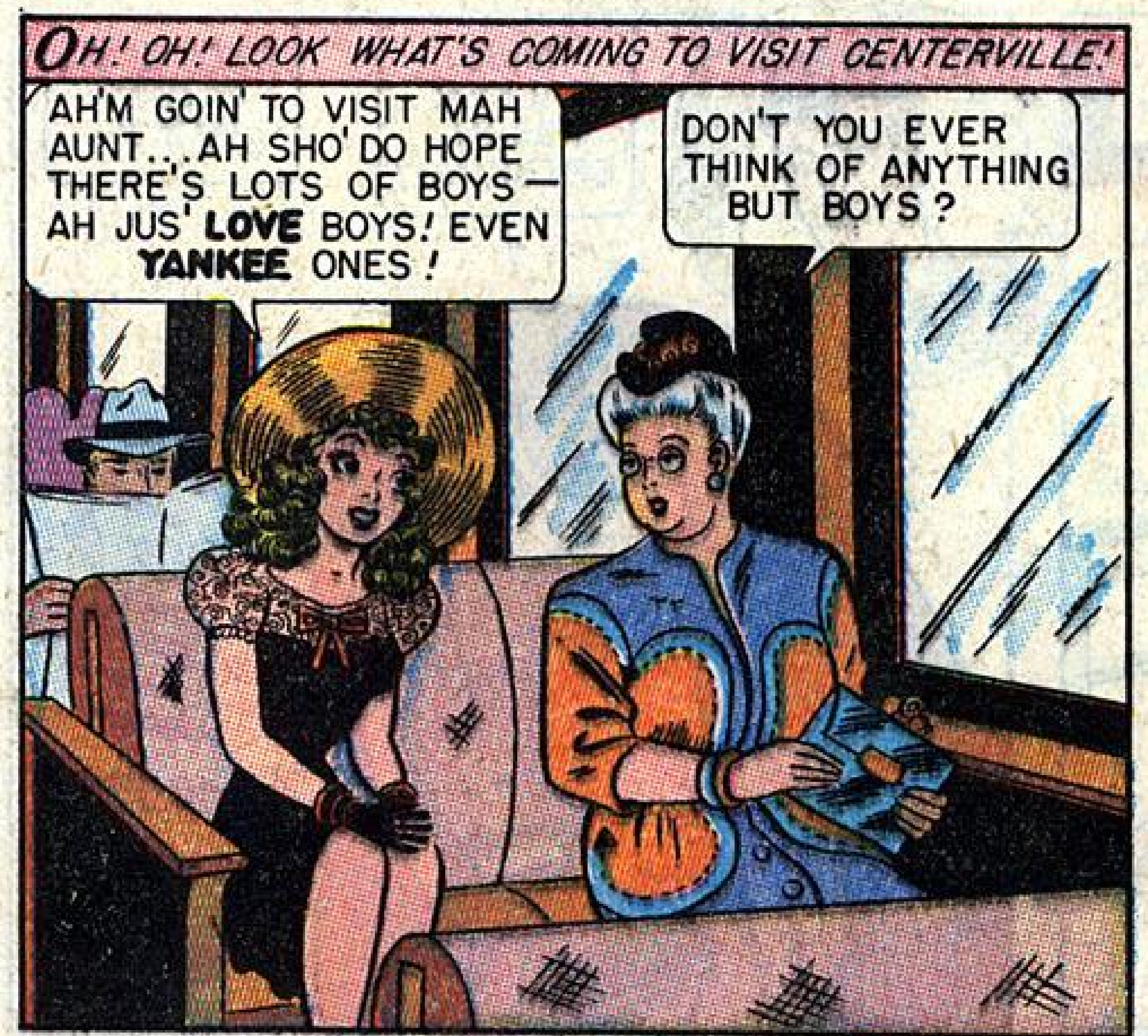

PATSY WALKER
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH!
"THE SOUTHERN BELLE!"
R-532

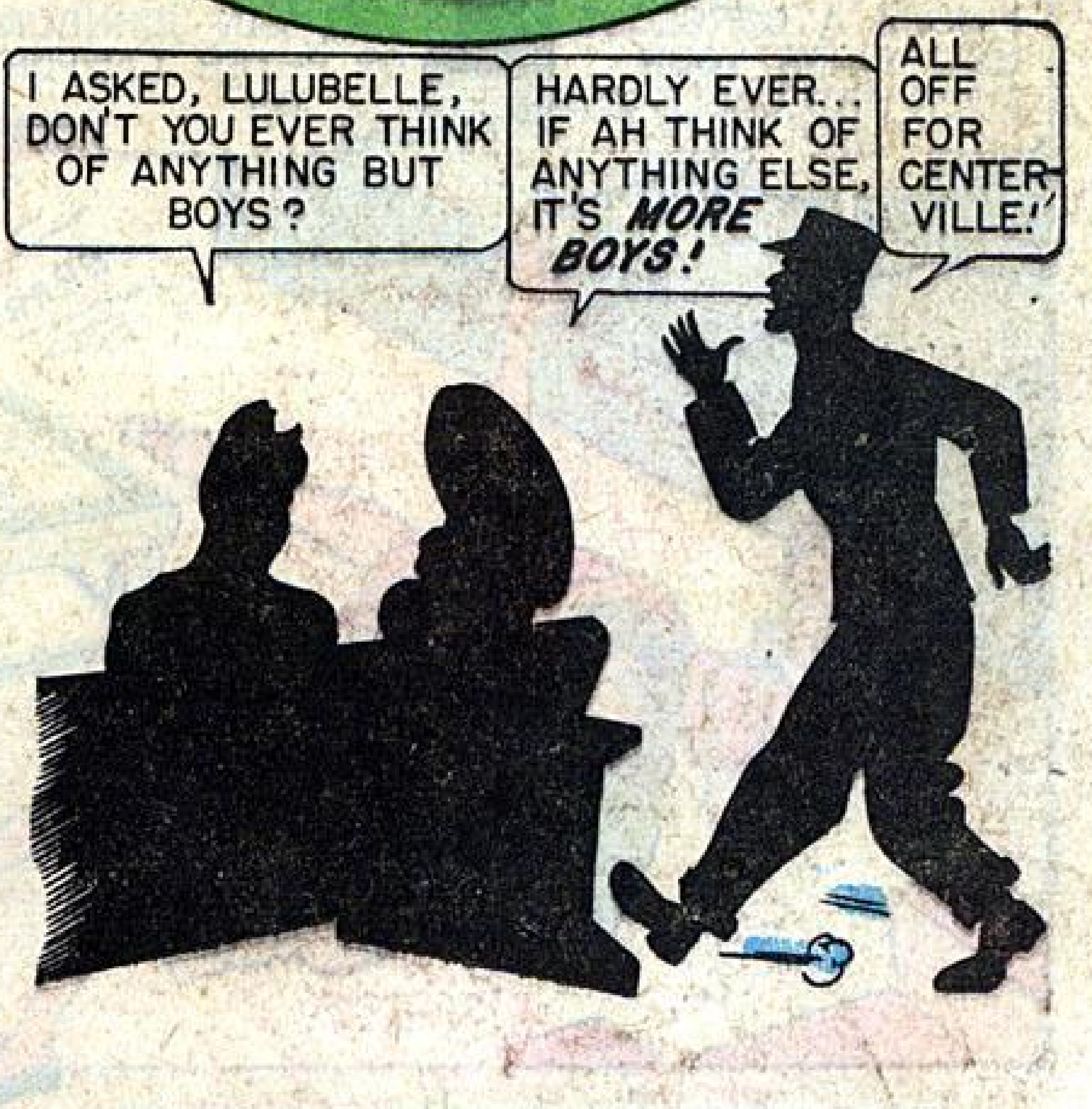

WAS THERE ANYTHING ELSE WE HAD TO BUY FOR YOUR MOTHER, PATSY?
I DON'T KNOW... I'LL HAVE TO LOOK IN MY LITTLE MEMO BOOK!

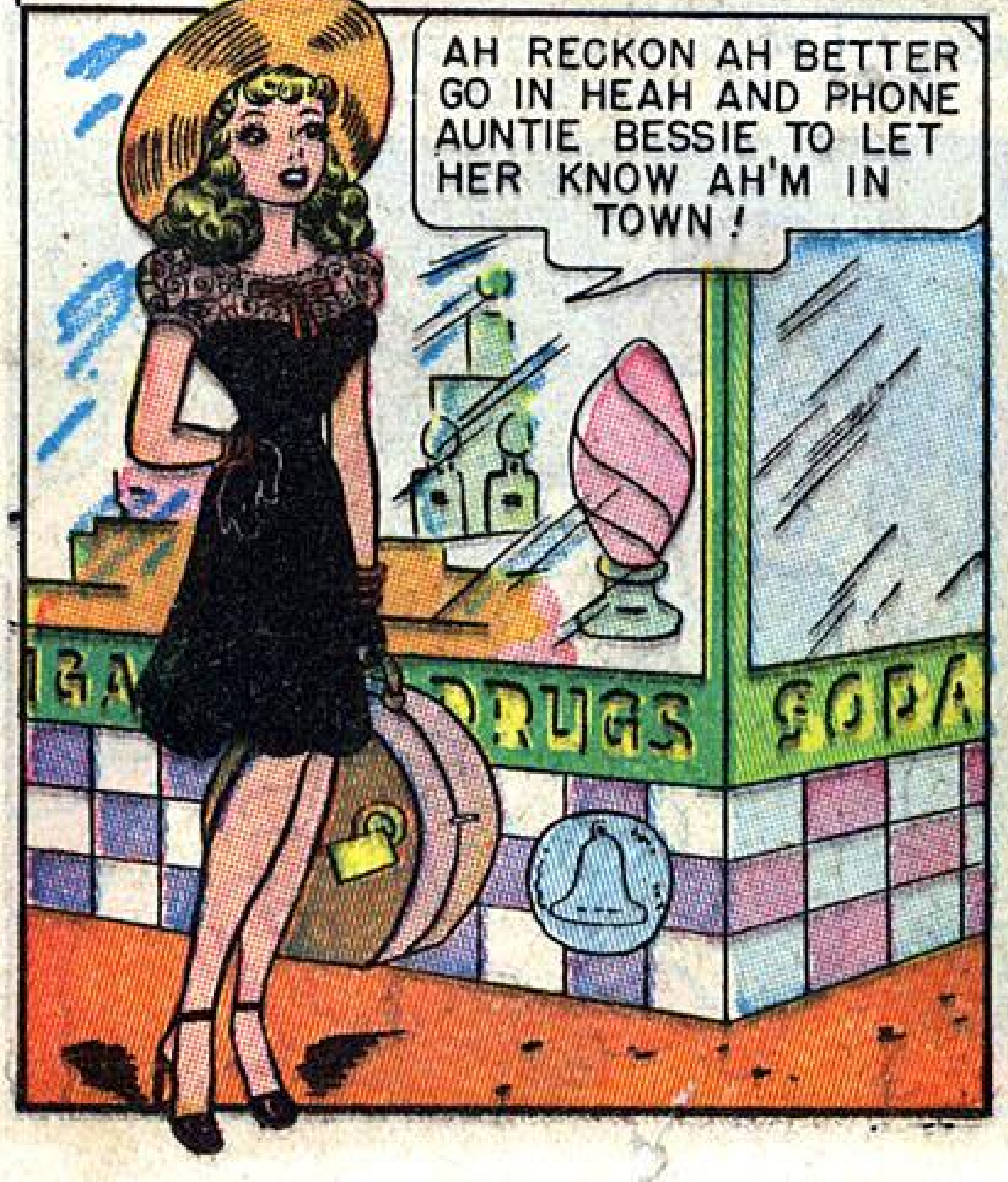

WHERE IS THAT LITTLE BLACK BOOK?
MAYBE YOU LEFT IT...

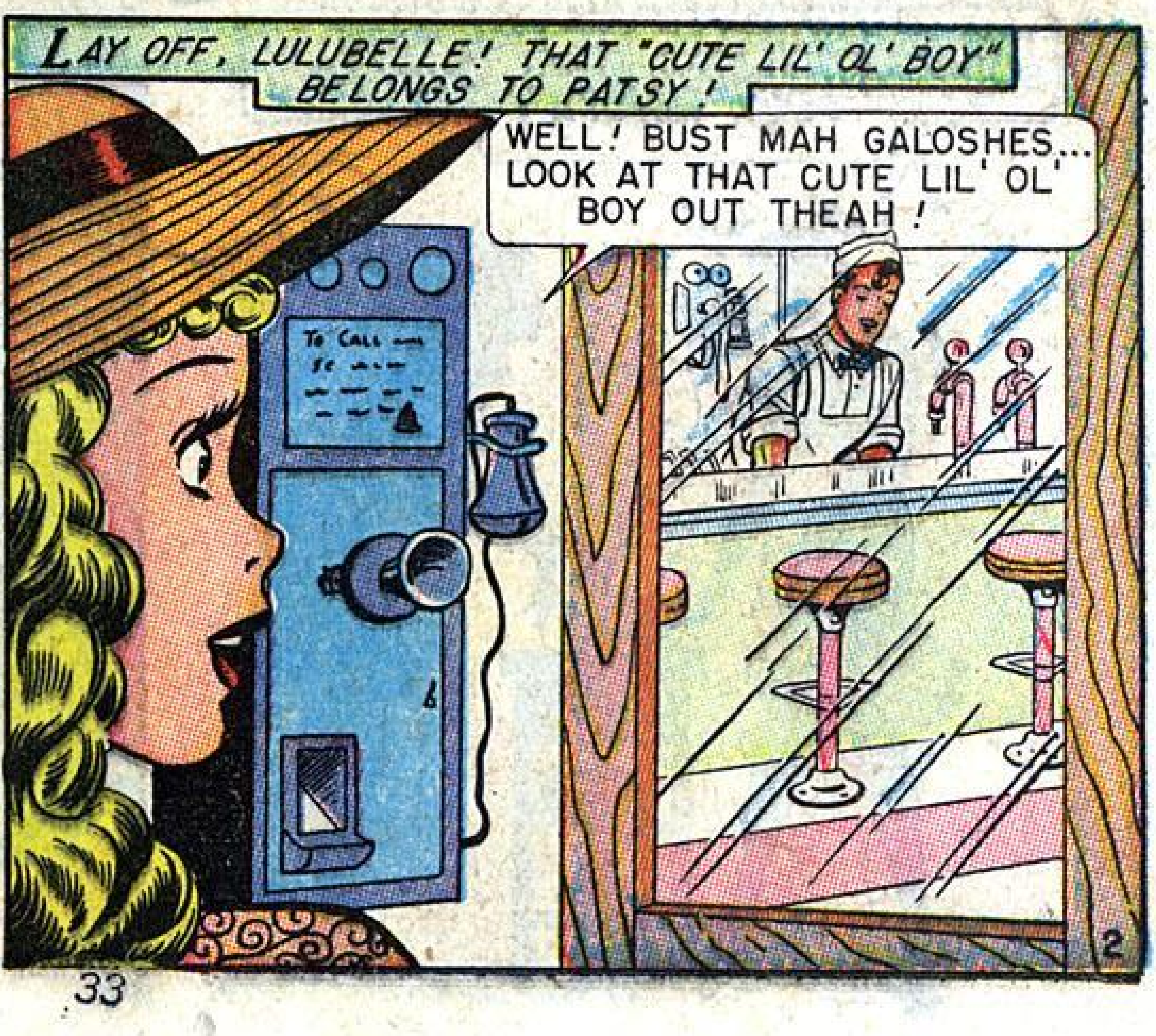

PATSY WALKER'S MEMO BOOK
DON'T YOU **REMEMBER** WHERE YOU LEFT IT?

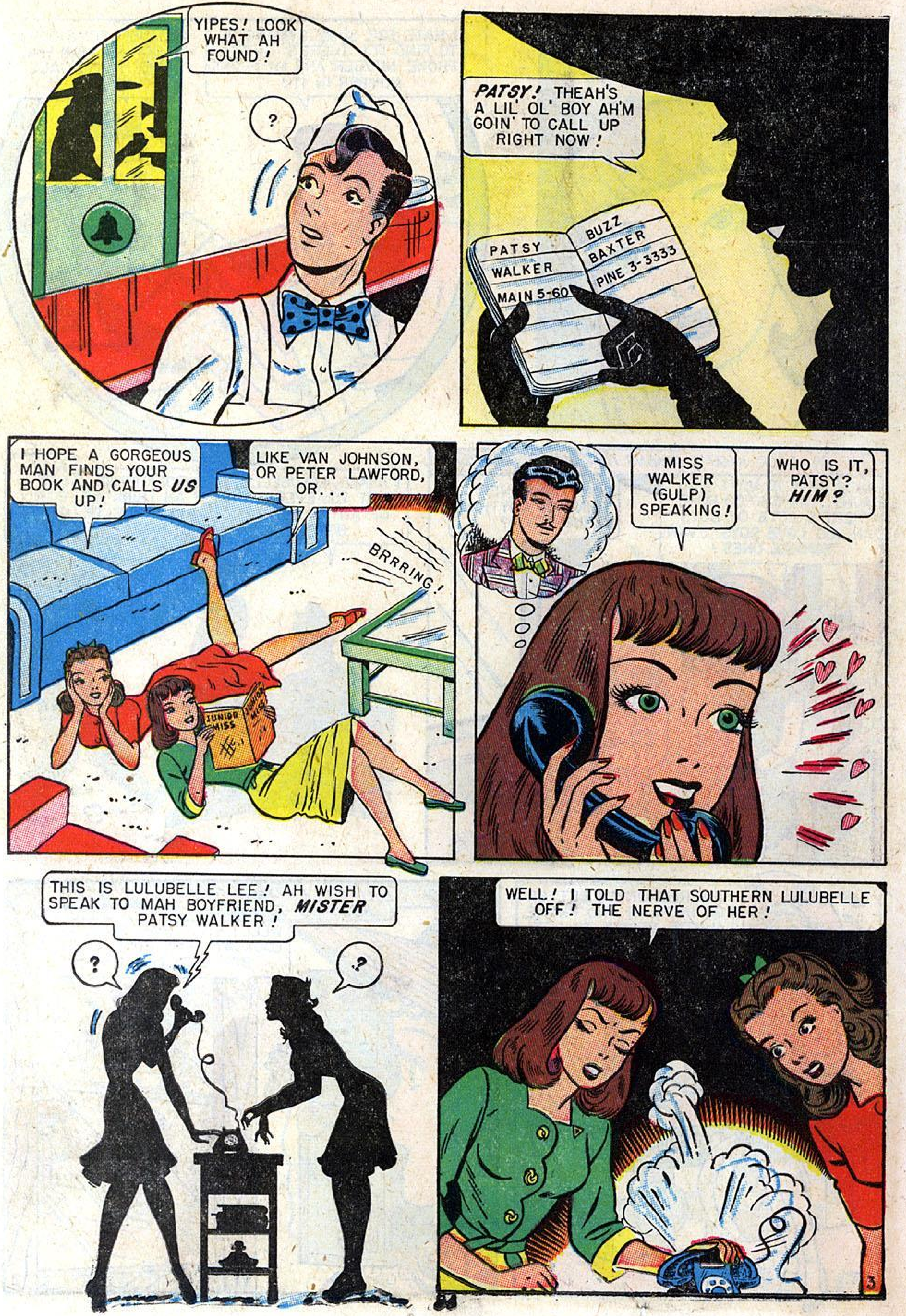

I HATE FOR SOME STRANGER TO FIND IT! THERE'S BUZZ'S PHONE NUMBER AND MY PHONE NUMBER IN IT!
MAYBE SOME GOOD-LOOKING MAN WILL FIND IT AND CALL YOU!
TOASTY WOASTY

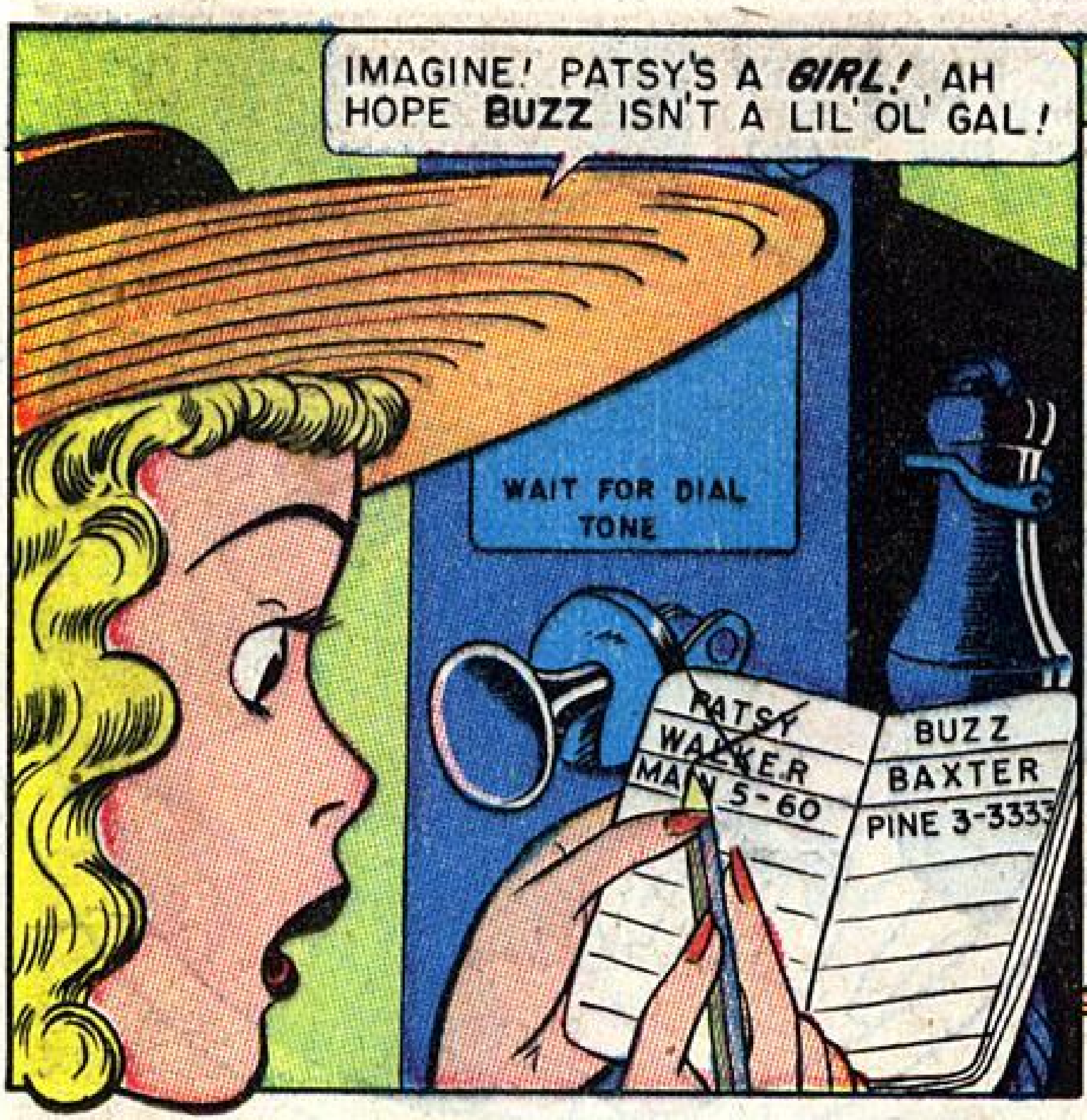

OH! OH! LOOK WHAT'S COMING TO VISIT CENTERVILLE!
AH'M GOIN' TO VISIT MAH AUNT... AH SHO' DO HOPE THERE'S LOTS OF BOYS— AH JUS' **LOVE** BOYS! EVEN **YANKEE** ONES!
DON'T YOU EVER THINK OF ANYTHING BUT BOYS?

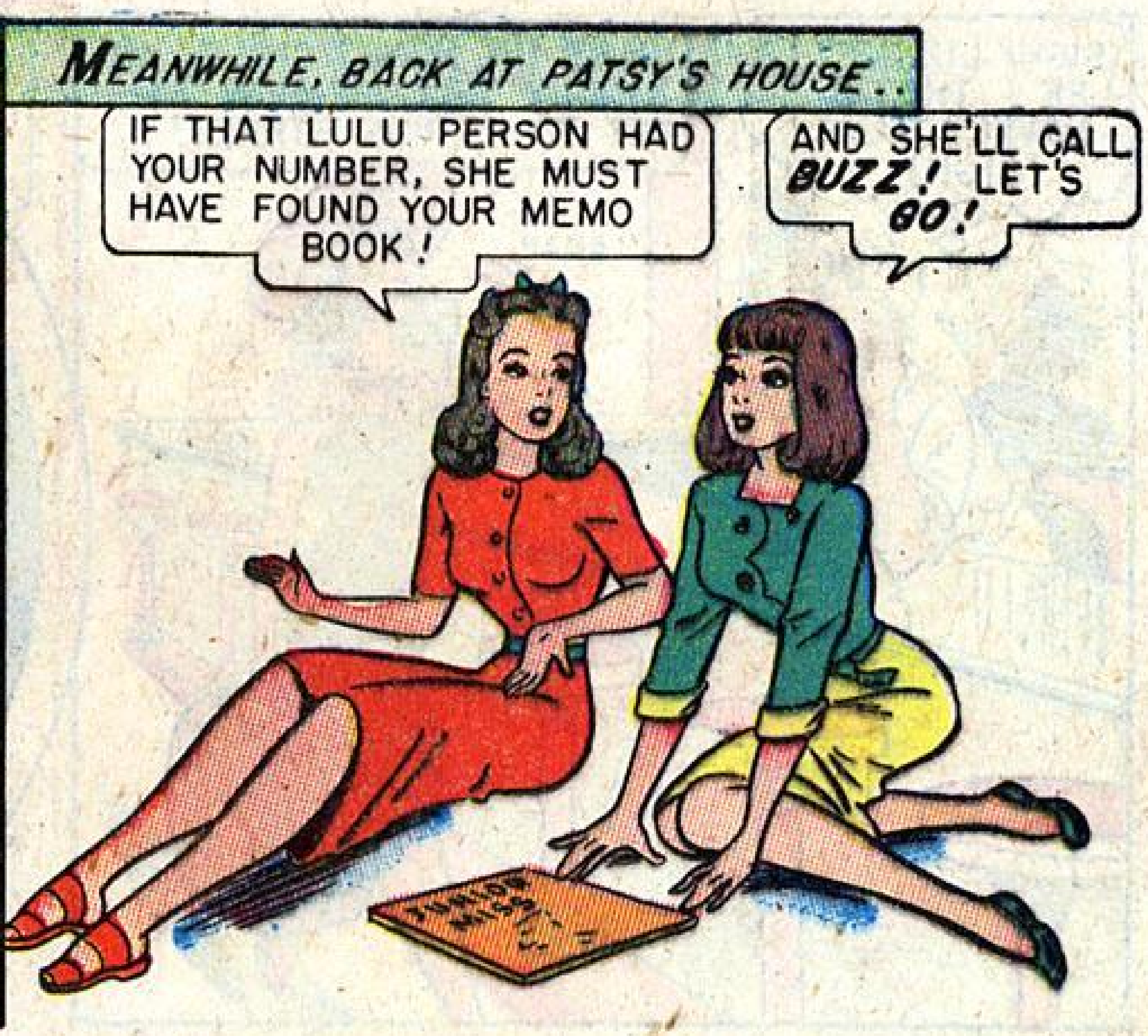

I ASKED, LULUBELLE, DON'T YOU EVER THINK OF ANYTHING BUT BOYS?
HARDLY EVER... IF AH THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE, IT'S ***MORE BOYS!***
ALL OFF FOR CENTERVILLE!

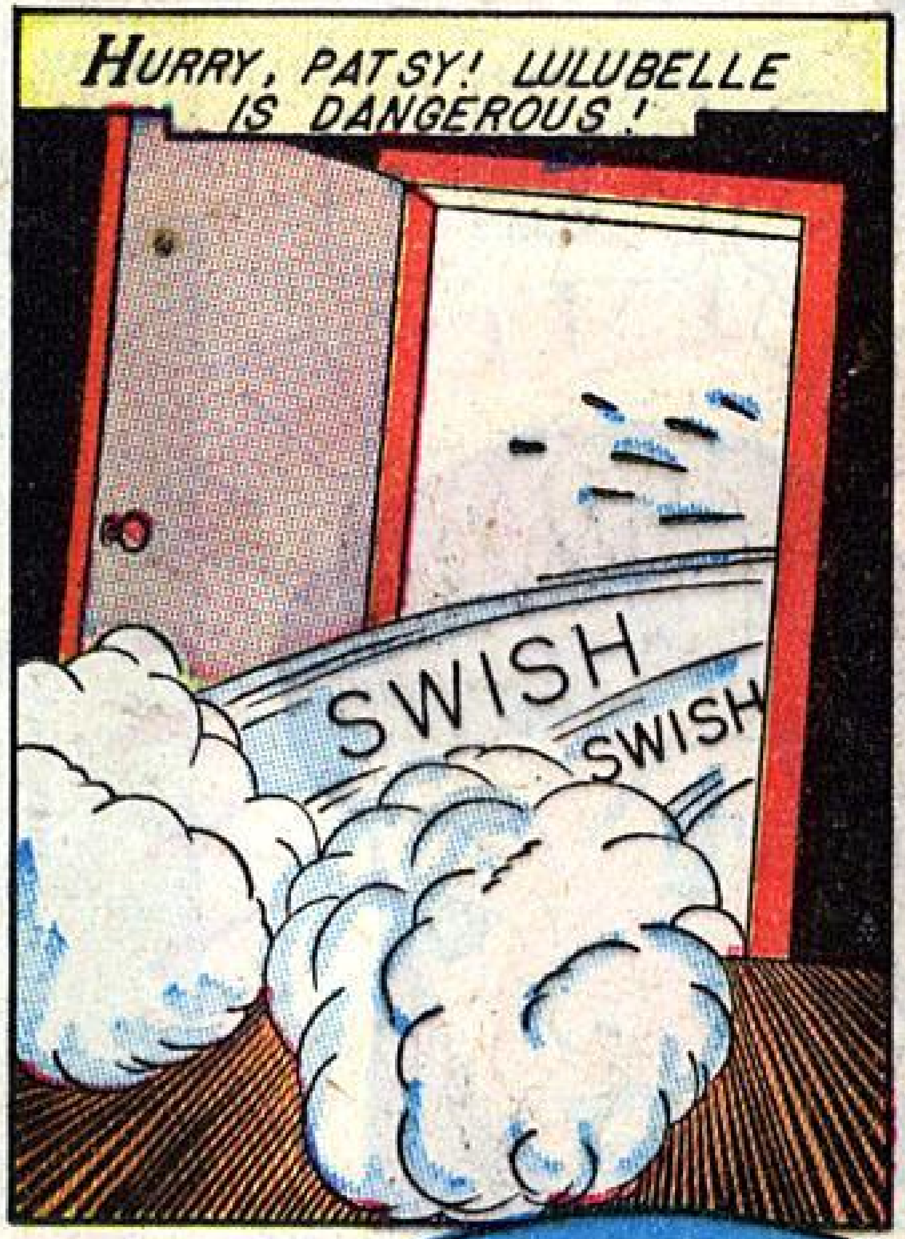

AH RECKON AH BETTER GO IN HEAH AND PHONE AUNTIE BESSIE TO LET HER KNOW AH'M IN TOWN!
DRUGS
SODA

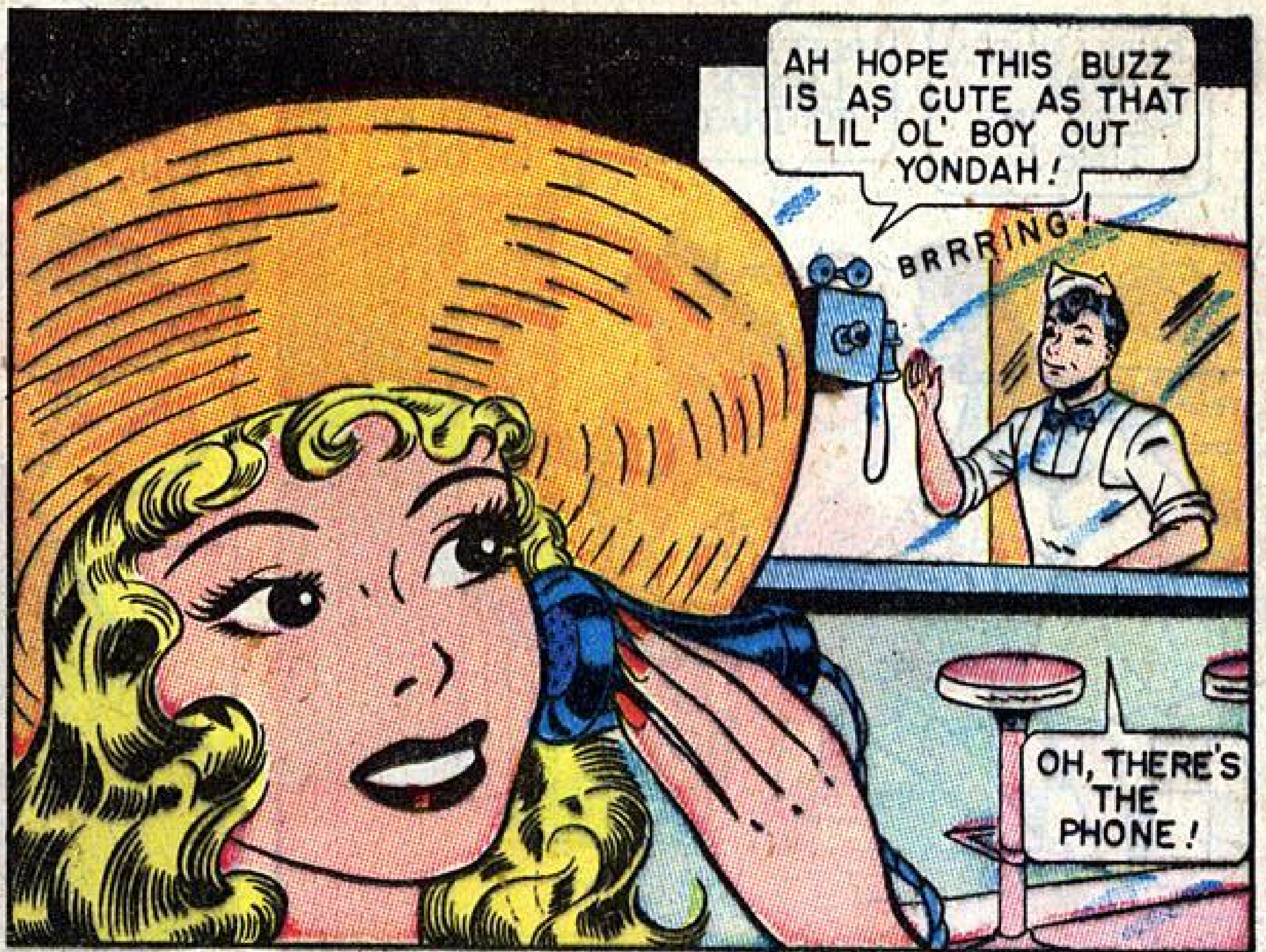

LAY OFF, LULUBELLE! THAT "CUTE LIL' OL' BOY" BELONGS TO PATSY!
WELL! BUST MAH GALOSHES... LOOK AT THAT CUTE LIL' OL' BOY OUT THEAH!
2

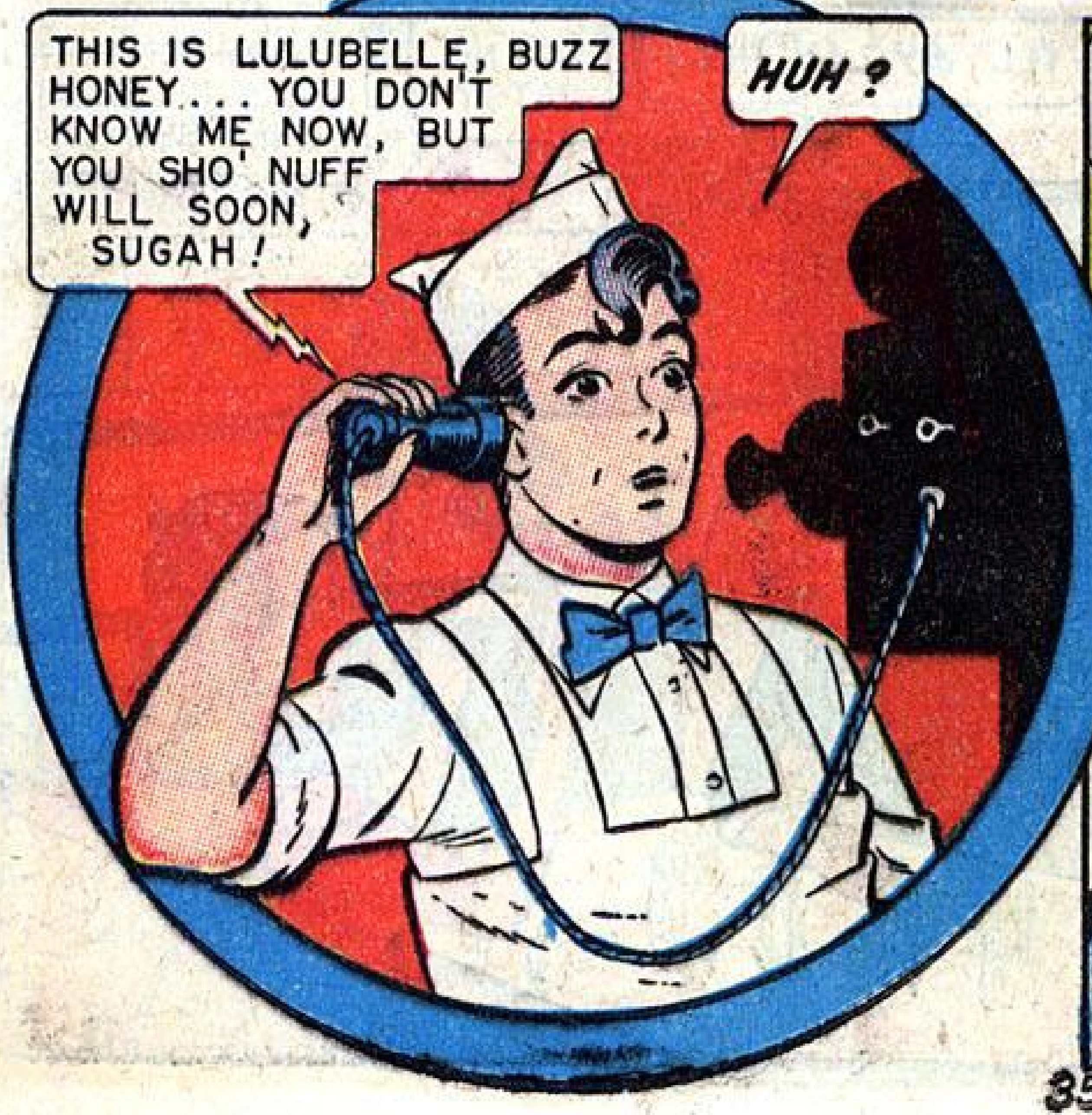

YIPES! LOOK WHAT AH FOUND!
?
*PATSY!* THEAH'S A LIL' OL' BOY AH'M GOIN' TO CALL UP RIGHT NOW!
PATSY WALKER MAIN 5-60
BUZZ BAXTER PINE 3-3333
I HOPE A GORGEOUS MAN FINDS YOUR BOOK AND CALLS *US* UP!
LIKE VAN JOHNSON, OR PETER LAWFORD, OR...
BRRRING!
JUNIOR MISS
MISS WALKER (GULP) SPEAKING!
WHO IS IT, PATSY? *HIM?*
THIS IS LULUBELLE LEE! AH WISH TO SPEAK TO MAH BOYFRIEND, *MISTER* PATSY WALKER!
?
?
WELL! I TOLD THAT SOUTHERN LULUBELLE OFF! THE NERVE OF HER!

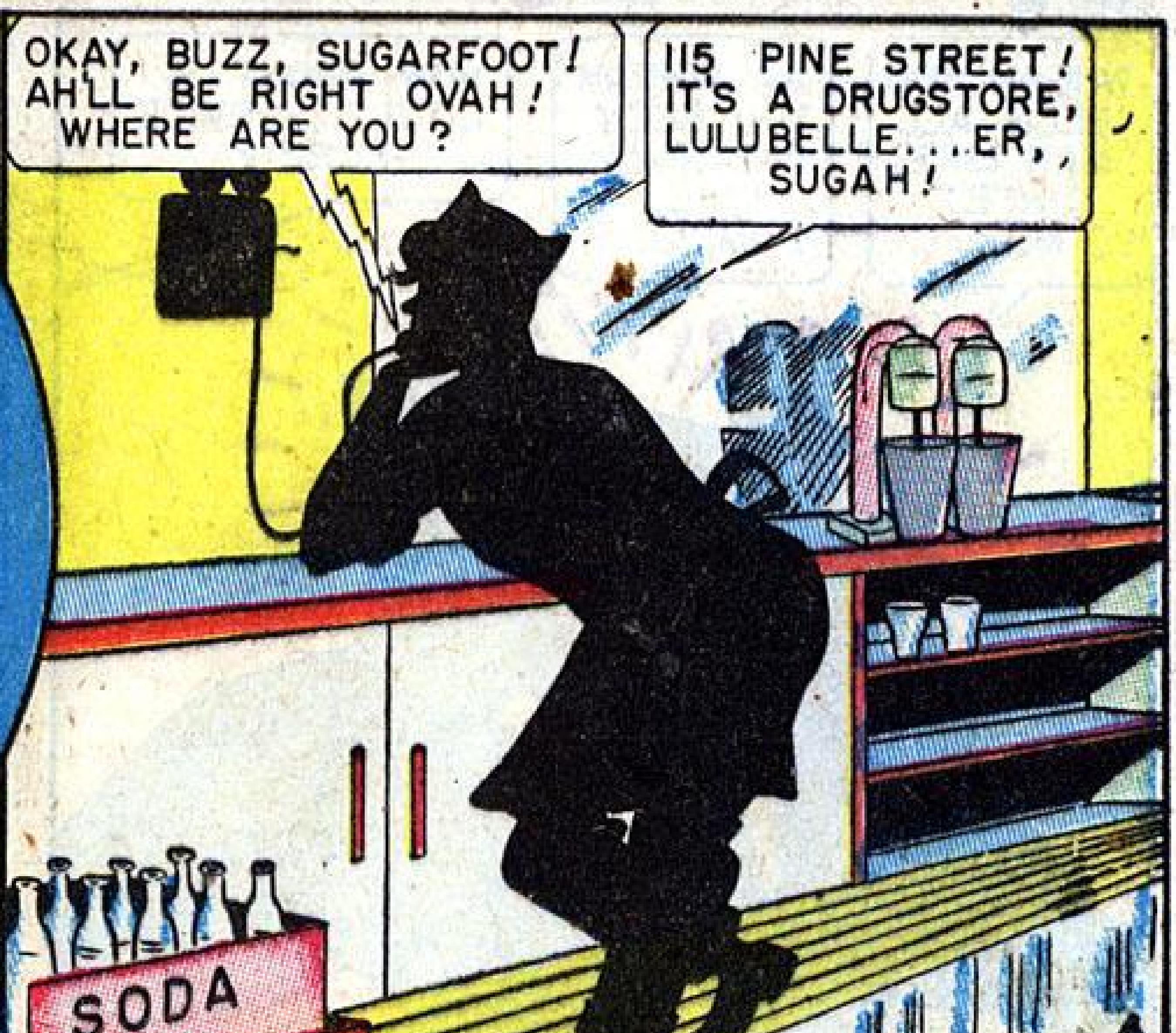

IMAGINE! PATSY'S A GIRL! AH HOPE BUZZ ISN'T A LIL' OL' GAL!
WAIT FOR DIAL TONE
PATSY WALKER MAIN 5-60
BUZZ BAXTER PINE 3-3333

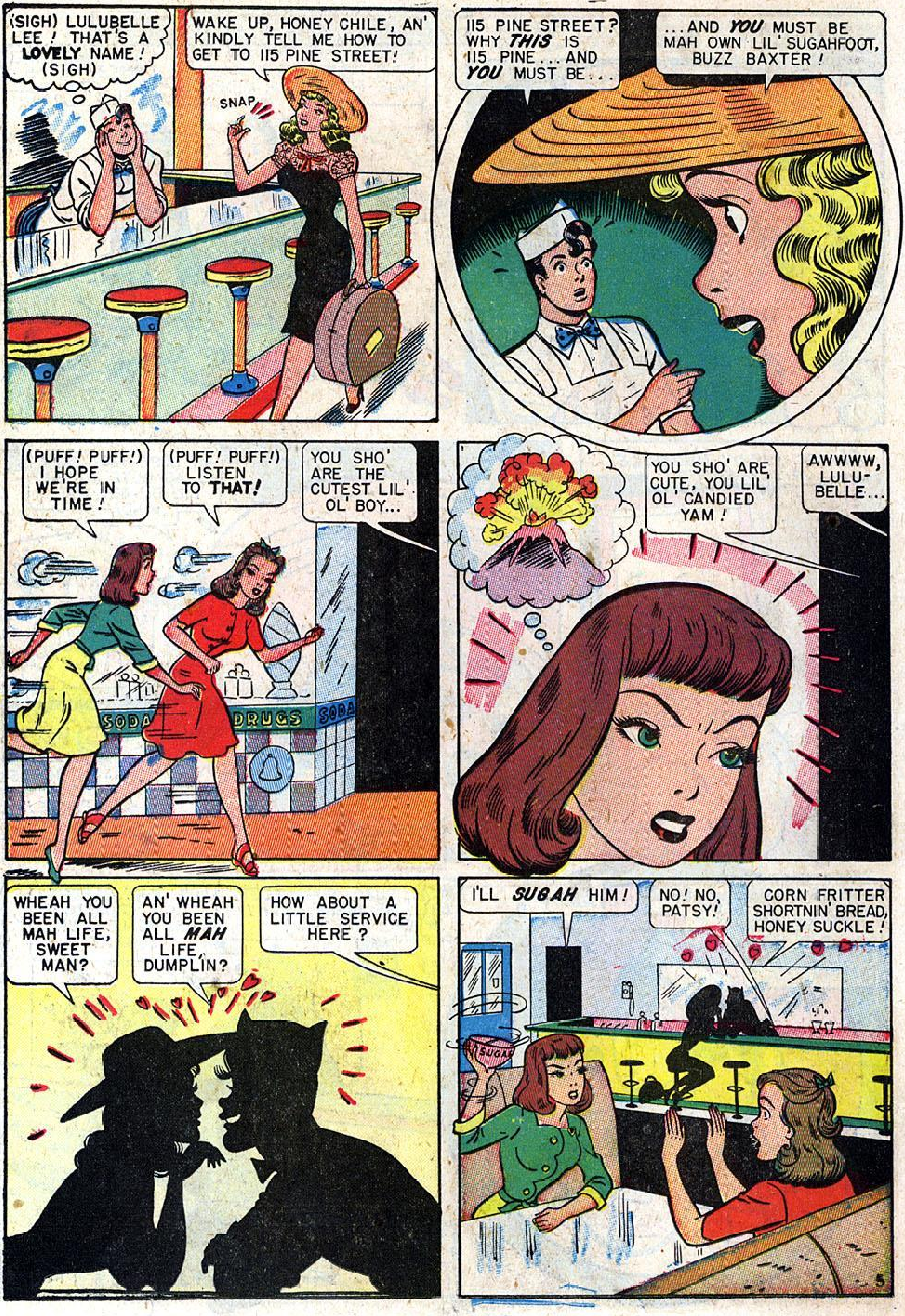

MEANWHILE, BACK AT PATSY'S HOUSE..
IF THAT LULU PERSON HAD YOUR NUMBER, SHE MUST HAVE FOUND YOUR MEMO BOOK!
AND SHE'LL CALL BUZZ! LET'S GO!

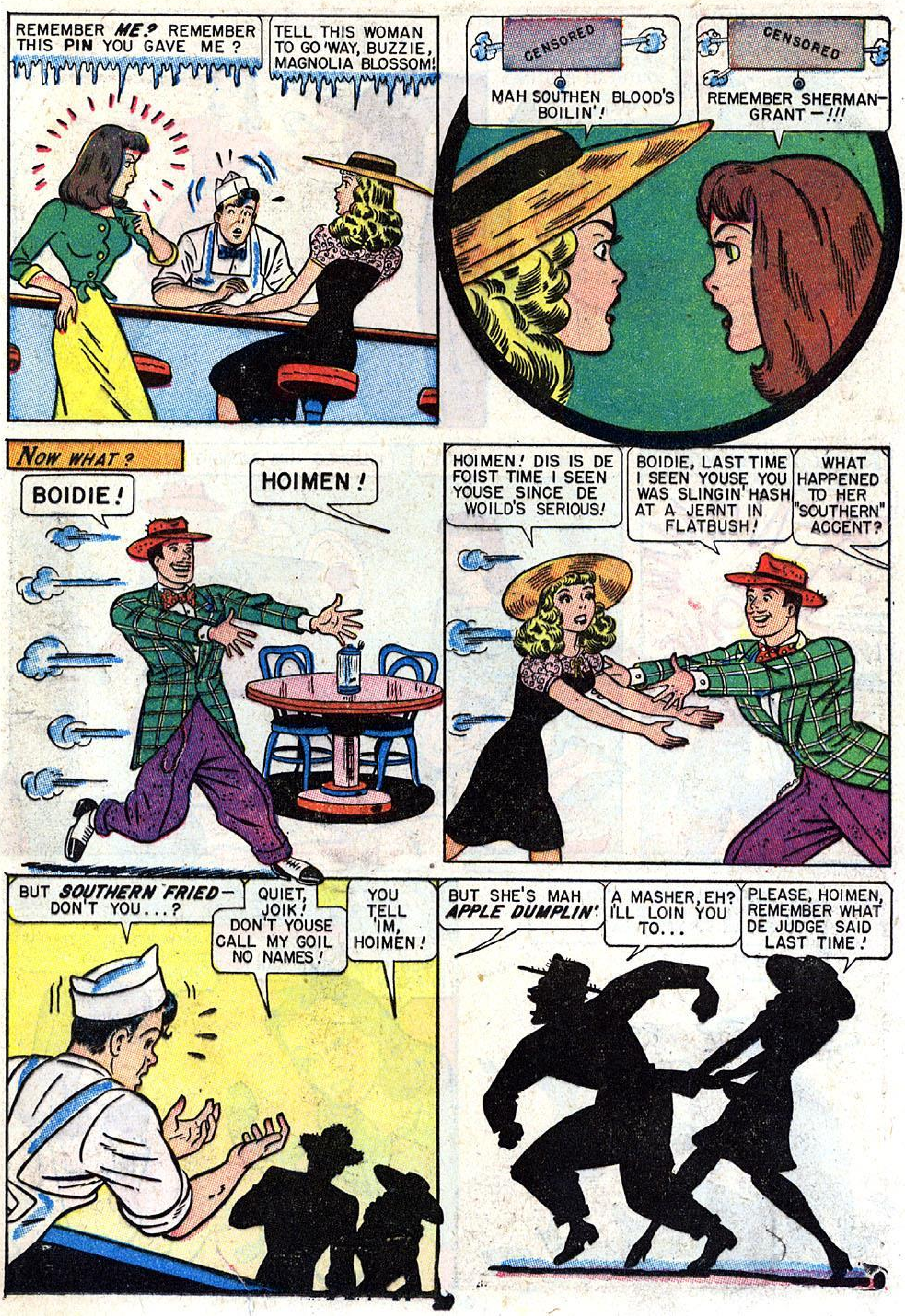

HURRY, PATSY! LULUBELLE IS DANGEROUS!
SWISH
SWISH

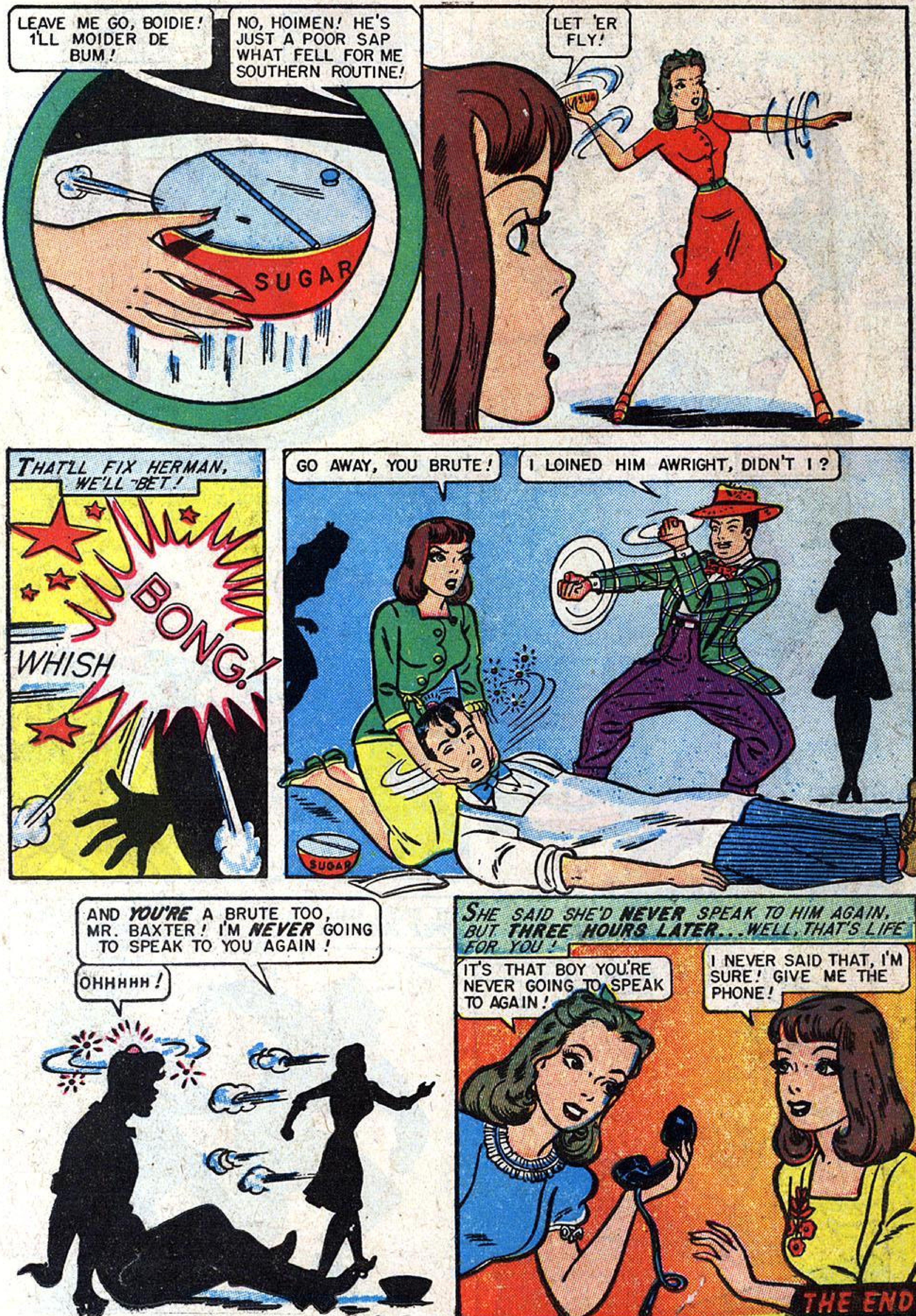

AH HOPE THIS BUZZ IS AS CUTE AS THAT LIL' OL' BOY OUT YONDAH!
BRRRING!
OH, THERE'S THE PHONE!


THIS IS LULUBELLE, BUZZ HONEY... YOU DON'T KNOW ME NOW, BUT YOU SHO' NUFF WILL SOON, SUGAH!
HUH?

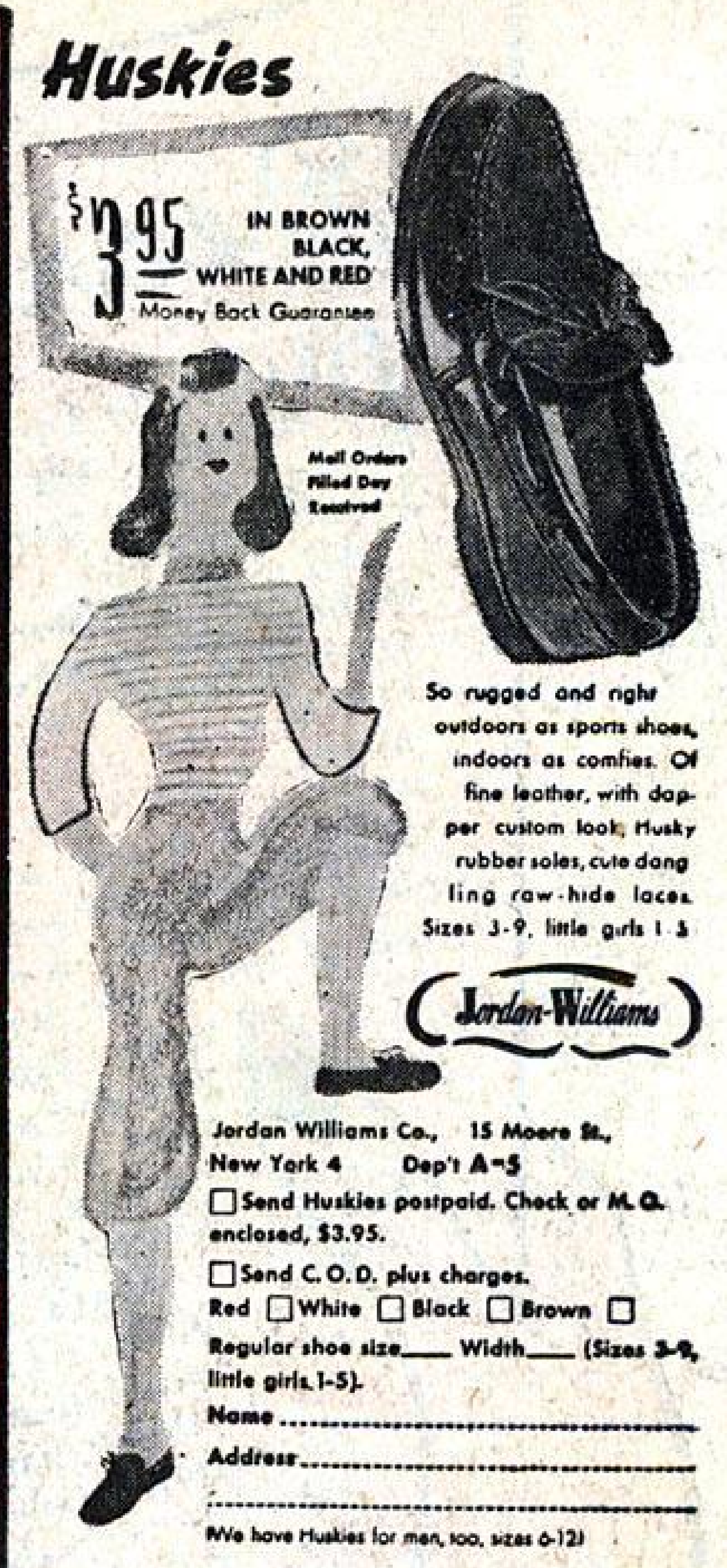

OKAY, BUZZ, SUGARFOOT! AH'LL BE RIGHT OVAH! WHERE ARE YOU?
115 PINE STREET! IT'S A DRUGSTORE, LULUBELLE...ER, SUGAH!
SODA


(SIGH) LULUBELLE LEE! THAT'S A **LOVELY** NAME! (SIGH)
WAKE UP, HONEY CHILE, AN' KINDLY TELL ME HOW TO GET TO 115 PINE STREET!
SNAP
115 PINE STREET? WHY ***THIS*** IS 115 PINE... AND ***YOU*** MUST BE...
...AND ***YOU*** MUST BE MAH OWN LIL' SUGAHFOOT, BUZZ BAXTER!
(PUFF! PUFF!) I HOPE WE'RE IN TIME!
(PUFF! PUFF!) LISTEN TO **THAT!**
YOU SHO' ARE THE CUTEST LIL' OL' BOY...
SODA
DRUGS
SODA
YOU SHO' ARE CUTE, YOU LIL' OL' CANDIED YAM!
AWWWW, LULUBELLE...
WHEAH YOU BEEN ALL MAH LIFE, SWEET MAN?
AN' WHEAH YOU BEEN ALL ***MAH*** LIFE, DUMPLIN?
HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SERVICE HERE?
I'LL ***SUGAH*** HIM!
NO! NO, PATSY!
CORN FRITTER SHORTNIN' BREAD, HONEY SUCKLE!
SUGAR


REMEMBER **ME?** REMEMBER THIS **PIN** YOU GAVE ME ?
TELL THIS WOMAN TO GO 'WAY, BUZZIE, MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM!
CENSORED
MAH SOUTHEN BLOOD'S BOILIN'!
CENSORED
REMEMBER SHERMAN-GRANT—!!!
*NOW WHAT?*
BOIDIE!
HOIMEN!
HOIMEN! DIS IS DE FOIST TIME I SEEN YOUSE SINCE DE WOILD'S SERIOUS!
BOIDIE, LAST TIME I SEEN YOUSE YOU WAS SLINGIN' HASH AT A JERNT IN FLATBUSH!
WHAT HAPPENED TO HER "SOUTHERN" ACCENT?
BUT ***SOUTHERN FRIED***—DON'T YOU...?
QUIET, JOIK! DON'T YOUSE CALL MY GOIL NO NAMES!
YOU TELL 'IM, HOIMEN!
BUT SHE'S MAH ***APPLE DUMPLIN'!***
A MASHER, EH? I'LL LOIN YOU TO...
PLEASE, HOIMEN, REMEMBER WHAT DE JUDGE SAID LAST TIME!


LEAVE ME GO, BOIDIE! I'LL MOIDER DE BUM!
NO, HOIMEN! HE'S JUST A POOR SAP WHAT FELL FOR ME SOUTHERN ROUTINE!
SUGAR
LET 'ER FLY!
THAT'LL FIX HERMAN, WE'LL BET!
BONG!
WHISH
GO AWAY, YOU BRUTE!
I LOINED HIM AWRIGHT, DIDN'T I?
SUGAR
AND YOU'RE A BRUTE TOO, MR. BAXTER! I'M NEVER GOING TO SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!
OHHHHH!
SHE SAID SHE'D NEVER SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN, BUT THREE HOURS LATER...WELL, THAT'S LIFE FOR YOU!
IT'S THAT BOY YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO SPEAK TO AGAIN!
I NEVER SAID THAT, I'M SURE! GIVE ME THE PHONE!
THE END

# MORE GRINS FOR GALS!



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Jordan-Williams

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☐ Send Huskies postpaid. Check or M.O. enclosed, $3.95.

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Red ☐ White ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐

Regular shoe size____ Width____ (Sizes 3-9, little girls 1-5).

Name ..............................

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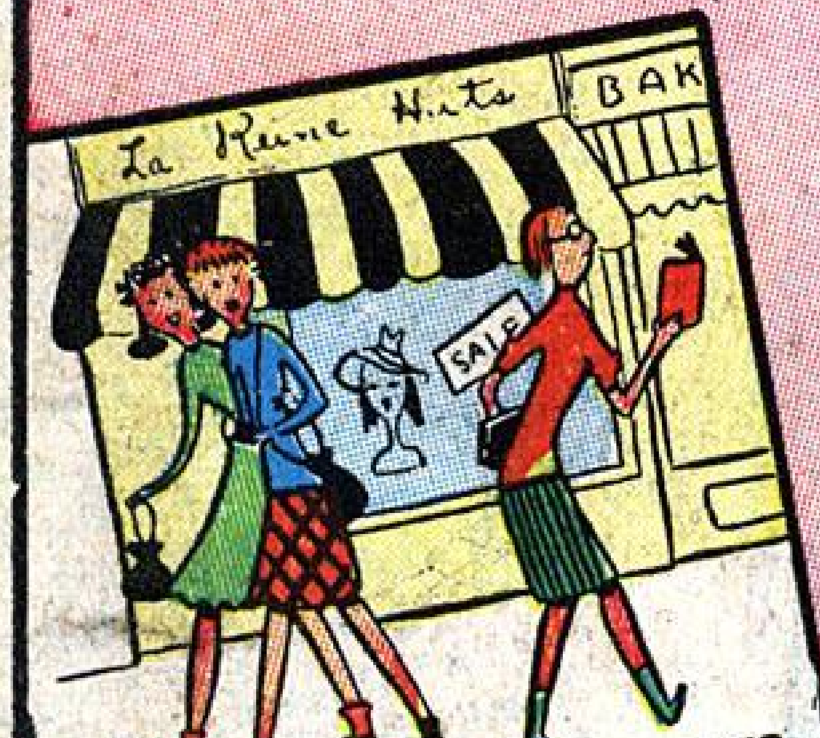
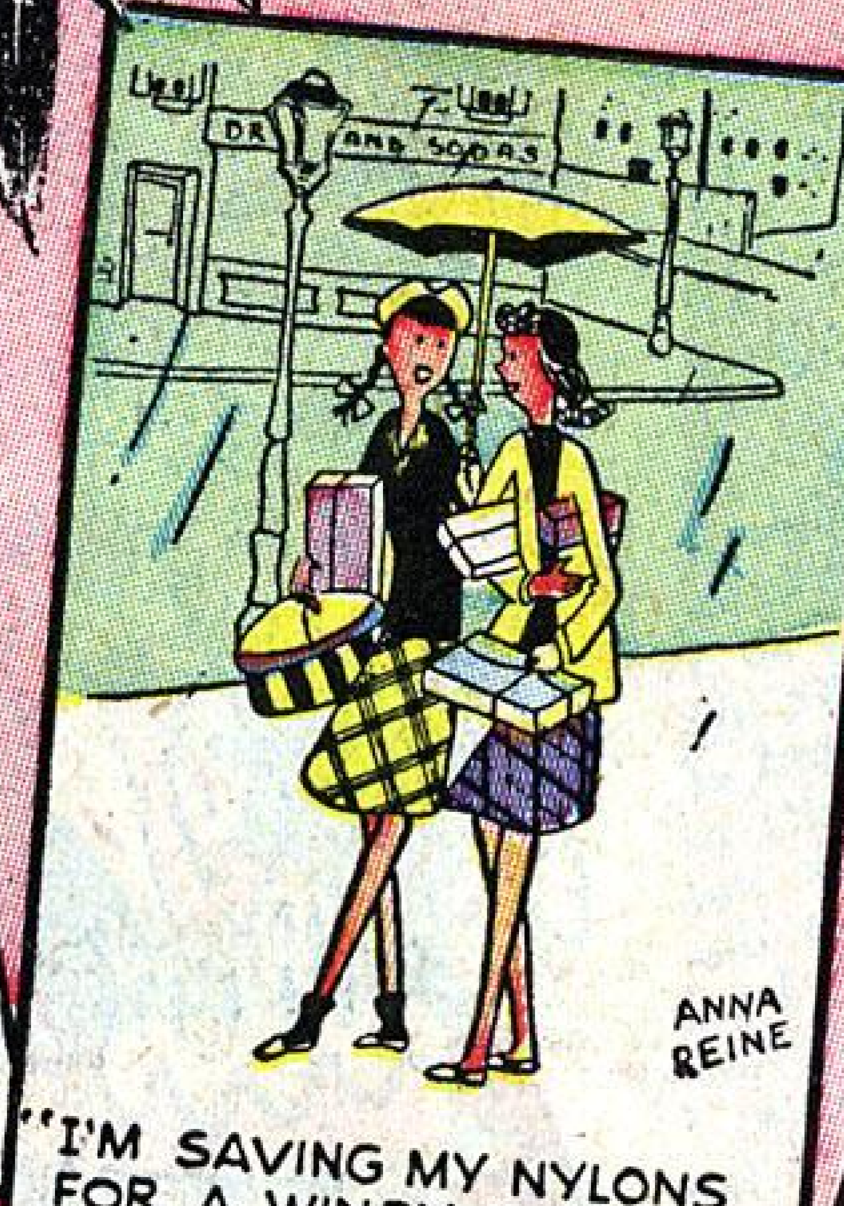
..............................

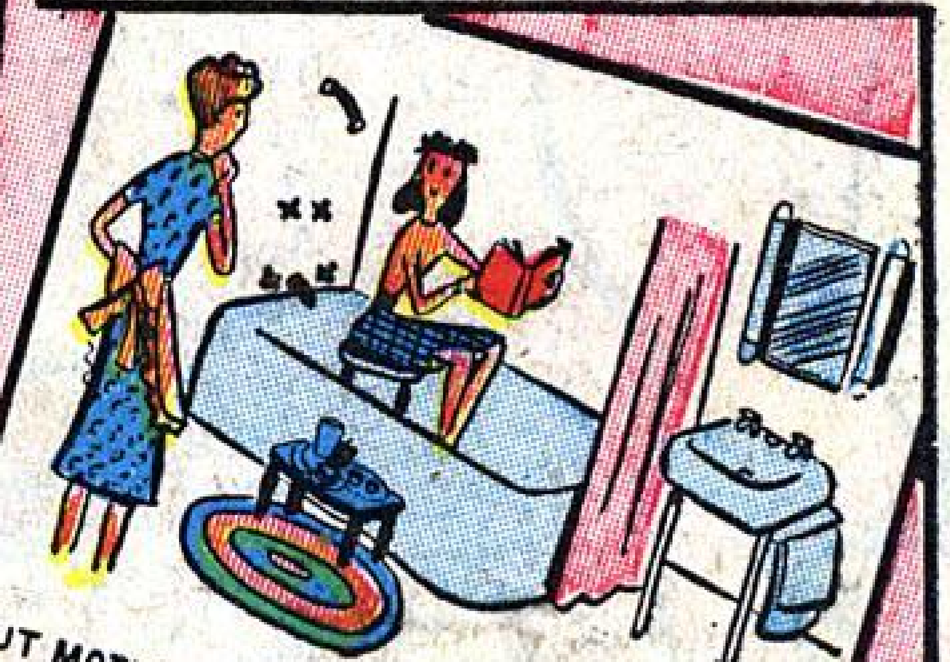
(We have Huskies for men, too, sizes 6-12)



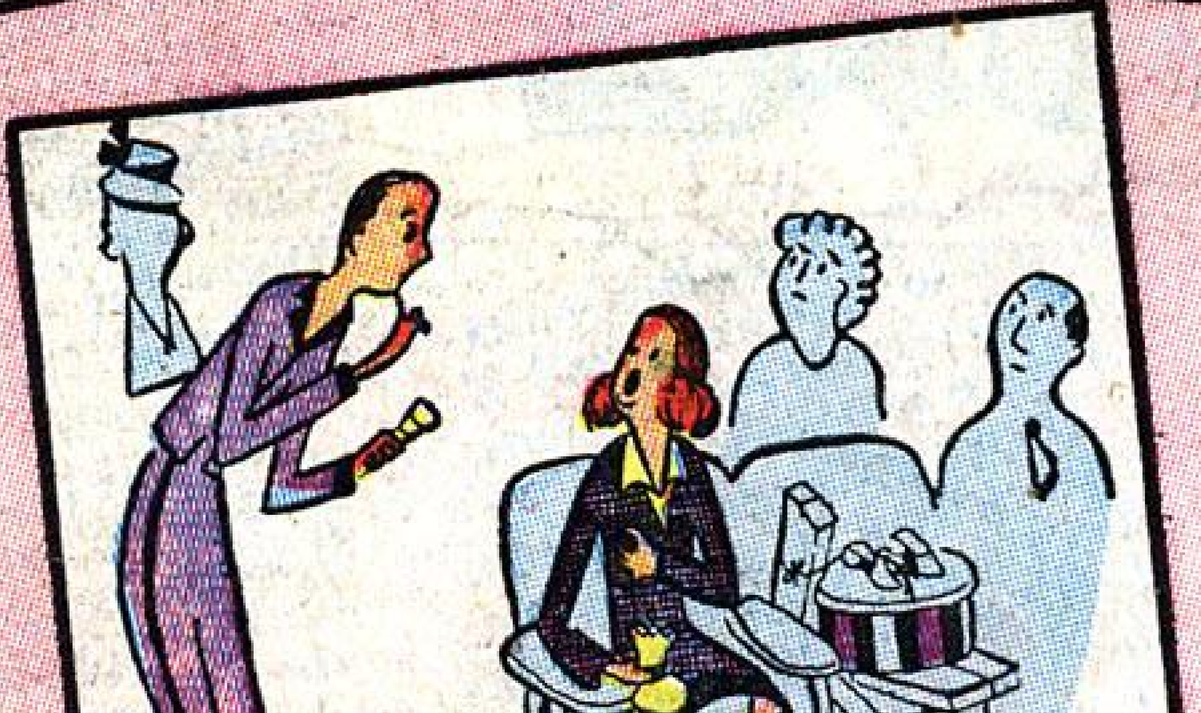
"WELL ANYWAY, SHE WON'T EVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT A BROKEN HEART!"



"I'M SAVING MY NYLONS FOR A WINDY DAY!"



"BUT MOTHER, IT'S THE ONLY WAY THAT I CAN BE SURE THAT THE TELEPHONE WILL RING!"



"BUT I BOUGHT TWO TICKETS!"

## GALS! DON'T FORGET!

MISS AMERICA WILL PAY $1 FOR EACH PUBLISHED JOKE SUBMITTED BY A PERSON AND DRAWN BY OUR ARTISTS ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY TO:

• • •

GRINS FOR GALS,
SUITE 1407, 350 5TH AVE.,
NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

IT WAS A BLUE BIRTHDAY, UNTIL . . . IN STEPPED LON McCALLISTER . . . FOR ONE OF THE TOP SURPRISES IN VICKY'S MAD-CAP, SURPRISE-LADEN CAREER . . .

# Dear Betty Ann—

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR Betty Ann: It's my birthday. Oh wonderful day — how terrible was your beginning!

All week I'd been waiting to hear one member of my anxious family mention the fact that my natal day was approaching. A day for great rejoicing. A day worthy of their respect and good wishes and celebration. A day when all of the world beams and turns proudly to you and says, "It's your day. It's all yours. Happy Birthday!"

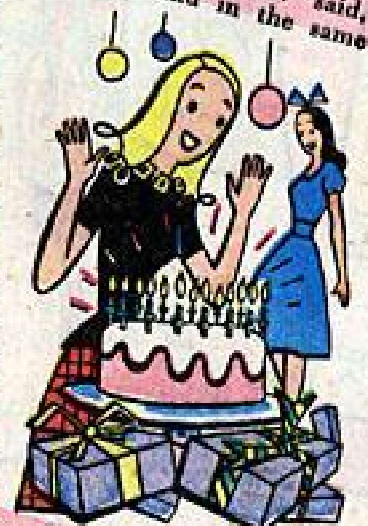
That's the way birthdays are gloriously heralded in verse on the birthday cards, so I was careful to observe any indications on the part of my family or friends; to discern whether or not they were about to discharge any filial or friendly obligations my way. And alas, Betts, I never felt more alone in the world.

By last night I knew they'd all forgotten. I decided I wouldn't say one word at home. If Mom and Pops couldn't remember the most important day of their life when a little daughter arrived to bless their home and their happiness, well, I'd not be the one to tell them.

I did sort of hint, when Beverly and Sally and Darlene and I were having a malt after school. I said sort of wondering out loud, "I wonder that the Malt Shoppe doesn't feature birthday cakes, what with all of the kids at Hollywood High having so many birthdays and all."

No one said a word. They kept right on gurgling their straws for the last drop.

Then I said, quite innocently, "I think it's fun to have birthdays, and cakes and surprises." Bev said, "Natch," and in the same breath — "If chocolate malts weren't so fattening, and if they didn't cost twenty cents, I'd have another."



Then this morning, Betts, when I went in to breakfast, there were Mom and Pops beaming, and there was a big birthday present! Inwardly I was sorry for having had such disrespectful thoughts like my parents being unworthy of me and all.

The present was a fleecy white coat. Simply terrif. Moms said, "I know it is very impractical, and will have to be going to the cleaners each time you wear it, but I knew how you'd love it, and Pops finally weakened."

The day was average, and about the time I was sorry that I wasn't having a birthday cake, since there wasn't the slightest evidence of one anywhere, I even looked up on the top shelves of the kitchen cabinet, why, Pops arrived home for dinner. Moms says, "I think we should all go out for dinner, seeing it's Victoria's birthday," and Pops agreed.

On the way to dinner we stopped at Bev's house for a second, because Moms said Bev said I was to stop because she had a surprise for me.

Bev's house was very still and dark as I rang the bell, and suddenly, when I was ready to leave, thinking Bev was not at home, well, twenty kids jumped at me from the door and literally scared me to death!

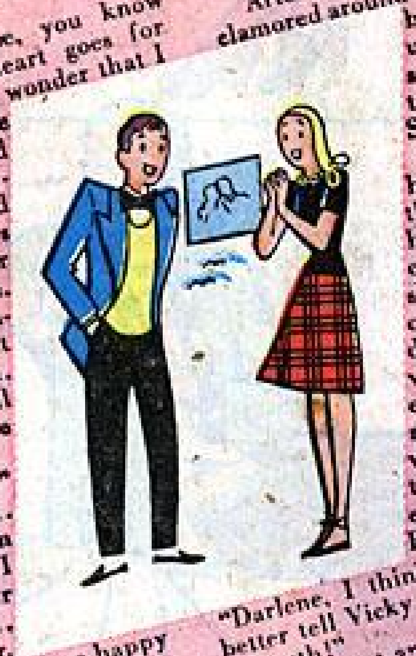
"Surprise! Happy Birthday!" they yelled. It was a wonderful party, Betts. After I'd opened all the presents—some simply darling things, like perfume, six new lipsticks of indelible irresistible red, and a leather case in which to carry my best boy friend's photographs, well, someone said we'd all go roller skating and then go to a movie.

Someone else said roller skating would get us all mussed up, and besides I was dressed really "mellow" with my plaid taffeta skirt and a black velvet top with my gold choker. So we went to the movies.

Someone chose the Colossal Theater, because I work there on Saturdays and they'd arranged with the manager to have the whole party "for free" in my honor.

As we walked in, Betts, who was standing there waiting for a seat, but Lon. Lon McCallister in person!

Of course, you know how my heart goes for Lon. So no wonder that I wasn't more surprised when Darlene up and says, "Lon's your date for the movie. He was invited to meet you here. Well, go tell him you're here."

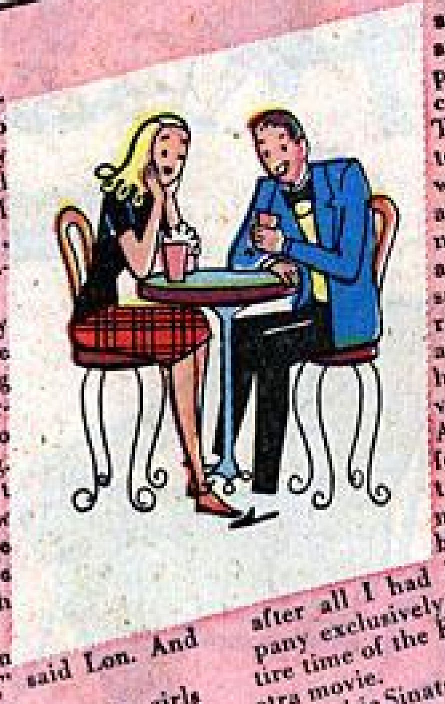


"Really," I gasped. Still being in a dream, I walked over and said, "Hello, Mr. McCallister. I'm so happy that you could make the show."

"So am I," he said in that wonderful way.

"The girls told me about inviting you to my birthday party and this show," I murmured, not too confidently.

"They did," he said, looking over at Darlene, who was giggling. "Wouldn't you know Darlene would giggle at just such a moment."



"Then let's go in," said Lon. And we did.

After the show the girls clamored around Lon, and he bought all of us ice cream sodas at the Malt Shoppe.

On the way home I told the girls that having Lon come to the show as part of my birthday surprise was the nicest part of all. And while I was thanking each girl, Bev said, "Darlene, I think you had better tell Vicky the beautiful truth!"

"What truth?" I asked.

Darlene blushed a rosy red and confessed that Lon being at the theater on our arrival was purely coincidental. That she had told me he was a guest and my partner just for a joke. She said she was really ashamed of herself and very sorry. And please for me not to be too mad at her, because after all I had Lon's company exclusively for the entire time of the Frankie Sinatra movie.

"Frankie Sinatra's movie!" I exclaimed. I had been so carried away sitting by Lon McCallister I couldn't see Frankie for star dust in my eyes!

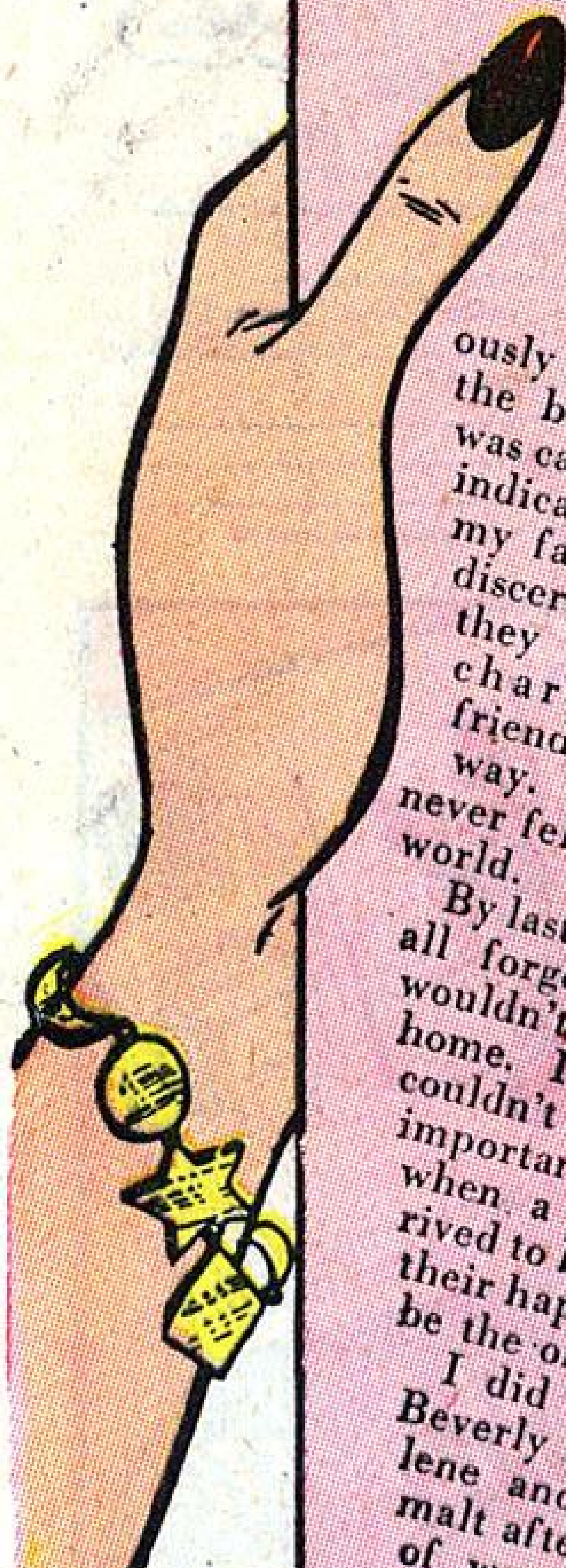
That's the truth, Betts. You can't blame me for not getting too mad at Darlene. It was a Happy Birthday after all, with Moms and Pops having another birthday cake and ice cream waiting for all of us when we reached home. And Lon to dream about!

Your faithful and
devoted friend.

Vicky

IT WAS A BLUE BIRTHDAY,
UNTIL . . . IN STEPPED LON
McCALLISTER . . . FOR ONE

# Dear Betty Ann—



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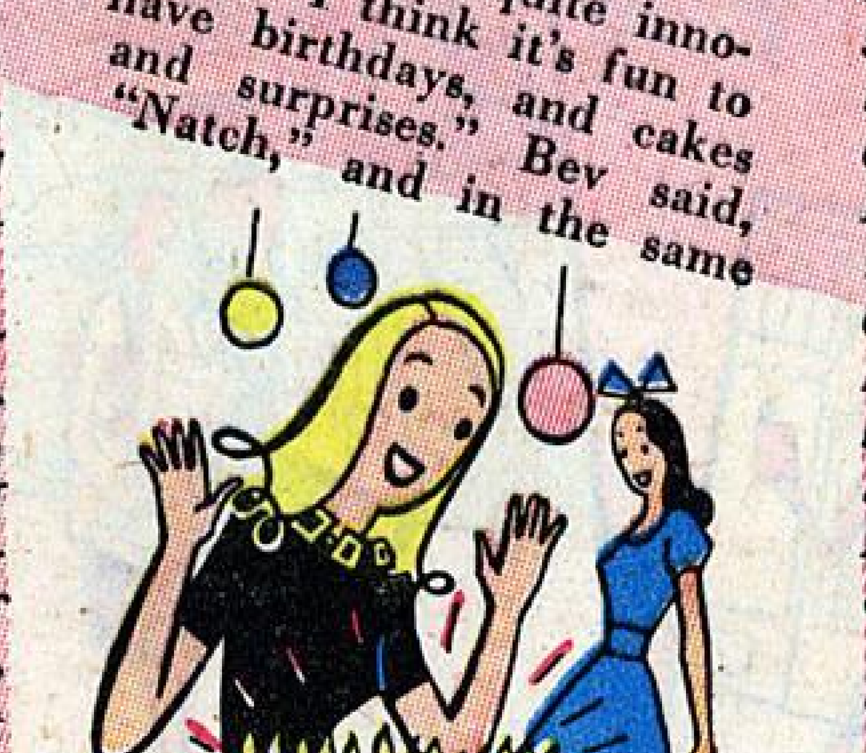
I did sort of hint, when Beverly and Sally and Darlene and I were having a malt after school. I said sort of wondering out loud, "I wonder that the Malt Shoppe doesn't feature birthday cakes, what with all of the kids at Hollywood High having so many birthdays and all."

No one said a word. They kept right on gurgling their straws for the last drop.

Then I said, quite innocently, "I think it's fun to have birthdays, and cakes and surprises." Bev said, "Natch," and in the same breath — "If chocolate malts weren't so fattening, and if they didn't cost twenty cents, I'd have another."



Then this morning, Betts, when I went in to breakfast, there were Mom and Pops beaming, and there was a big birthday present! Inwardly I was sorry for having had such disrespectful thoughts like my parents being unworthy of me and all.

The present was a fleecy white coat. Moms said, "Simply terrif. I know it is very impractical, and will have to be going to the cleaners each time you wear it, but I knew how you'd love it, and Pops finally weakened."

The day was average, and about the time I was sorry that I wasn't having a birthday cake, since there wasn't the slightest evidence of one anywhere, I even looked up on the top shelves of the kitchen cabinet, why, Pops arrived home for dinner. Moms says, "I think we should all go out for dinner, seeing it's Victoria's birthday," and Pops agreed.

On the way to dinner we stopped at Bev's house for a second, because Moms said Bev said I was to stop because she had a surprise for me.

Bev's house was very still and dark as I rang the bell, and suddenly, when I was ready to leave, thinking Bev was not at home, well, twenty kids jumped at me from the door and literally scared me to death!

"Surprise! Happy Birthday!" they yelled.

It was a wonderful party, Betts. After I'd opened all the presents—some simply darling things, like perfume, six new lipsticks of indelible irresistible red, and a leather case in which to carry my best boy friend's photographs, well, someone said we'd all go

OF THE TOP SURPRISES IN VICKY'S MAD-CAP, SURPRISE-LADEN CAREER . . .

roller skating and then go to a movie.

Someone else said roller skating would get us all mussed up, and besides I was dressed really "mellow" with my plaid taffeta skirt and a black velvet top with my gold choker. So we went to the movies.

Someone chose the Colossal Theater, because I work there on Saturdays and they'd arranged with the manager to have the whole party "for free" in my honor.

As we walked in, Betts, who was standing there waiting for a seat, but Lon. Lon McCallister in person!

Of course, you know how my heart goes for Lon. So no wonder that I wasn't more surprised when Darlene up and says, "Lon's your date for the movie. He was invited to meet you here. Well, go tell him you're here."

"Really," I gasped. Still being in a dream, I walked over and said, "Hello, Mr. McCallister. I'm so happy that you could make the show."

"So am I," he said in that wonderful way.

"The girls told me about inviting you to my birthday party and this show," I murmured, not too confidently.

"They did," he said, looking over at Darlene, who was giggling. Wouldn't you know Darlene would giggle at just such a moment.

"Then let's go in," said Lon. And we did.

After the show the girls clamored around Lon, and he bought all of us ice cream sodas at the Malt Shoppe.

On the way home I told the girls that having Lon come to the show as part of my birthday surprise was the nicest part of all. And while I was thanking each girl, Bev said, "Darlene, I think you had better tell Vicky the beautiful truth!"

"What truth?" I asked.

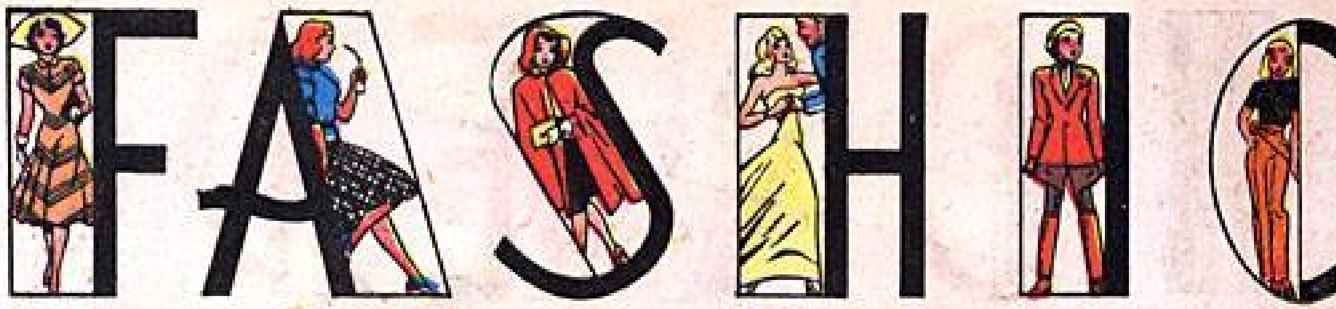
Darlene blushed a rosy red and confessed that Lon being at the theater on our arrival was purely coincidental. That she had told me he was a guest and my partner just for a joke. She said she was, really ashamed of herself and very sorry. And please for me not to be too mad at her, because after all I had Lon's company exclusively for the entire time of the Frankie Sinatra movie.

"Frankie Sinatra's movie!" I exclaimed. I had been so carried away sitting by Lon McCallister I couldn't see Frankie for star dust in my eyes!

That's the truth, Betts. You can't blame me for not getting too mad at Darlene. It was a Happy Birthday after all, with Moms and Pops having another birthday cake and ice cream waiting for all of us when we reached home. And Lon to dream about!

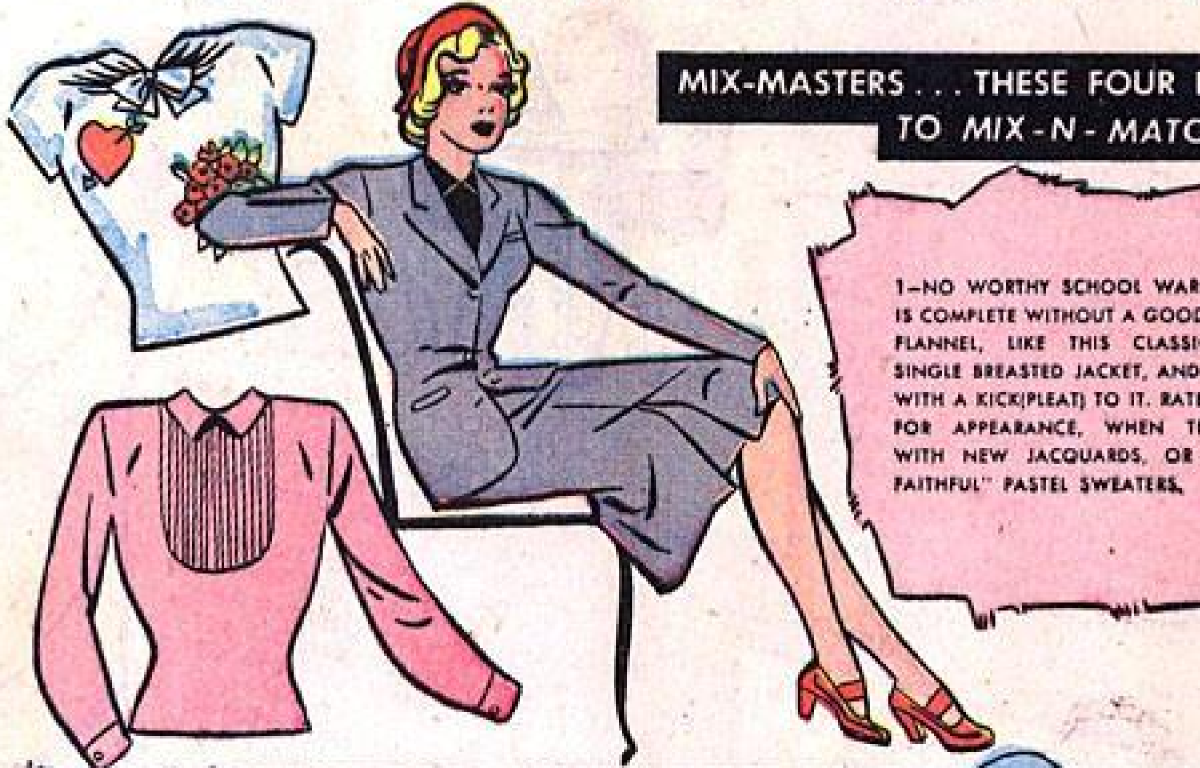
Your faithful and
devoted friend.

Vicky

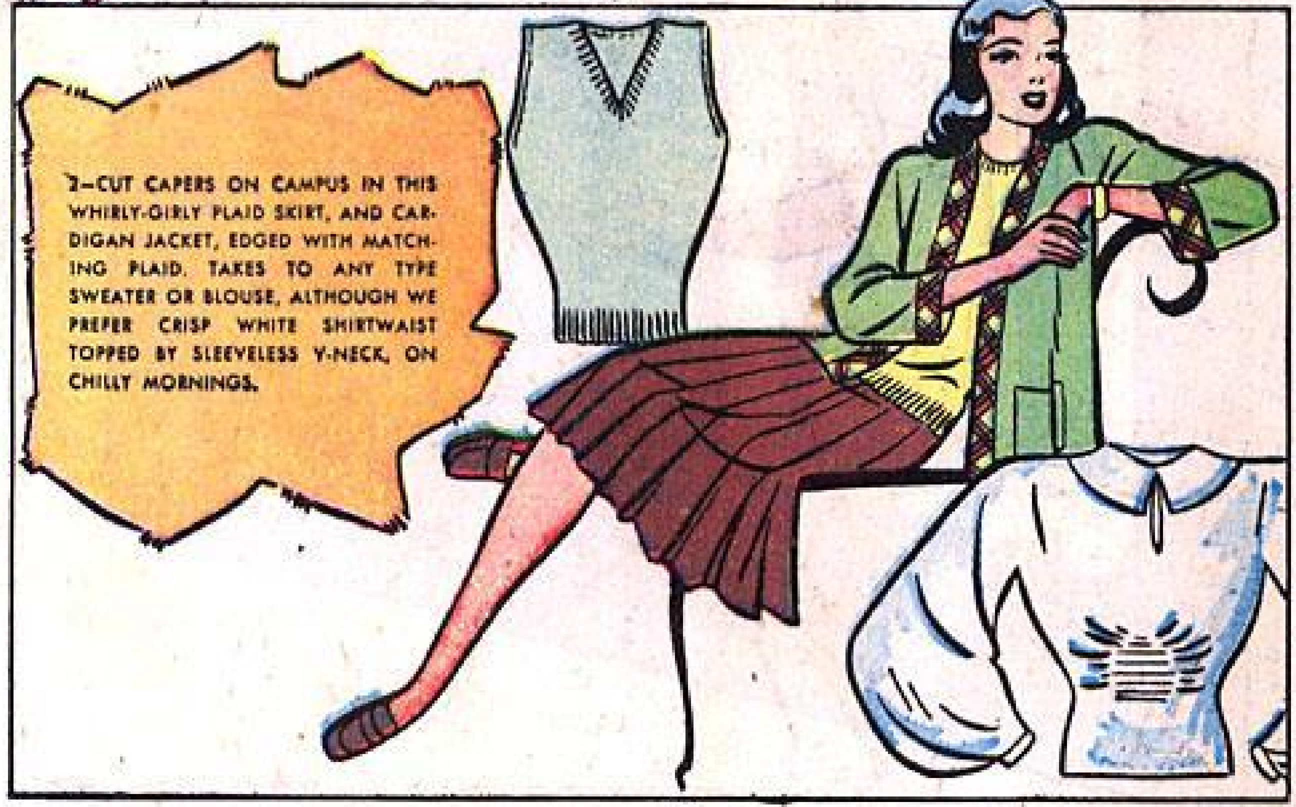


# FASHIONED for you!

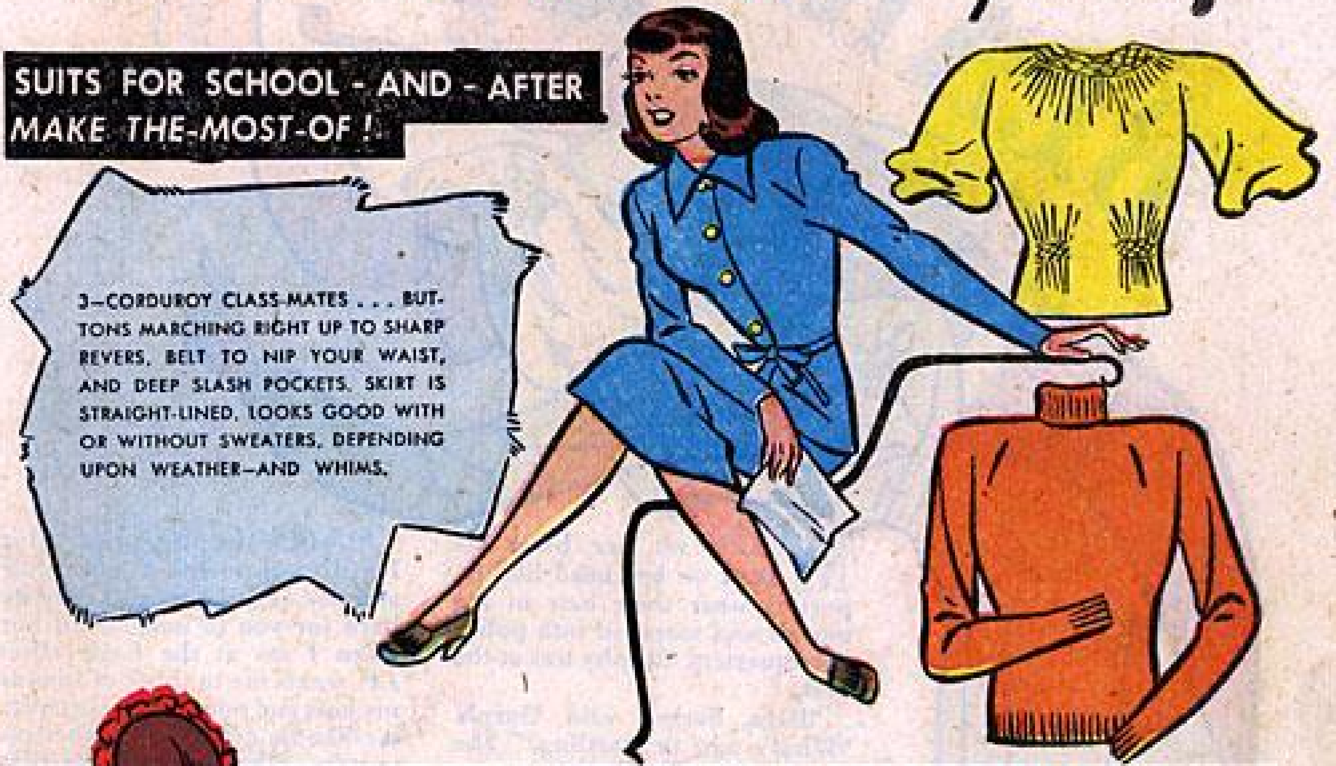
**MIX-MASTERS . . . THESE FOUR BASIC SUITS FOR SCHOOL - AND - AFTER TO MIX-N-MATCH-N- MAKE THE-MOST-OF!**



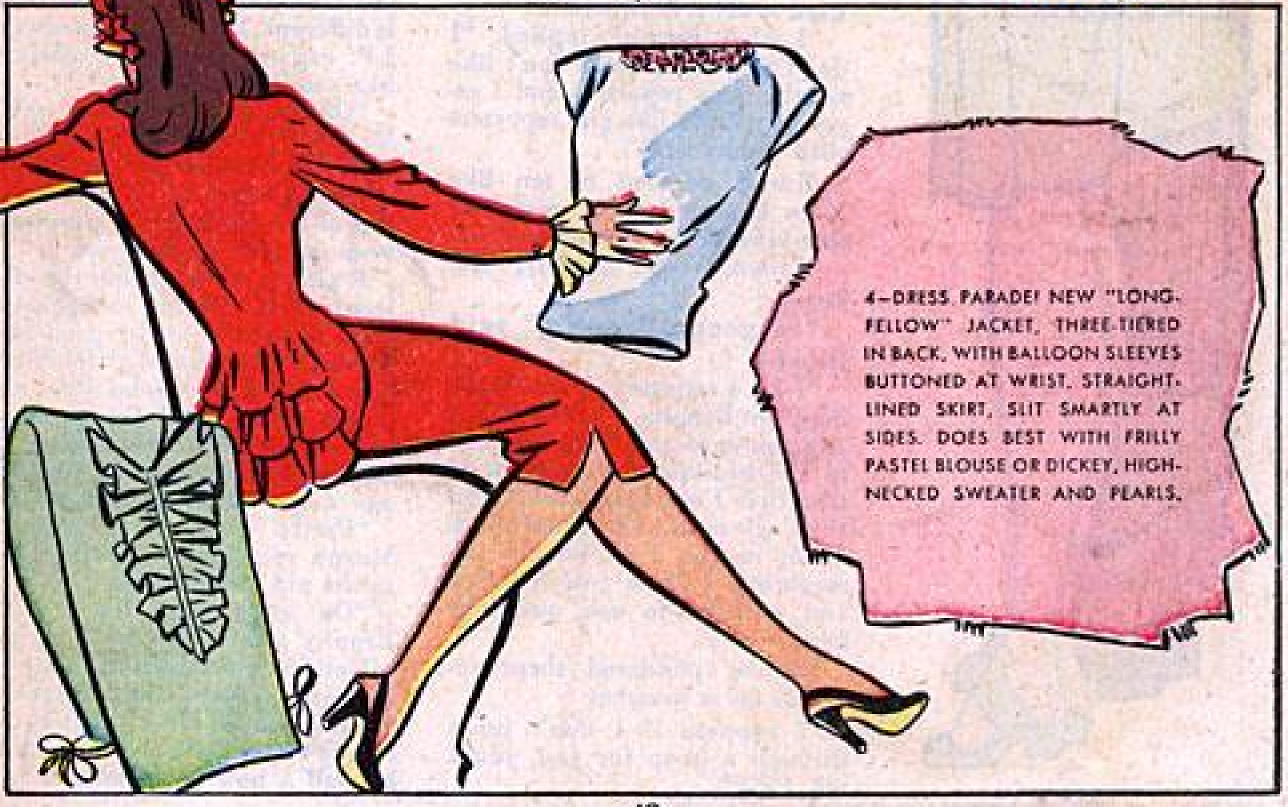
1—NO WORTHY SCHOOL WARDROBE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A GOOD GREY FLANNEL, LIKE THIS CLASSIC . . . SINGLE BREASTED JACKET, AND SKIRT WITH A KICK(PLEAT) TO IT. RATES "A" FOR APPEARANCE, WHEN TEAMED WITH NEW JACQUARDS, OR "OLD FAITHFUL" PASTEL SWEATERS.



2—CUT CAPERS ON CAMPUS IN THIS WHIRLY-GIRLY PLAID SKIRT, AND CARDIGAN JACKET, EDGED WITH MATCHING PLAID. TAKES TO ANY TYPE SWEATER OR BLOUSE, ALTHOUGH WE PREFER CRISP WHITE SHIRTWAIST TOPPED BY SLEEVELESS V-NECK, ON CHILLY MORNINGS.



3—CORDUROY CLASS-MATES . . . BUTTONS MARCHING RIGHT UP TO SHARP REVERS, BELT TO NIP YOUR WAIST, AND DEEP SLASH POCKETS. SKIRT IS STRAIGHT-LINED, LOOKS GOOD WITH OR WITHOUT SWEATERS, DEPENDING UPON WEATHER—AND WHIMS.



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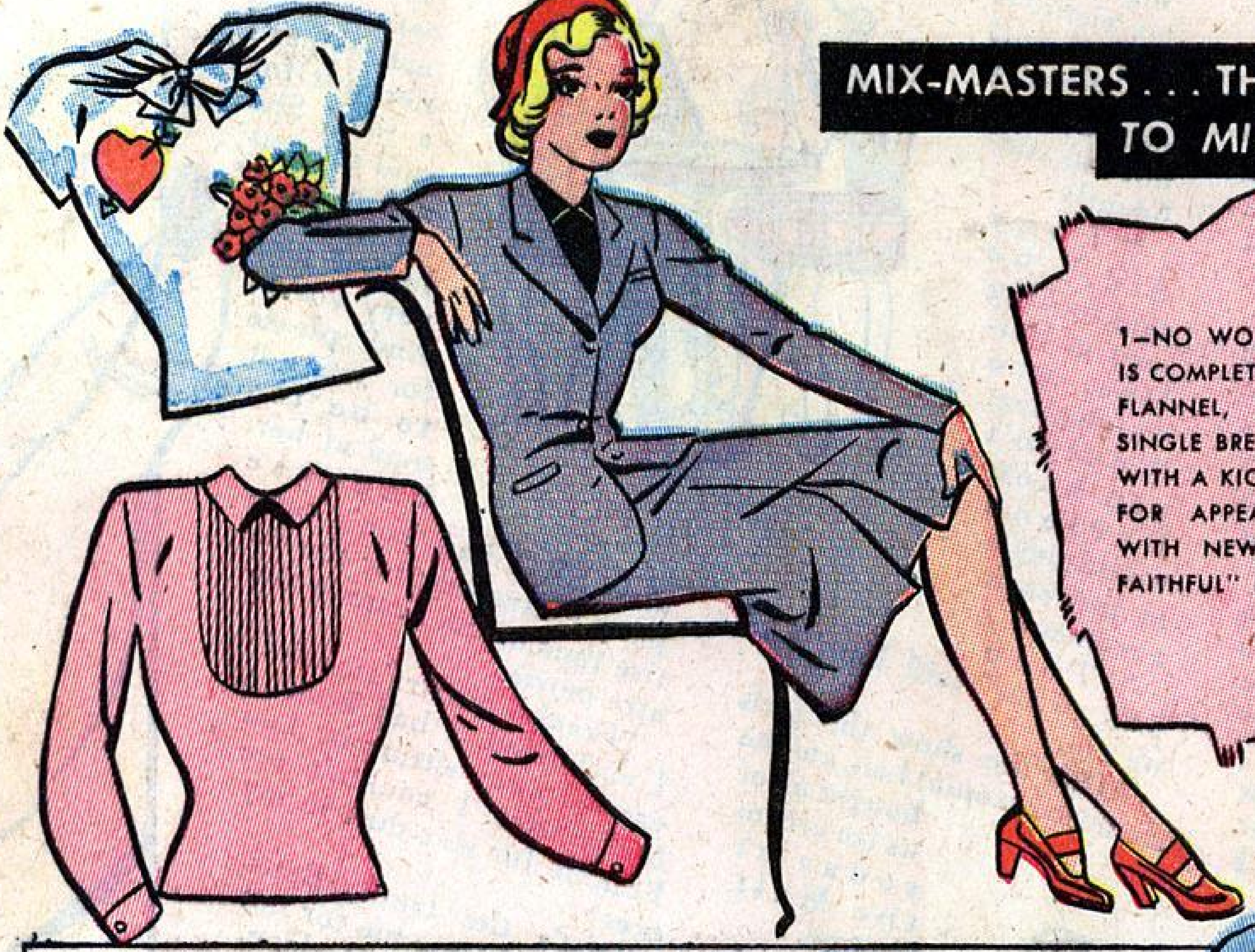

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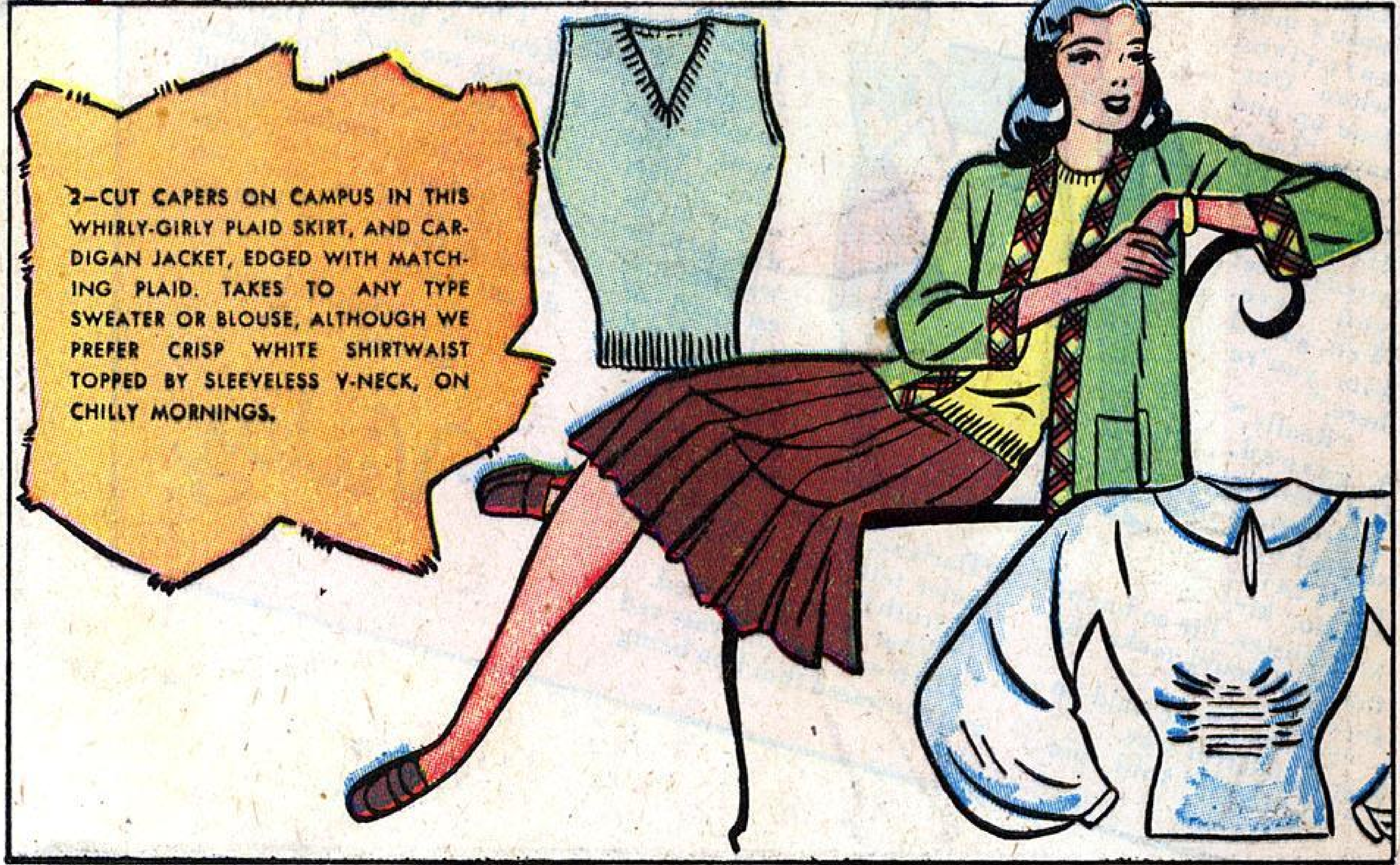

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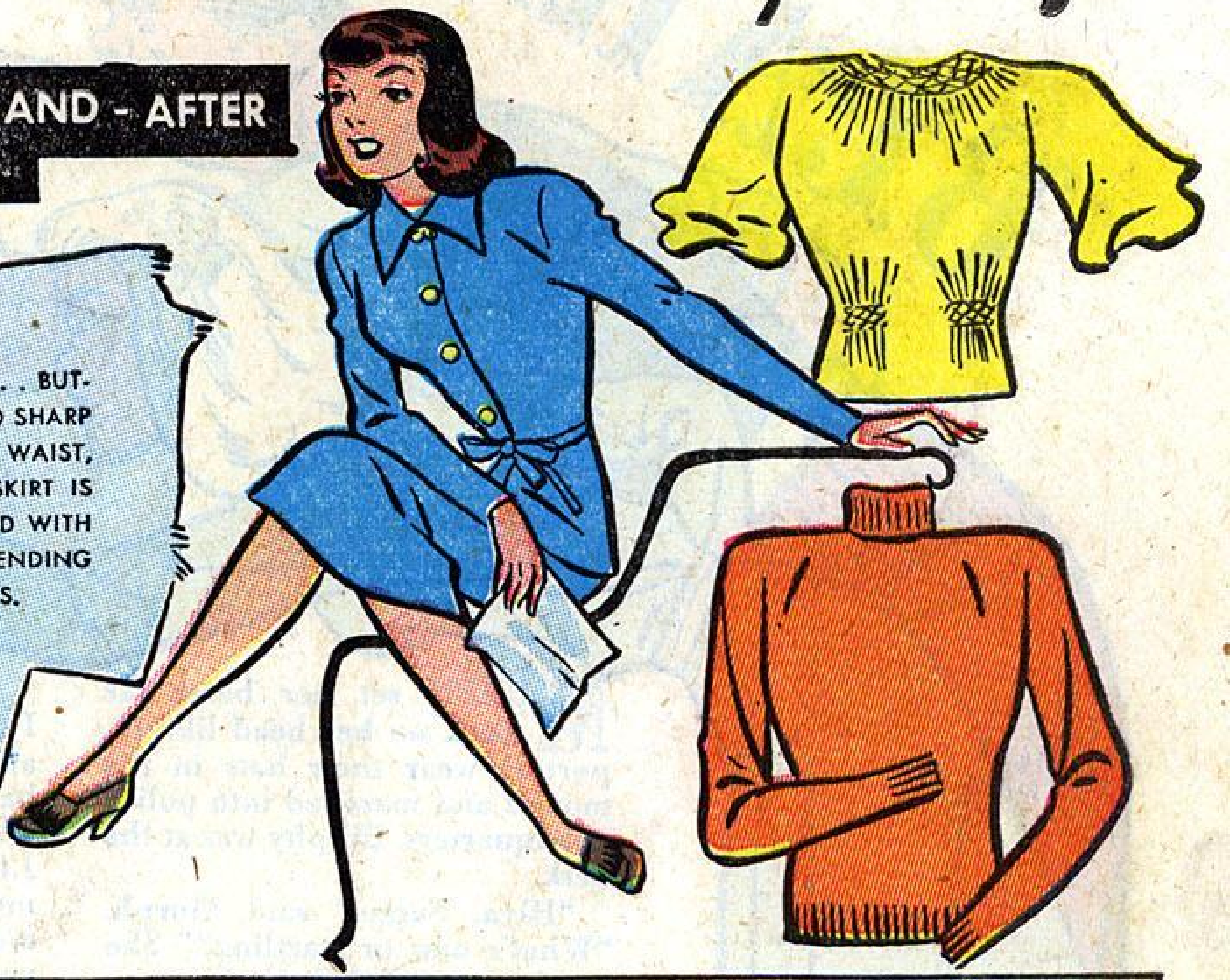

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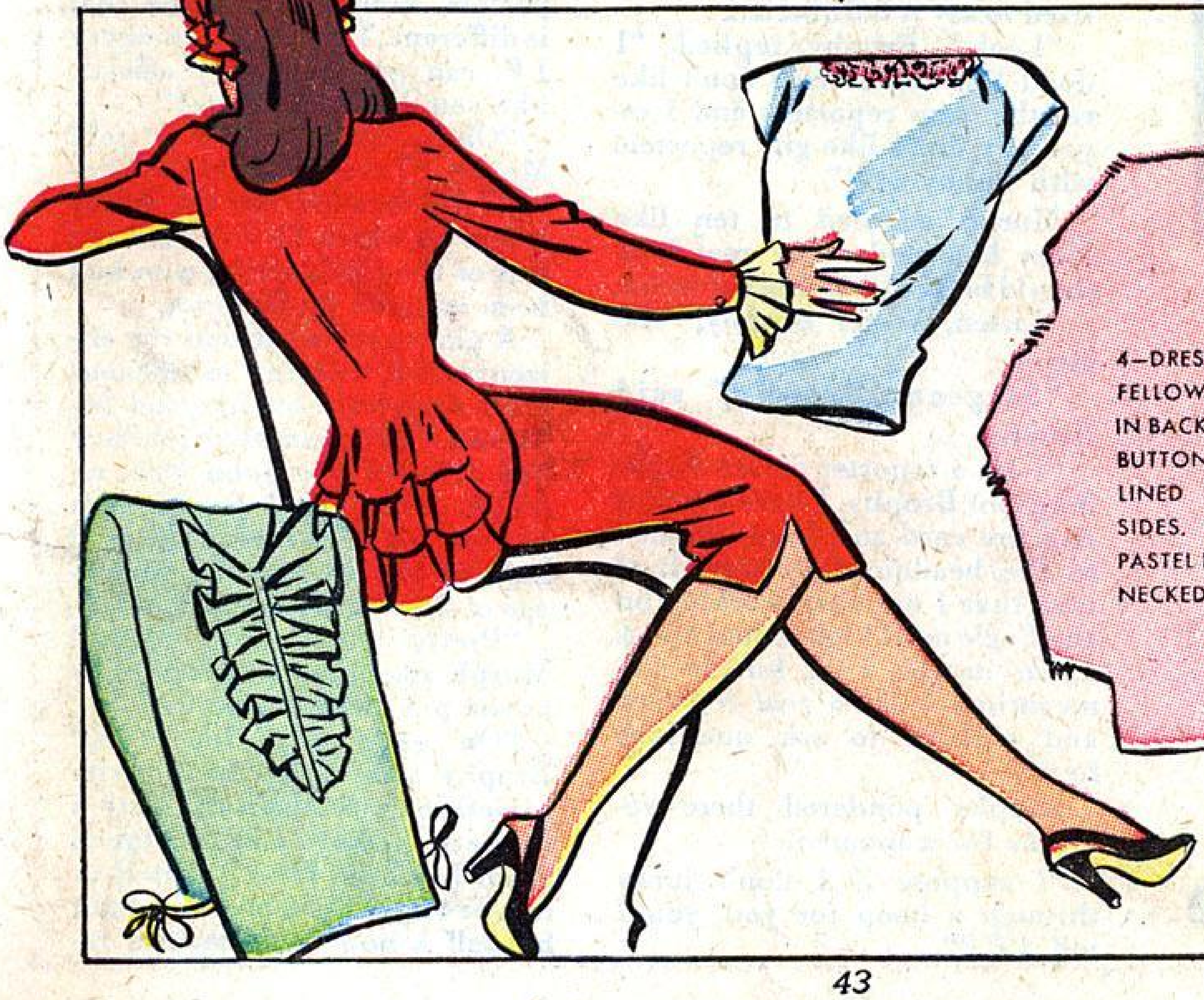

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# A BIT OF BLARNEY

SURE 'TIS A SORRY STATE WHEN A FINE BRAITH OF AN IRISH LAD CAN'T BE COURTIN' A FAIR COLLEEN FOR FEARIN' THE RAGE OF HIS FATHER!

BY MICHELE SMALL

MURPH set her beret far back on her head like reporters wear their hats in the movies and marched into police headquarters. Brophy was at the desk.

"Hiya, Sarge," said Murph. "What's new or startling?" She tried to say it hardboiled.

"Look," Brophy replied, "I don't like reporters. I don't like regular men reporters and I especially don't like girl reporters with bobby sox!"

Murph counted to ten like Mom had said every real lady should before speaking her mind.

"Listen, Mister Brophy," she began.

"*Sergeant* Brophy," said Brophy.

"I am a reporter on the *Eagle*, Sergeant Brophy. I have a police and fire card and I am assigned to the headquarters beat. It is true that I am only working on the *Eagle* until high school opens again in the Fall, but in the meantime I am a *real* reporter and entitled to ask questions here."

Brophy pondered these remarks for a moment.

"I suppose if I don't jump through a hoop for you, you'll tell J.P.?"

"I will," Murph replied. "But I will speak to J.P. as my editor and *not* as my father. It may be hard for you to understand but when I am at the *Eagle* office J.P. wants me to think of him as my boss and not as Pop. He treats me like he does all the other reporters. When we're home that is different. You know how angry J.P. can get when city officials like you don't cooperate?"

"Okay, okay," Brophy told Murph. "Take a look at the blotter!" He handed her the heavy ledger in which he recorded the sins of the city's erring who had been collared by its finest.

A glance revealed that the citizenry had, with few exceptions, been singularly on its good behavior. Patrolman Michael Shay had arrested one John Doe, no home, when he'd found him bathing his tired feet in the bird bath on the lawn of the parsonage of the Ninth Avenue Church.

"Pretty quiet day, Sarge," Murph remarked professionally as she put away her notes.

"On quiet days like this," Brophy said, "you could write something nice about the station house or the boys. Like the squad room has been fresh painted or maybe one of the men has bought himself a new uniform. For instance, how do you like *this* one? I just paid $44.50 for it."

Brophy got heavily to his feet and, smirking, rotated his portly figure slowly.

Murph giggled and Brophy looked hurt.

"It doesn't fit?" he asked anxiously.

"It's wonderful," Murph said. "In fact, I don't know when I've seen a more imposing oriel."

"An imposing oriel," cried Brophy, mollified, "an oriel and not only that, an imposing oriel. My, my! And forget what I was saying about bobby sox reporters. I was only kidding. Us Irish have a great sense of humor, haven't we, Murph? Ha!"

Murph trudged out. Detective Sergeant Winthrop walked in. He was one of the new young crop of policemen, college educated and jaunty.

Smart alec, thought Brophy. Always finding fault with the spelling on the police blotter. Showing off his education.

"Well, well," he said aloud, "if it isn't Joe College himself. Been using the ol' Pie Beta Capper key to solve any cases lately? Ha!"

Winthrop ignored the thrust.

"Seems like I've seen that nice-looking kid that just went out before. Who is she, Brophy?"

"That," said Brophy triumphantly "is Miss Francine Murphy whose father is editor of the *Eagle*. Furthermore she is a reporter on same and she is going to say something nice in the paper on the imposing oriel I got in my new uniform."

Winthrop laughed.

"Oriel," he said, "is a fancy name for a *bay window!* Brophy, you have been taken for a sleigh ride by a very smart little lady."

Brophy was aghast.

"If she prints that I have an imposing oriel, I'll be, I'll be—"

"A laughing stock, Brophy? Is that what you're trying to say?"

...With quick little steps, Murph walked across the city room and tossed her beret over the society editor toward the hat rack. Her father peered at her from under a green eye shade and she kissed him on the bald spot. He gave her a playful spank and said, "None of that. You just work here. What did you pick up at headquarters?"

Murph told him about the man washing his feet in the parson's bird bath. Pop laughed.

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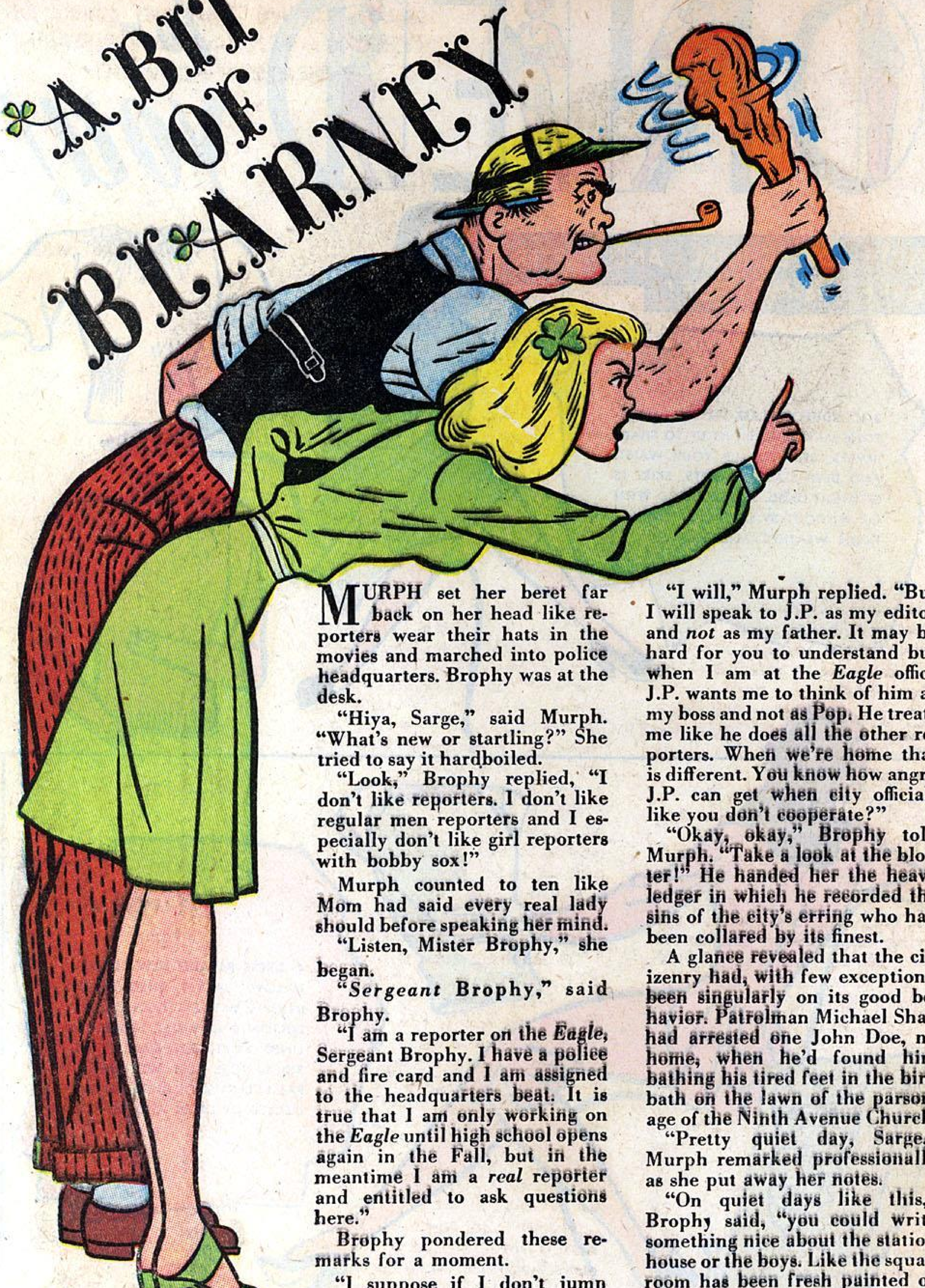

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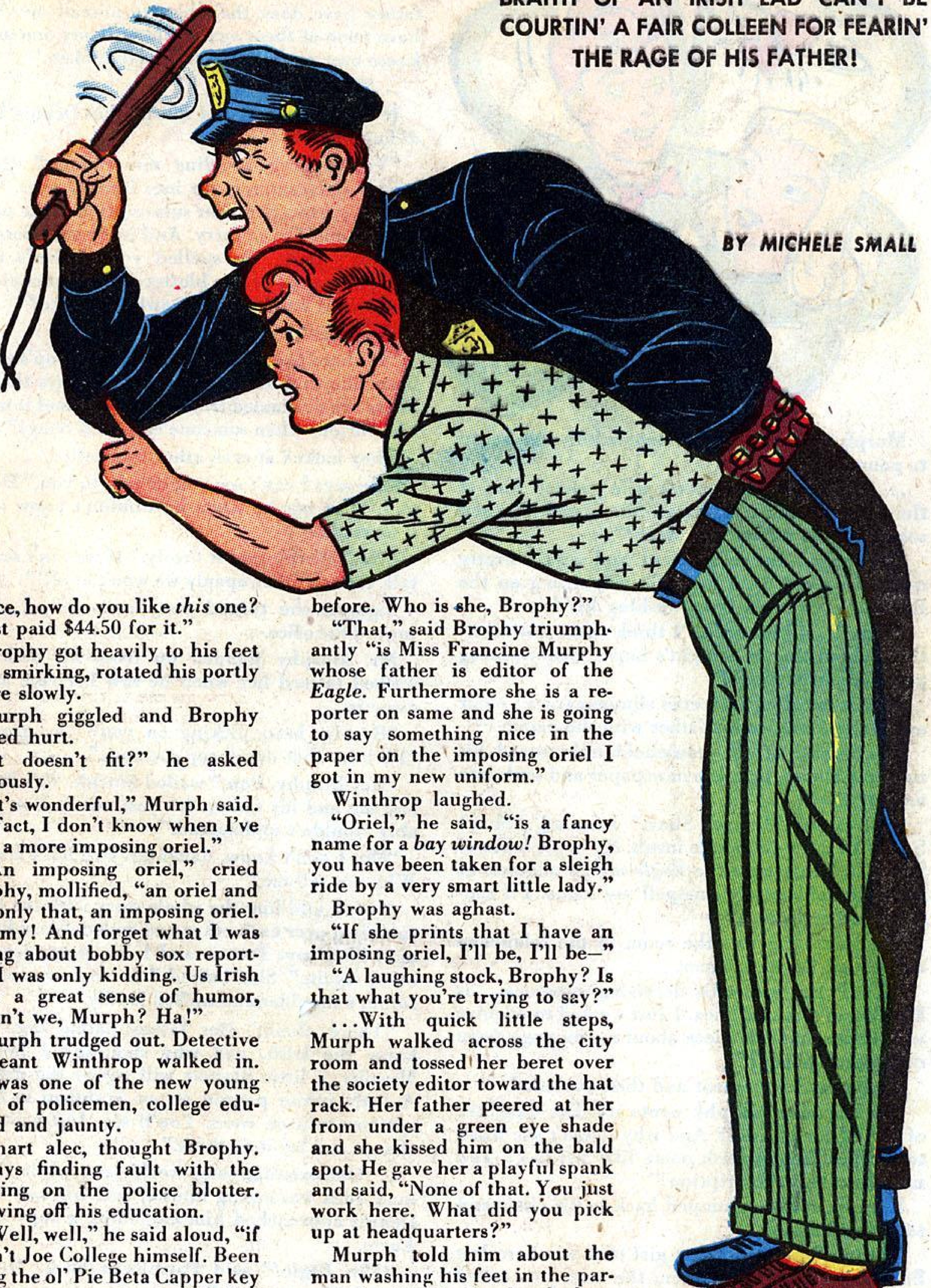

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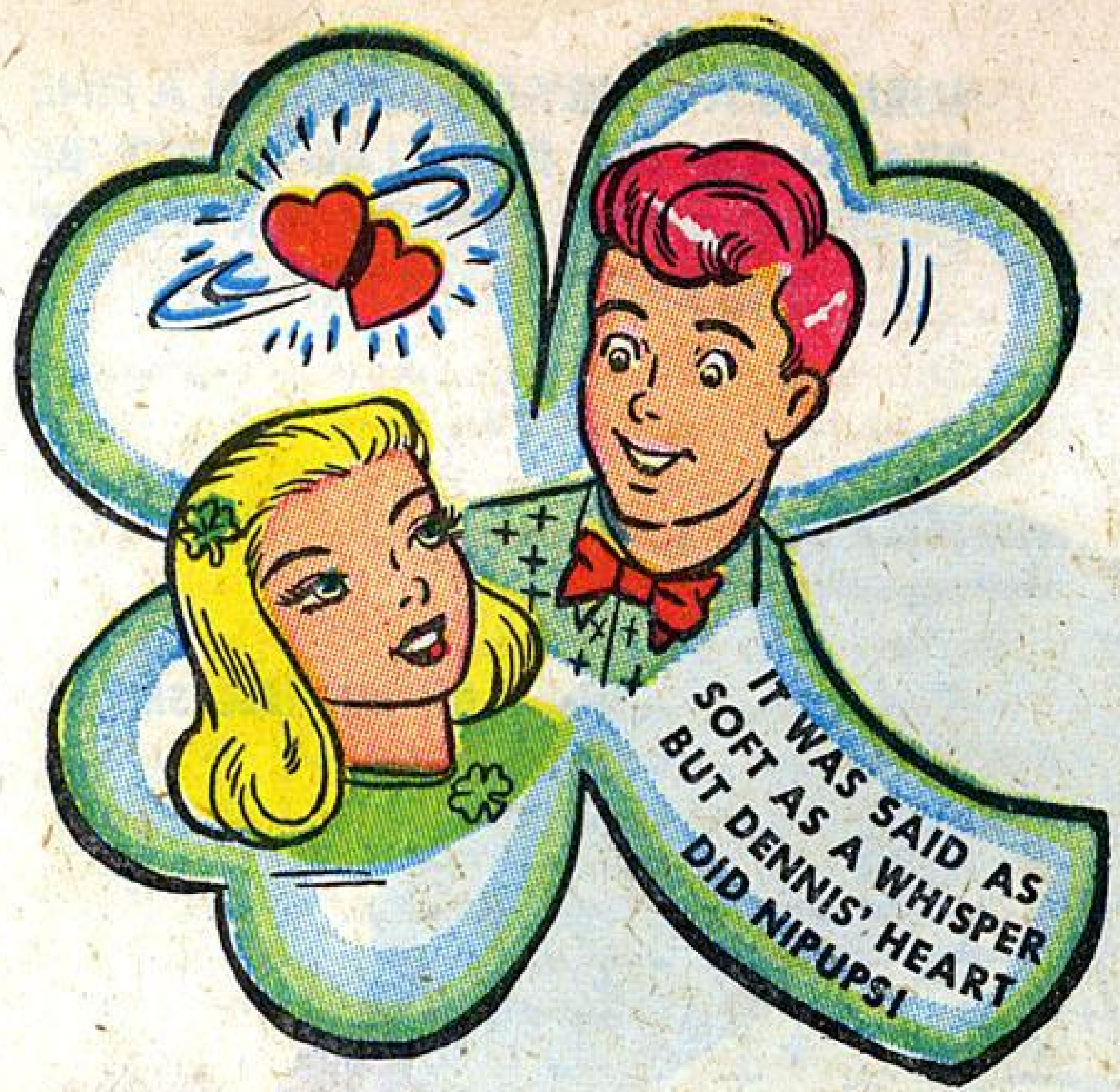

IT WAS SAID AS SOFT AS A WHISPER BUT DENNIS' HEART DID NIPUPS!

Murph sat down at her typewriter and began to pound it out.

. . . The large policeman's wife greeted him at the door of their neat home. She kissed him and asked, "Have a busy day, dear?"

He hugged her a moment and said, "Pretty quiet. I picked up a nut who was sitting on the Reverend Smythe's lawn washing his feet—"

"Why!" said his wife, "I think there was something about that in tonight's *Eagle*. Dennis, bring your father the *Eagle!*"

Dennis uncoiled six feet of slimness from a chair and walked over to his father with the paper.

The master of the household unbuttoned his uniform blouse, took the newspaper and sank into an easy chair.

"Patrolman Michael Shay," he read, "Shay! S-H-A-Y! It's a deliberate insult. My name is Shea! S-H-E-A. Every time the *Eagle* makes mention of me they deliberately misspell my name. I'll cancel my subscription!"

He stumped across the room to the telephone and called the newspaper.

"This," he said with deceiving sweetness, "is Patrolman Michael Shea. I just wanted to enquire who wrote that fine piece about me on page three of tonight's paper?"

He listened a moment and then exploded.

"So Francine Murphy wrote it? The daughter of the editor himself? And why doesn't she learn to spell an honest Irish name like S-H-E-A? You may cancel my subscription!"

Patrolman Shea stumped back to his chair and sat down heavily.

"Dennis," he said, "that girl that was here last Saturday night for dinner, the one you called Murph—is she, is she?"

"Yes, father," he said unhappily. "That's Francine Murphy."

"She'll never darken me threshold again nor will you ever speak to her again. She and her father have done their best to miscall me. We'll have none of them again. Nor will any one in this house ever mention them. I have spoken."

. . ."Hello, Dennis."

It was said as soft as a whisper but Dennis' heart did nipups!

"You've been avoiding me, Dennis." Murph looked questioningly up into Dennis' eyes. "And your Pop cancelled your subscription to the paper. Oh, Dennis, I'm so sorry. And it is really Sergeant Brophy's fault. He spelled your father's name S-H-A-Y on the police blotter and I just copied it. And was it really such an awful mistake?"

Dennis gulped.

"It's hard to explain," he said. "But Pop's always been like that about our name. He says that the Sheas are descended from Irish kings and it makes him furious when someone calls him Shay!"

They looked at each other tragically.

"He says I can't see you or talk to you," Dennis said. "But maybe when he wouldn't know about it we could—"

"No." Murph said it firmly. "If we can't see and talk to each other openly we won't at all!"

Sighing, she turned away and walked slowly toward the office.

Mr. Murphy jumped up from his desk and walked toward her when he saw her face as she came in.

"Brophy been picking on you?" he growled. "I'll have that dumb cop's stripes."

"Not Brophy, Pop," wailed Murph. "It's Dennis and me and his father. It's just awful. You probably wouldn't understand."

"Oh, I don't know, daughter. I've been around. Why not tell me?"

Murph told him the whole story with the words tumbling over each other and ended, "And Patrolman Shea says Dennis and I can never see each other again." She buried her nose against her father's shoulder and sniffled loudly.

"There, there." Her father patted her. "If I know the Irish, and why shouldn't I being a Murphy, a little blarney will repair the damage. A little praise poured on an Irishman is like a summer rain on roses. You'll see. Just wait your chance and lay it on thick."

. . . One evening, some weeks later while Patrolman Shea was easing himself into his easy chair, Dennis approached him extending a copy of the *Eagle*.

"The *Eagle!*" said Patrolman Shea. "In this house! Throw it out."

"There's something in it about you," Dennis said. "I thought you ought to see it."

Patrolman Shea began to read aloud: "Patrolman Michael Shea is not only a descendant of the Irish kings but is also an eminent oologist. Today, while patrolling his beat on Ninth Avenue, Patrolman Shea found a small blue egg at the edge of a lawn. Identifying it as a robin's egg, Patrolman Shea located the nest and returned the egg to the worried mother bird, characteristic of Irish kindliness."

Shea regarded his son suspiciously. "What's an oologist?"

"A scientist versed in the study of birds' eggs."

Patrolman Shea chuckled.

"A scientist no less and with the name spelled S-H-E-A, too! Could it be that a certain young lady whose name hasn't been mentioned in this house wrote this bit of flattery?"

"It *could*," said Dennis.

"Mother!" shouted Patrolman Shea.

Mrs. Shea came out of the kitchen.

"You know," he said, "I think Dennis ought to have more of his young friends visit him here and maybe stop for a bite to eat. Maybe a young lady or two like that—"

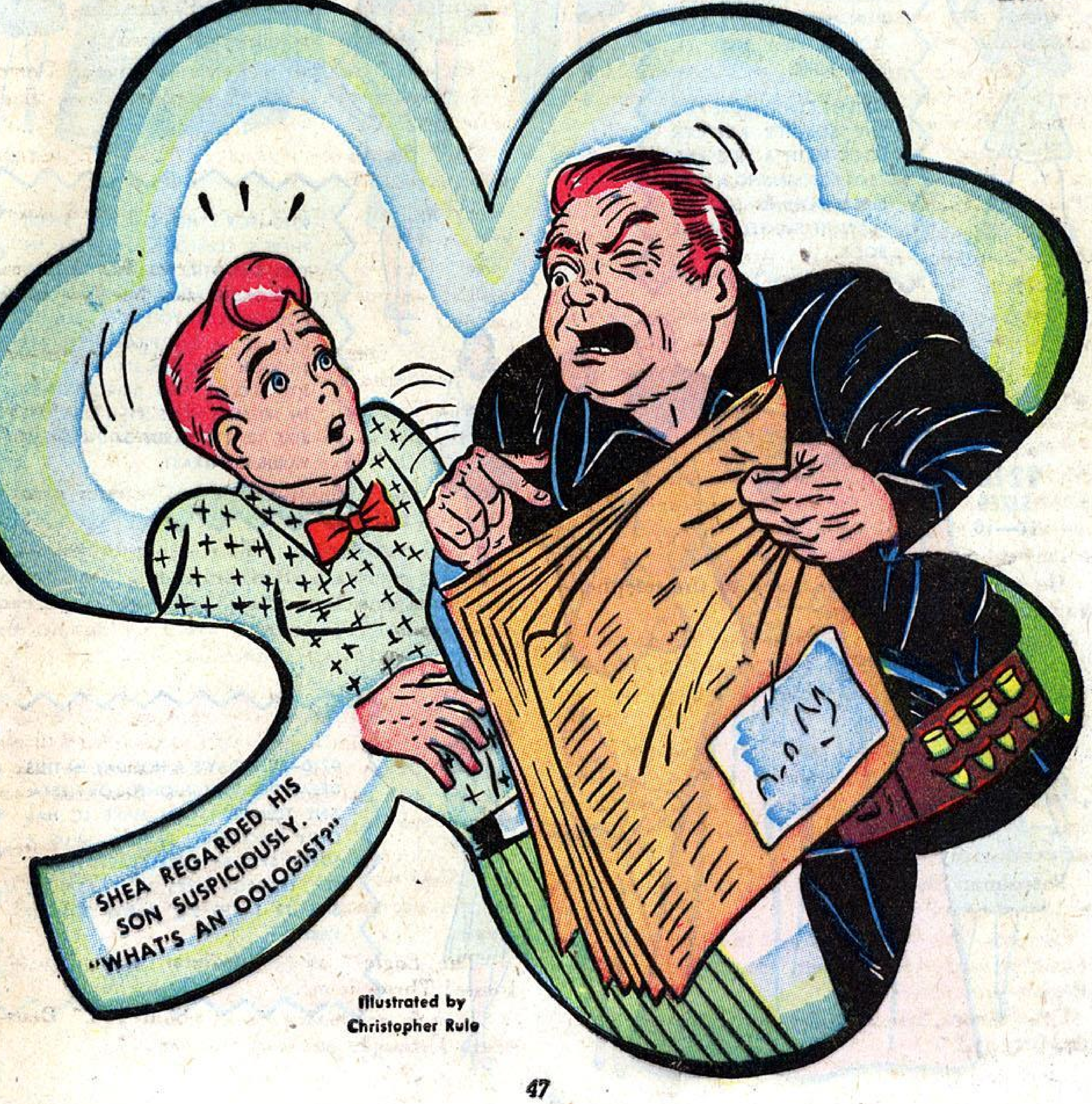
"Like that one whose name cannot be mentioned in this house?" suggested Mrs. Shea.

"I mean just that," said Patrolman Shea. "If ever there was a true Irish lass who has kissed the Blarney Stone, it is—"

But Mrs. Shea was not listening.

She was already at the telephone saying, "Francine, darling, Mr. Shea and Dennis and I would be delighted for your company tonight at dinner. We're having the old oologist's favorite dish—corned beef hash with poached eggs. And don't forget to bring a half dozen extra copies of tonight's paper. The oologist will be wanting to give them to his friends!"

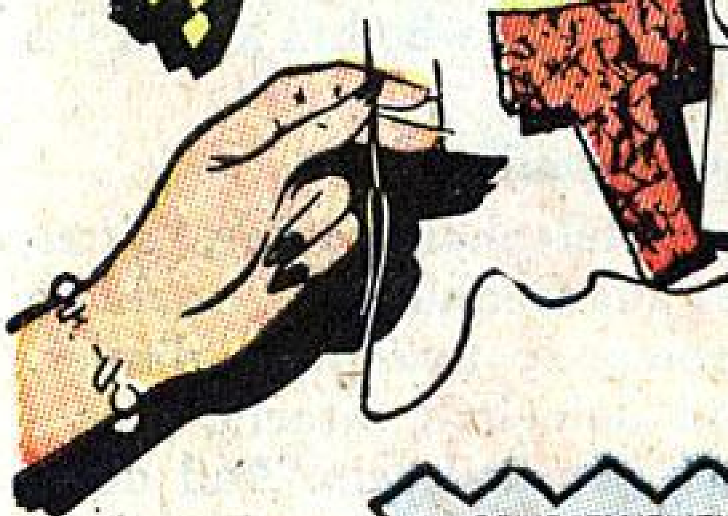
**THE END**



SHEA REGARDED HIS SON SUSPICIOUSLY. "WHAT'S AN OOLOGIST?"

Illustrated by Christopher Rule

# STITCHIN' TIME



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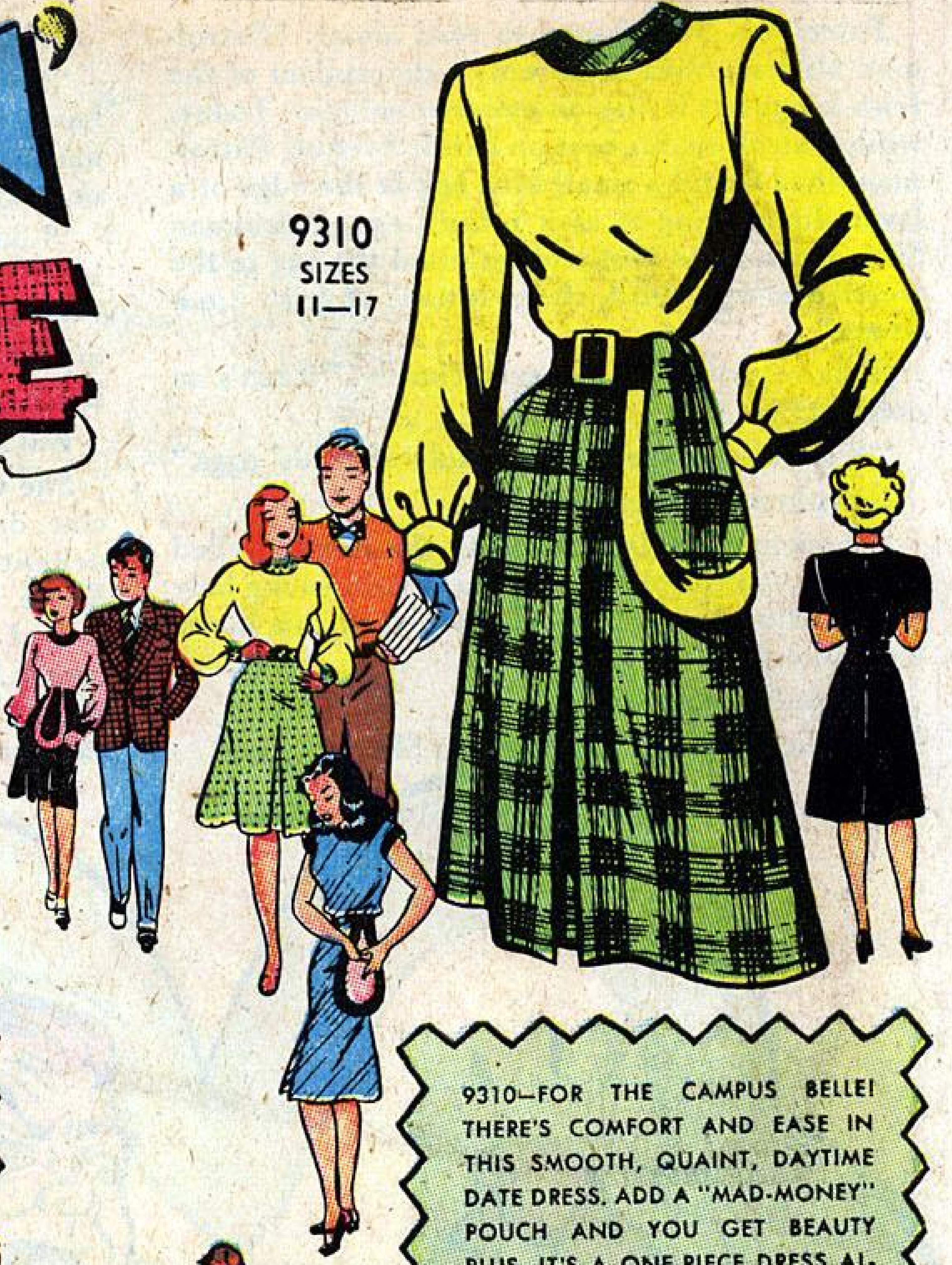

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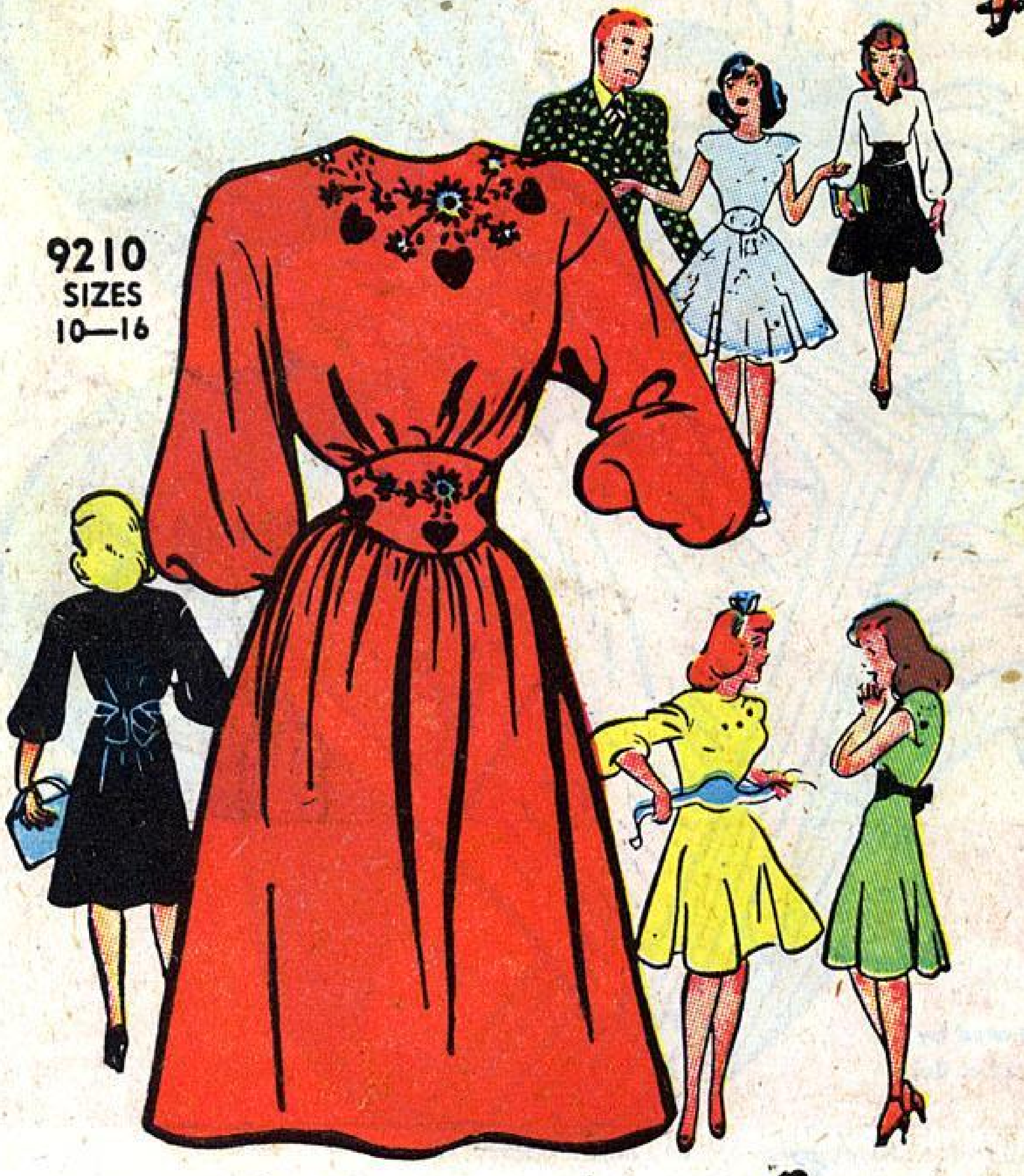
SIZES
11—17

9310—FOR THE CAMPUS BELLE! THERE'S COMFORT AND EASE IN THIS SMOOTH, QUAINT, DAYTIME DATE DRESS. ADD A "MAD-MONEY" POUCH AND YOU GET BEAUTY PLUS. IT'S A ONE-PIECE DRESS ALTHOUGH IT LOOKS LIKE A SEPARATE BLOUSE AND SKIRT. COMES IN JR. MISS SIZES 11, 13, 15, 17. SIZE 13, 1⅜ YARDS 54-INCH; 1⅛ YARDS CONTRAST.



9210
SIZES
10—16

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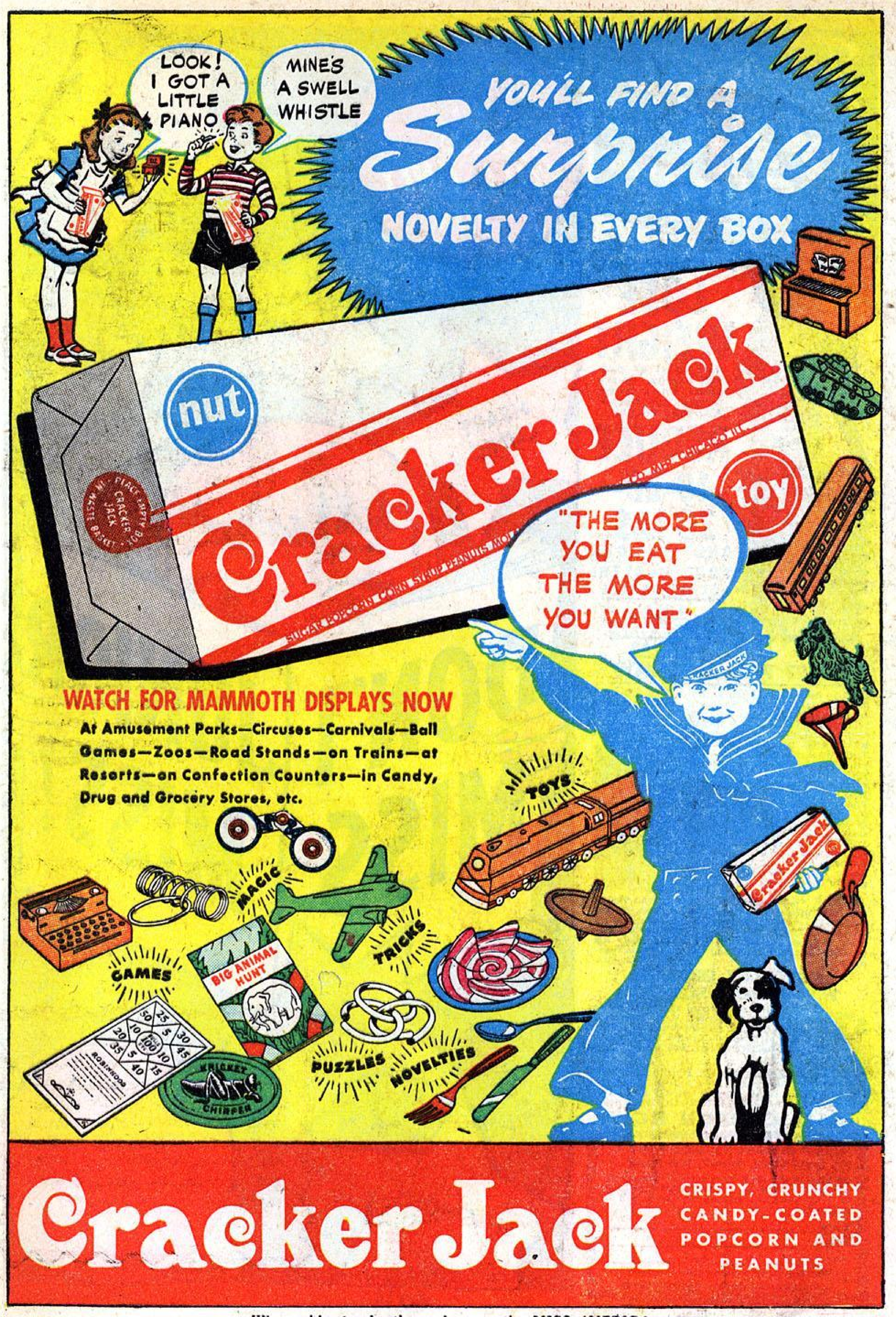
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MINE'S A SWELL WHISTLE
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toy
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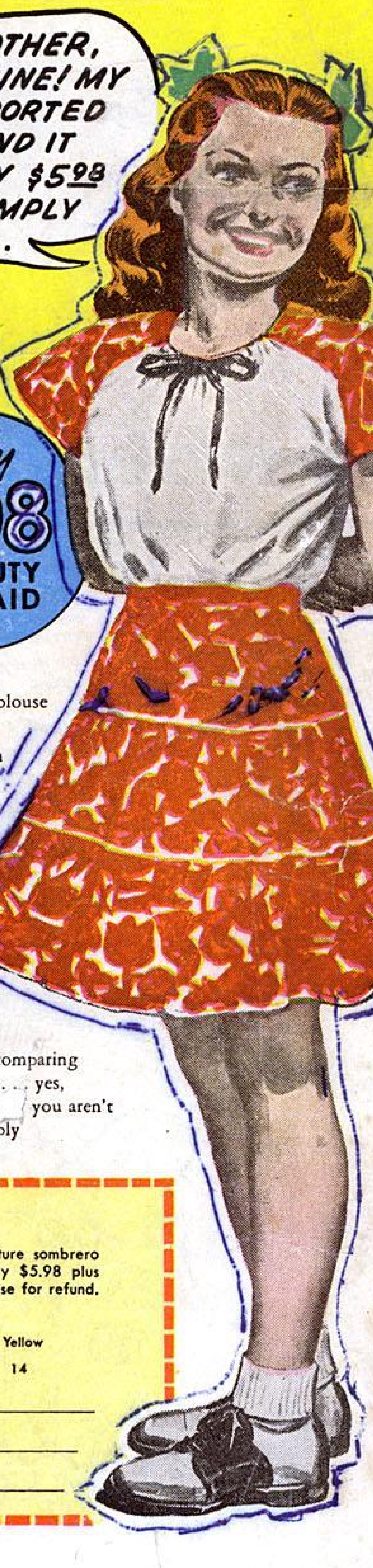
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